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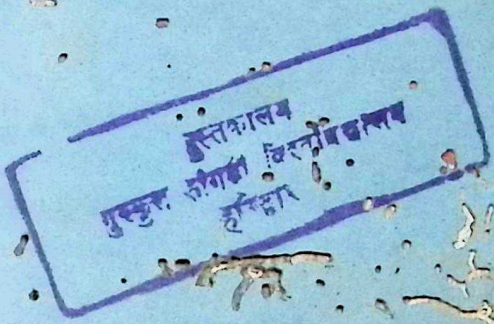

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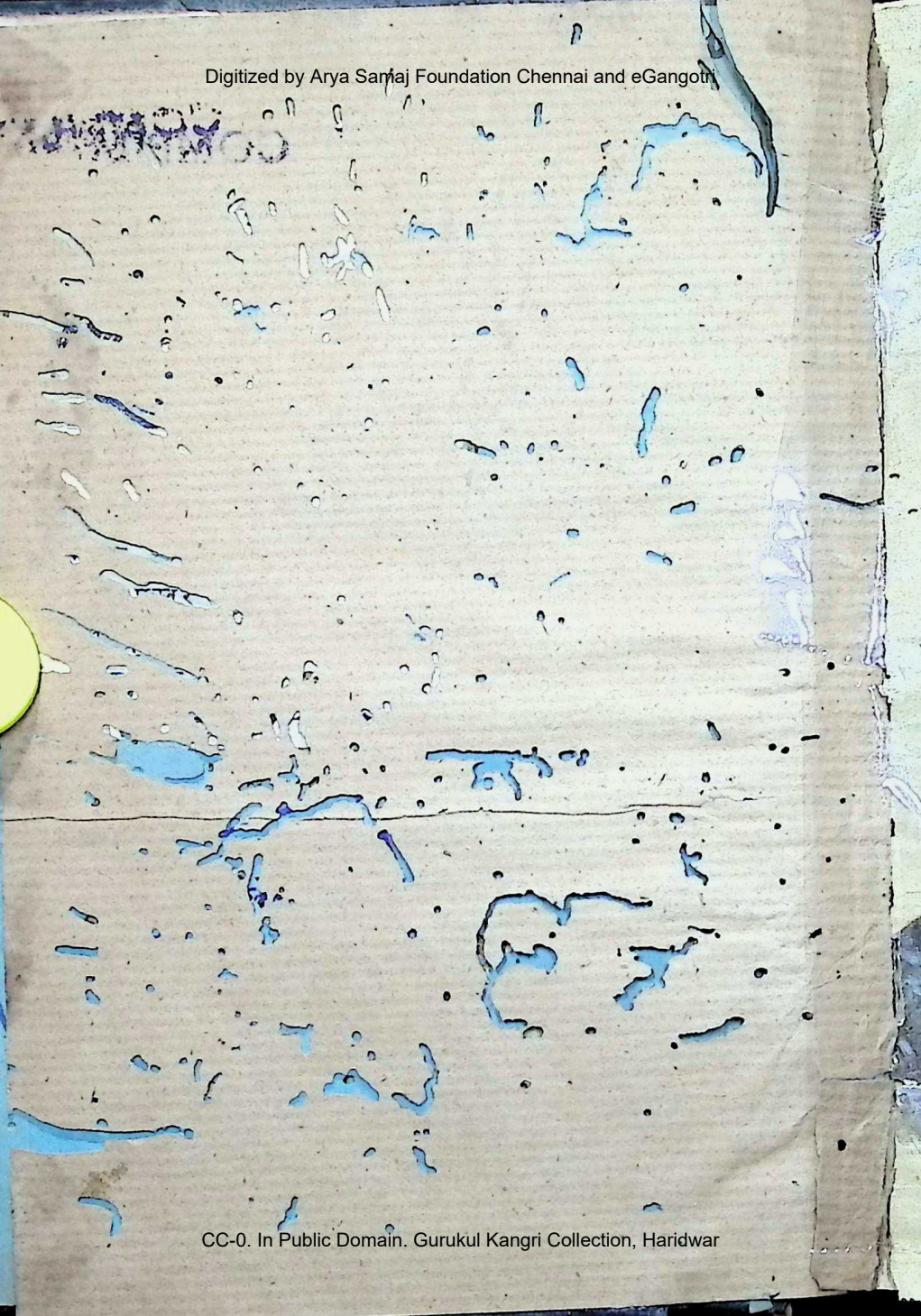

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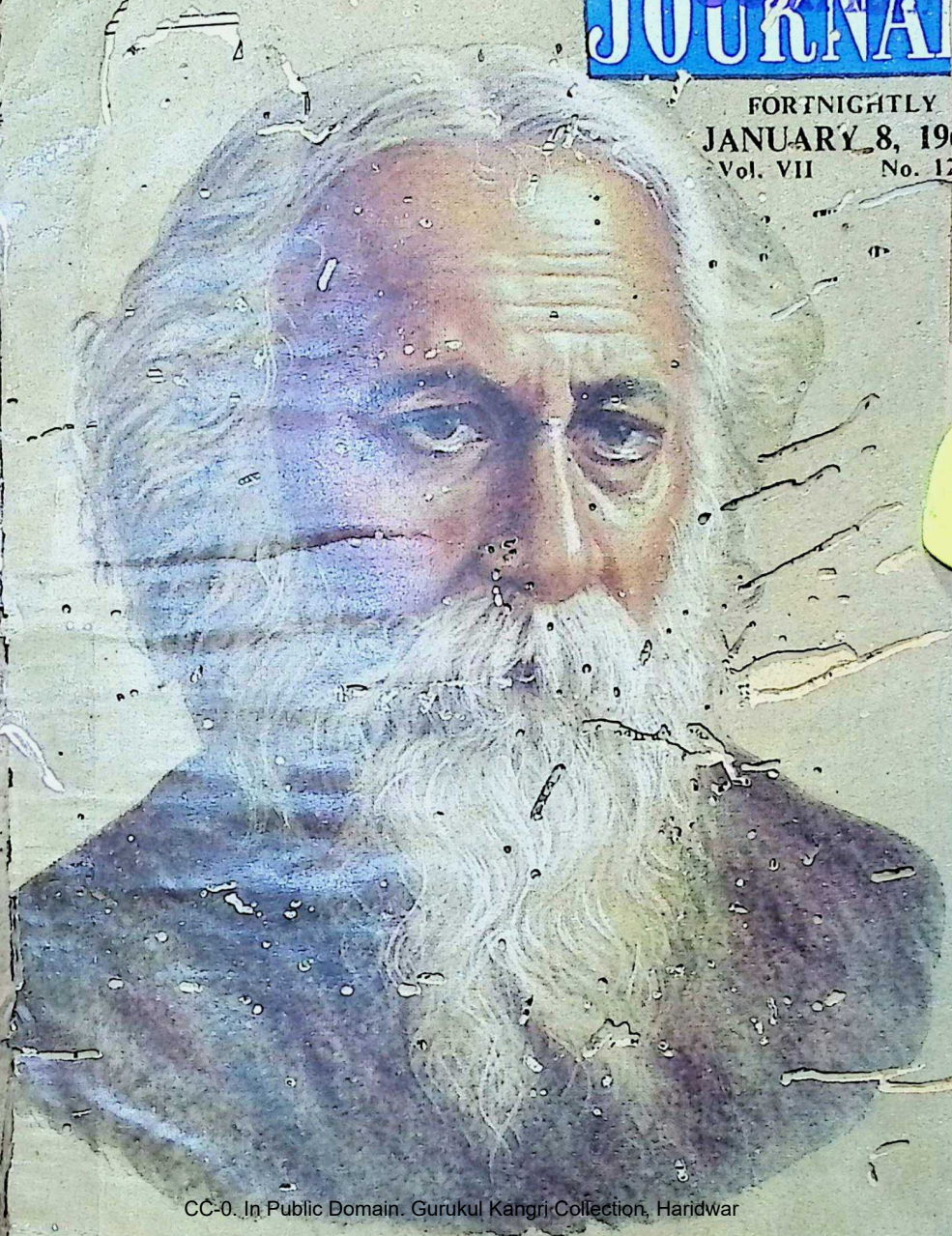

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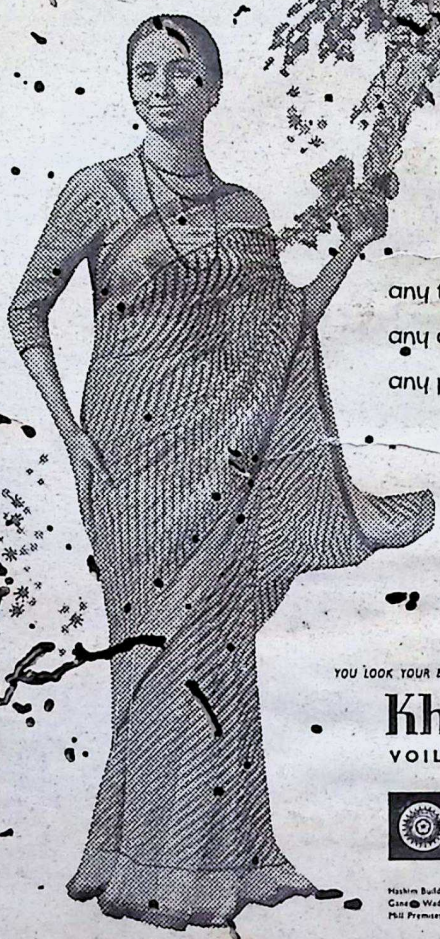

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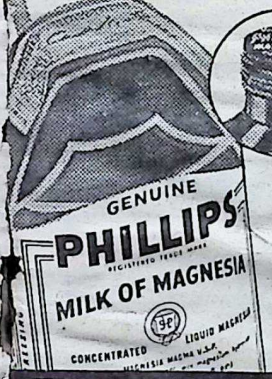

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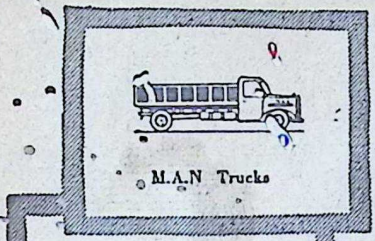

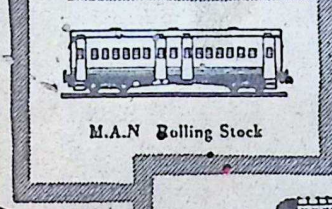

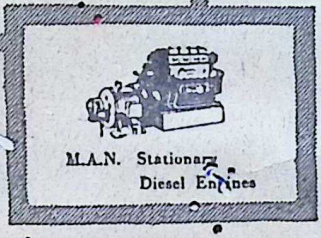

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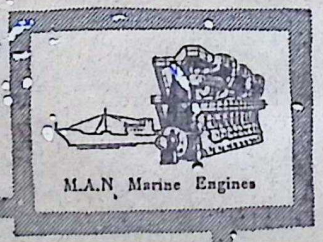

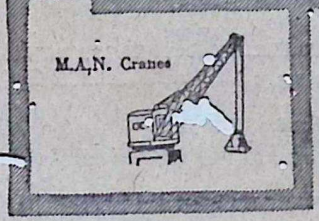

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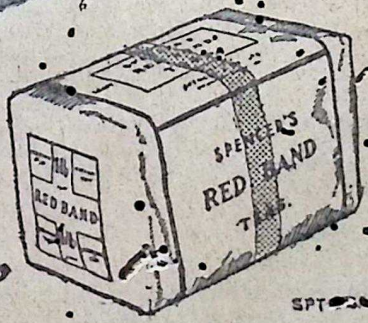

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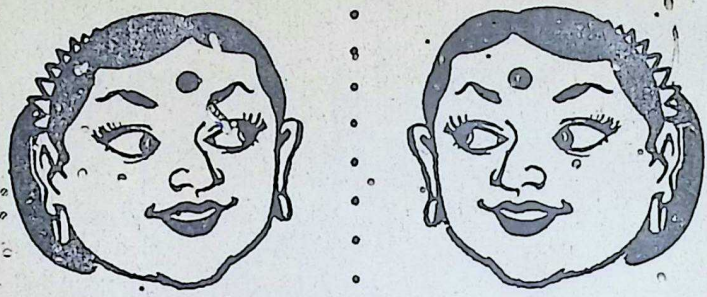

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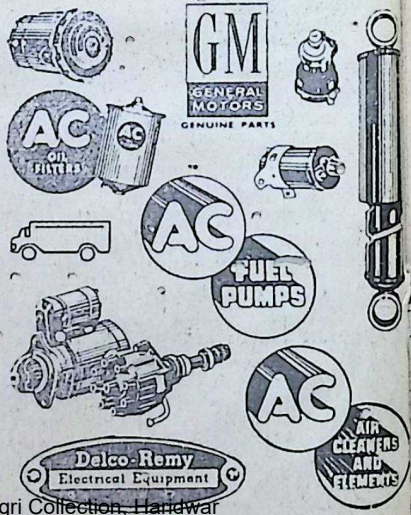

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FRONT COVER

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Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

ol. VII JANUARY 8, 1961 No. 12

AHISHASURA-MARDINI

यि गिरिनन्दिनि नन्दितमेदिनि विश्वविनोदिनि
नन्दनुते
गिरिवरविन्ध्यशिरोधिनिवासिनि विष्णुविला-
सिनि जिष्णुनुते।
यवति हे शितिकण्ठकुटुम्बिनि भूरिकुटुम्बिनि
भूरिकृते
जय जय हे महिषासुरमर्दिनि रम्यकपर्दिनि
शैलसुते।

O, Daughter of the Himalayas! elighter of the earth! Playful director f the Universe! You were worshipped y Nanda (Gopa). You dwell on the op of the great mountain Vindhya. ompanion to Vishnu, You were orshipped by Arjuna. O, Goddess! ou look after Lord Siva's household. ou have a large family. Indeed You nrich everything You touch. O, Slayer f the demon Mahisha! You wear lovely air. O, Daughter of Mountain, Victory nto You!

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 222.

★ CULTURE ★ ITS SIGNIFICANCE AND VITALITY ★ ITS DISINTEGRATION*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN,
BOMBAY.
JANUARY 8, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

WHENEVER I speak or write about Indian Culture, my mind goes back to the early years of this century. I was then in the college and came under the influence of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer. Like some of you, we thought ourselves 'progressives' only when we looked down on our ancient heritage, and looked up to whatever came from the West. Even our great Epics, the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata*, about which we knew quite a lot from our childhood, came into disrepute with us. The Mission Houses, through their little books, told us that those of us who drew sustenance from these Epics were no better than savages!

Then I made a little study of history, read some of our scriptures and began to see life through experience. I saw how our professor of English, a completely Westernised Bengali, was transformed into an apostle of Indian nationalism and a yogi, later to become Sri Aurobindo.

The question that slowly began to confront me and that insisted on being answered was: 'How was it that Indian Culture had survived when so many ancient cultures in history had withered away?'

We then read of the greatness of Greece and of Rome; of the glories of Egypt and Persia; but all of them had become museum-pieces. On the other hand, how was it that the vitality of Indian Culture had continued through the ages despite historical vicissitudes? Why?

In these days, when you are going to be called upon to build a nation, if your feet are not planted on the foun-

* I delivered a series of lectures on 'Indian Culture through the Ages' at the National Academy of Administration at Mussoorie, where candidates selected for the I.A.S., I.P.S., I.F.S. and other services are being trained. I revised and edited the lectures and have now recast them in the form of Kulapati's Letters.

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dations of our culture, you will be just 'foreigners'—as were the English members of the old Indian Civil Service. Without any roots in the soil, you will never be able to understand what our people are and what they want, nor would you be able to judge what they would assimilate, and why. Then, instead of letting our nation grow like a vigorous plant, you will try to *impose* expansion on our people,—and in vain.

I know how difficult it is for you to vitalise your roots in the soil. Today few of our educated young men are given a living faith in our great past through any influence at home. Our university education has also been depriving them of an insight into our culture. The enthusiasm for the study of Sanskrit is waning fast; the study of ancient Indian history is almost neglected. Most of you are being hypnotised into believing that the world began when the first Five Year Plan was published.

Today, in the flush of youthful years, you may not miss much having known little about Indian Culture. You will realise what you have missed when you have children of your own and want to provide them with the foundations of life; then you would find it too late to make good what you have missed.

• • •

We should learn to view life from a historical point of view before we can realise the value of culture. While history is the story of integration and disintegration of human aggregates, culture has been the greatest integrating force in men.

To start with, therefore, let us be clear about the meaning of culture. If there is one word which has been widely misused during the last fifteen years it is the word 'culture'. Dance and music are 'culture'; jazz and rock-'n-roll is 'culture'. In cities like Delhi and Bombay, cultural shows are performed every day, none of which has hardly any element of culture; often, they are characterised by a want of it. I found the other day that 'culture' tooth-picks were sold in the market! There are also cultural exchanges between nations, the object of which is to deprive us of our culture and to spy upon our country.

Culture is not civilization. If I may repeat an apt illustration which I have often given, Sri Ramachandra and Sita went about in a canoe; we move about in giant airlines. They put on bark clothes and walked on foot; we have nylons to wear and giant airlines to travel in. Our material equipment of life is decidedly better, more complex, physically more comfortable than that they had. But he would certainly be a bold man who would say that he has more of culture than Sri Ramachandra or Sita had!

The dress we wear, the factories we set up or the dams we build, are only a part of the 'civilization', the material equipment of life, which tends to increase in complexity with scientific progress. But essentially culture has little to do with material equipment of life. It is the characteristic way of life inspired by fundamental values, in which a people live. It is the sum total of the values expressed through art, religion, literature, social institutions and behaviour, the overt acts of indi-

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viduals and mass action inspired by collective urge.

Mere geographical contiguity does not imply homogeneity of culture. In Africa, for instance, there are different peoples with varying traditions, social systems and norms of conduct. It will, therefore, be a misuse of the word to say that there is an African culture.

What then constitutes culture? Its first characteristic is continuity. It comes from the past, adjusts itself to the present, and moves forward to shape the future. The division of culture in relation to time does not, therefore, give a true picture of what it really is.

A culture becomes a flowing stream only when there is continuity of collective life in a people. In other words, a distinctive culture comes into existence when a people develop a continuous way of life. Such continuity expresses itself in various ways; in common traditions and norms of conduct; in common institutions; in a common memory of triumphs achieved; in a common aesthetic outlook; in a capacity for characteristic collective action.

If there are no common traditions, no common culture can come into existence. Nor is a common life possible without common norms of conduct approved by the thinking minority and generally accepted by the people.

For instance, wherever we go in India, we find certain norms of conduct accepted by a large section of the people. There are lapses no doubt, but they are considered a departure from approved conduct even by those who are guilty of them. If, for instance, we talk of a woman being as good as Sita in any part of India, most persons will understand what we mean and accept the validity of the test. It is true many women in actual practice do not act like Sita; but the good women will be expected to conform to the pattern of conduct prescribed by that ideal.

Again, people, in the course of developing a distinctive culture, give a uniform shape to their basic social institutions. If, for instance, basic institutions of a people like marriage or the family have no common outlook of purpose or ideal, their culture will have no distinctiveness and no continuity.

Further, for a people to have a vital culture, it is necessary that they should have a vivid memory of having achieved common triumphs in the past. Whether the triumphs are mythological, historical or imaginary makes little difference, but they must be closely woven into the collective consciousness of the people.

Geographical co-existence of two communities within well marked physical boundaries may foster the development of common culture, but by itself it is not an indication of the existence of a common culture. If Hindus and Muslims in India cannot look back to the memory of common triumphs and if one looks back with pride to Shivaji and Rana Pratap and the other to Mohammad Gazni and Ibrahim Lodi, no common culture can exist between the two.

I want to make it clear that all cultures need not possess all these characteristics in the same degree at the same time. In some period of time one or the other of the characteristics may

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be more pronounced than the rest in the same people; but most of them must be present in some form or the other to give vitality to a culture.

The most important characteristic of a vital culture is a common outlook among the people which, when faced with difficulty, resistance or adversity, can generate a collective will to action. In other words, the vitality of culture can be measured by the capacity of the dominant minority, and following it, the majority of a people, to offer collective resistance in a characteristic way. However, they cannot do so when the collective will to resist adverse circumstances is weak; then the culture becomes decadent and the people begin to disintegrate.

When all these characteristics, traditions, norms of conduct, institutions, memory of triumphs achieved and the collective will to action give power to a people to will themselves into a unit, their culture, as an integrating force, opens out a destiny for them.

An extraordinary phenomenon has occurred in the world during recent time, illustrating the virility and strength of a vital culture. Before World War II, Jews lived in many countries all over the world in ghettos and in concentration camps and had for centuries been subjected to inhuman persecution and sometimes to mass murder. During the World War II, sixty lakhs of them were burnt alive in Nazi camps. In spite of this savage persecution and mass massacre, they had built their life on common traditions and vivid memories of achievements of their ancestors glorified in the *Old Testament*.

Impelled by a collective will to action, these Jews migrated from 73 countries to Palestine. Inspired by the vivid memory of the 'Promised Land', given to them by Jehova three thousand years ago, these men and women —barely a million—worked, suffered, fought and died to build a new Israel. They converted deserts and swamps into a land of trees and flowers and farms and by rare heroism developed defensive might.

This provides the most brilliant example in history of the collective will generated by a common tradition and common memory of achievements, ancient though they were.

When we study the vitality of cultures, we find that all these characteristics are correlated to each other by certain fundamental values springing from a Central Idea which has the power to replenish their vigour.

With the passage of time environment changes, civilization alters its content, new disintegrating factors arise. When these phenomena become pronounced, a new age comes, and society, with it the culture, comes under the pressure of a new crisis. When such a crisis arises, the best among the dominant minority of the society are faced with a new responsibility. They have to accept the challenge; adjust their outlook to it; adjust their norms of conduct and basic institutions—but in the light of the fundamental value of their own culture and under the inspiration of its Central Idea.

This Central Idea drives the

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stream of culture forward between the banks of Time, changing its course, throwing up formations, leaving behind weeds, meandering or roaring according to the conditions imposed by the pressure and material equipment of each section of time. When the conditions change, new wave crests are formed. But in its essential unity, its characteristic elements and its direction, it remains the same. When the Central Idea drives and inspires the way of life no more, the culture dies and with it die the people.'*

Take for instance a Greek of today. Though he lives in the same land, there is nothing in common between him and the Greek who lived in the times of Pericles. The fundamental values which prompted the life of those Greeks simply do not exist for him. We will, therefore, be justified in saying that the culture of ancient Greece died the day the representative of Greece did not find fulfilment in living up to the values of the Greek culture.

Similarly the culture of Ancient Rome died when its society was overwhelmed by the presence of foreign slaves and mercenaries from Gaul and Germany, and the best among the Roman youths ceased to worry about the values cherished by his ancestors which had made Rome the master of the world.

We thus find that culture can live only if the dominant minority in the culture group plays its part. In politics, the vote of a man on the verge of insanity is as good as that of the wisest. But in human affairs, it is the thinking and active minority, which Toynbee calls the 'dominant minority', that counts. If alive to the dangers of disintegration, it alone can develop the inspiration, courage and the vision that makes for the community's vitality, power and influence.

The vitality of a culture lasts only so long as the best men in the dominant minority find self fulfilment by living up to its fundamental values afresh. These values cannot be handed down from father to son as if it were a legacy. Every generation must recapture it afresh by trying to live up to it.

The values of a culture are recaptured for each generation by a subtle process of re-interpretation, re-integration and adaptation. When the culture is living, the promising young man and woman of the generation receive the impact of its fundamental values. The sensitive and the vigorous among them become each a human laboratory, which absorbs the fundamental values relating them afresh to the Central Idea; stimulates them to meet the needs of the times; reintegrates the subsidiary values with the fresh vigour of the new interpretation and shapes the traditions and institutions without impairing the strength of the collective will.

Suppose a time comes in India—God forbid—when our young men and women are lost to the values and ideals of our culture, our culture would be dead. They may be civilised barbarians or second-class Westerners, but they can never be the torch-bearers of a living Indian culture for the age in which they live or for the future.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

*Munshi: *Our Greatest Need.* pp. 44 and 45.

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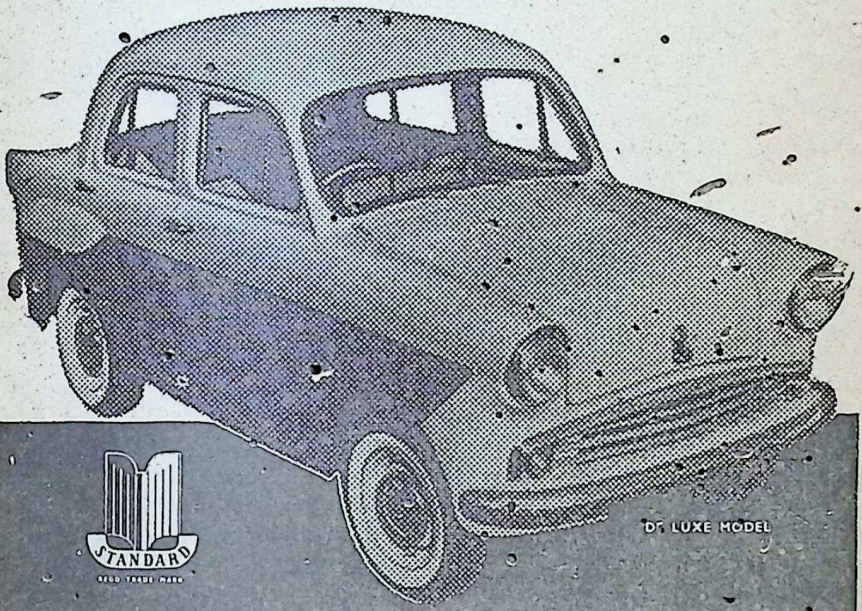

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THE LORD'S NAME

The sin that has accrued to me through the desire for others' women and possessions and treachery to others, through reviling others to their great agony and traducing the great ones, the sin committed by me in childhood, boyhood, youth, and old age, and in another birth—may all that sin disappear as a result of the recital of the Lord's (Vishnu's) names, Narayana, Govinda, Hari, and Krishna, even as a cup of salt in water.

—Vamana Purana

The Lord's names are medicines; they are sacred mantras; they are the way to salvation in the other world, they are all the other good things, too; through them all acute miseries are destroyed; meditate only upon those names of the Lord.

—Jnanasambandhar

The name Narayana *will bless one with high birth and affluence; it will obliterate all the sufferings of the devotees; it will endow one with the heavenly state and the service of the Lord; it will bring success and all good things; it will perform for one more beneficial acts than one's own mother; that word I have found, the name* Narayana.

—Tirumangai Alvar

O Name of the Lord! Let there be the Vedas by hundreds, and by hundreds the piles of Puranas and Agamas; are these capable of giving the thought of the Lord without You? On the other hand, You who remove all weariness completely without any effort, can bestow that thought of the Lord without the aid of any of those.

—Shridhara Venkatesha

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ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

RAMA-GITA

After pledging to fulfil Kaikeyi's two boons, Rama goes to Kausalya's abode where she faints on hearing the news. Lakshmana who comes there and hears, falls into a fit of rage and threatens if need be to burn the universe. Rama soothingly embraces him and in the following verses disabuses him of his moha and incidentally the soka of Kausalya too.

शूरोऽसि रघुशार्दूल ममात्यन्तहिते रतः
जानामि सर्वं ते सत्यं किन्तु तत्समयो न हि ॥

"O, great among Raghus! I know your prowess and regard for my well-being. I know well, too, that all what you say is true, but this is not the occasion for stressing them.

यदिदं दृश्यते सर्वं राज्यं देहादिकं च यत्।
यदि सत्यं भवेत्तत्र आयासः सफलश्च ते॥

"If all these things seen, kingdom, this body and the rest, are immanent, your effort would bear fruit.

भोगामेघवितानस्थविद्युल्लेखेव चञ्चलम् ।
आयुरप्यग्निसन्तप्तलोहस्थजलबिन्दुवत् ॥

"Pleasures are impermanent like the lightning emanating from the clouds. Even life ebbs away like a drop of water falling on heated metal.

यथा व्यालगलस्थोऽपि भेको दंशानपेक्षते।
तथा कालाहिना ग्रस्ते लोको भोगानशाश्वतान् ॥

"Even as the frog, caught in the jaws of a serpent longs for the mosquito, so too do the human kind, caught in the jaws of the serpent, Time, long for fleeting pleasures.

करोति दुःखेन हि कर्मतन्त्रं
शरीरभोगार्थमहर्निशम् नरः।
देहस्तु भिन्नः पुरुषात्समीक्ष्यते
कोवाऽत्र भोगः पुरुषेण भुज्यते ॥

"For the enjoyment of pleasures, man toils hard day and night in routine (*nitya*) and special (*naimittika*) activities. Would that he clearly understood that the body is anything but the Atman. Then he will realize that they are enjoyed by neither (and therefore

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illusory).

पितृमातृसुतभ्रातृदारबन्ध्वादिसंगमः।
प्रपायामिवजन्तूनां नद्यां काष्ठौघवच्चलः॥

"The father, mother, son, brother, wife and relatives join in this life just like people meeting in a watershed (for quenching their thirst) or crowd together like the jetsam and flotsam in the rivers.

छायेव लक्ष्मीः चपलां प्रतीता
तारुण्यमम्बूर्मिवच्चारुवं च।
स्वप्नोपमं स्त्रीसुखमायुरल्पं
तथापि जन्तोरभिमान एषः॥

"Wealth is as insubstantial as the shadow; youth is short-lived like the waves of a water-surface; conjugal pleasure is as unreal as a dream; longevity is but too short, and yet people have great fascination for life.

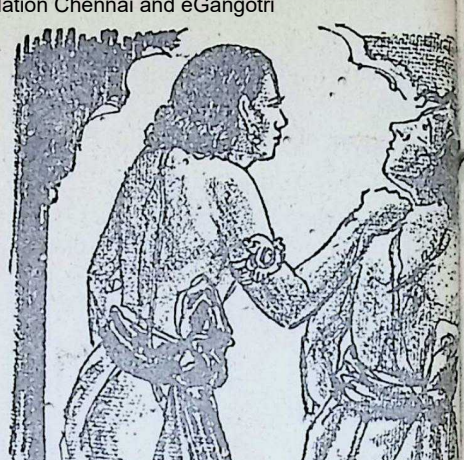
संसृतिः स्वप्नसदृशी सदा रोगादिसङ्कुला।
गन्धर्वनगरप्रख्या मूढस्तामनुवर्तते॥

"Life in this world is as unreal as the dream; ridden by diseases, fantastic like the clouds and yet the fool pursues it assiduously.

आयुष्यं क्षीयते यस्मादादित्यस्य गतागतैः।
दृष्ट्वान्येषां जरामृत्यू कथञ्चिन्नैव बुध्यते।

"With each rising and setting of the sun, life decreases and even after witnessing the old age and death of others (the fool) does not in any manner become the wiser for them.

प्रतिक्षणं क्षरत्येतदायुरामघटाम्बुवत्।
सपत्ना इव रोगौघाः शरीरं प्रहरन्त्यहो॥



"Each moment life oozes out like the water from an unbaked pot. Alas! Series of illnesses, like enemies, attack the body ceaselessly.

जरा व्याघ्रीव पुरतस्तर्जयन्त्यवतिष्ठते।
मृत्युः सहैव यात्येष समयं सम्प्रतीक्षते।

"Like the tigress, old age sits in front of him menacingly and death closely keeps company looking for its chance.

देहं अहंभावमापन्नो राजाहं लोकविश्रुतः
इत्यस्मिन्मनुते जन्तुः कृमिविड्भस्मसंज्ञिते॥

"This body ultimately ends up as worms (when buried), becomes excreta (when eaten up by animals) or becomes ash (when cremated) and yet man in his arrogance identifies the

* Body is inert; therefore it is incapable of experiencing pleasures. Atman is Bliss itself, therefore beyond trivial pleasures. It is the intermediary *chitta* therefore that creates the illusion of enjoying pleasures for a fleeting moment.

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body with his Self and proclaims himself "I am the King, I am far famed" etc.

त्वगस्थिमांसविण्मूत्ररेतोरक्तादिसंयुतः।
विकारी परिणामी च देह आत्मा कथं वद॥

"This body is composed of skin, bones, flesh, excreta, urine, semen, blood etc. It changes (with the changes in the secretions of the body). It is circumscribed (by the stages of youth, adult-hood etc.). How could such a body be identified with Atman (as defined by the Srutis), tell me?

यमास्थाय भवाँल्लोकं दग्धुमिच्छति लक्ष्मण।
देहाभिमानिनः सर्वे दोषाः प्रादुर्भवन्ति हि॥

"Lakshmana! When you say you would burn the whole world, aren't you subject to the same weakness (as *raga* and *dvesha*)? And don't you know that, for all those who are addicted to their body, evil alone results? (Therefore give up *raga, dvesha* etc.).

देहोऽहमिति या बुद्धिरविद्या सा प्रकीर्तिता।
नाहं देहश्चिदात्मेति बुद्धिर्विद्येति भण्यते॥

"The assumption that the body is the self is known as Avidya. I am not the body; I am *Chit*; I am Atman—this knowledge is called Vidya.

अविद्या संसृतेर्हेतुः विद्या तस्या निवर्तिका।
तस्माद्यत्नः सदा कार्यो विद्याभ्यासे मुमुक्षुभिः॥
कामक्रोधादयस्तत्र शत्रवः शत्रुसूदन॥

"Avidya is the root cause of the cycle of birth and death; Vidya is that which removes that cycle. Hence those desiring *moksha* should try to imbibe that Vidya even in their early education. (Inasmuch as Avidya is a declared enemy, it will start undermining Vidya from the beginning). O, annihilator of enemies! Desire, anger and their kind are your real enemies.

तत्रापि क्रोध एवालं मोक्षविघ्नाय सर्वदा।
येनाविष्टः पुमान्हन्ति पितृभ्रातृसुहृत्सखीन्॥
क्रोधमूलो मनस्तापः क्रोधः संसारबन्धनम्।
धर्मक्षयकरः क्रोधस्तस्मात्क्रोधं परित्यज॥

"Of these anger alone would do to stop you from the gates of heaven for ever. Under its influence man kills even his own father, brother, and friends. From anger results misunderstanding. Anger pegs one to mundane life. It destroys *dharma*. Hence give up anger completely.

[1]क्रोध एव महान् शत्रुः तृष्णा वैतरणी नदी
सन्तोषो नन्दनवनं शान्तिरेवहि कामधुक्।
तस्माच्छान्तिं भजस्वाद्य शत्रुरेवं भवेन्न ते।

"Anger is the mighty foe (Yama); Greed is the river Vaitarani[2] (difficult to cross.) Happiness is Indra's garden Nandana (with its myriad beauties). Peace is the divine cow Kamadhenu. Therefore acquire peace when you will have no enemies.

देहेन्द्रियमनः प्राणबुद्ध्यादिभ्यो विलक्षणः॥
आत्मा शुद्धः स्वयंज्योतिरविकारी निराकृतिः॥

"Atman is completely different from body, senses, mind, breath, intellect etc. Atman is all Purity; self-luminous; admits of no change; has no shape.

---

1 There is another recension of this line which has:

क्रोध एव यमः साक्षात .....

meaning, anger is Yama incarnate.

2 On the way to Hell.

(Continued on page 20)

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Keep Watch, India!

GURUDEV TAGORE

The last sun of the century sets amidst the blood red clouds of the West and the whirlwind of hatred.

The naked passion of self-love of Nations, in its drunken delirium of greed, is dancing to the clash of steel and the howling verses of vengeance.

The hungry self of the Nation shall burst in violence of fury from its own shameless feeding.

For it has made the world its food.

And licking it, crunching it, and swallowing it in big morsels,

It swells and swells,

Till in the midst of its unholy feast descends the sudden shaft of heaven piercing its heart of grossness.

The crimson glow of light on the horizon is not the light of thy dawn of peace, my Mother Land.

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It is the glimmer of the funeral pyre burning to ashes the vast flesh—the self-love of the Nation—dead under its own excess.

Thy morning waits behind the patient dark of the East,
Meek and silent.

Keep watch, India.
Bring your offerings of worship for that sacred sunrise..

Let the first hymn of its welcome sound in your voice and sing
"Come, Peace, thou daughter of God's own great suffering.
Come with thy treasure of contentment, the sword of fortitude,
And meekness crowning thy forehead."

Be not ashamed, my brothers, to stand before the proud and the powerful
With your white robe of simpleness.
Let your crown be of humility, your freedom the freedom of the soul.
Build God's throne daily upon the ample bareness of your poverty
And know that what is huge is not great and pride is not everlasting.

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ADHYATMA RAMAYANA—*contd.*

यावद्देहेन्द्रियप्राणैर्भिन्नत्वं नात्मनो विदुः ॥
तावत्संसारसारदुःखौघैः पीड्यन्ते मृत्यु-
संयुताः ।
तस्मात्त्वंसर्वदा भिन्नमात्मानं हृदि भावय ॥

"As long as people do not realise their real selves as different from the body, senses, breath etc., they will continue to be subject to the ills of life and be affected by death. Therefore always conceive in your heart that Atman is different from the body.

बुद्ध्यादिभ्यो बहिः सर्वमनुवर्तस्व मा खिदः ।
भुञ्जन्प्रारब्धमखिलं सुखं वा दुःखमेव वा ॥

"With the knowledge that you are different from the intellect etc., firmly established in your heart, follow the avocations of life, but do not feel affected by them. Thus, you will eat up all your destiny, whether good or evil.

प्रवाहपतितं कार्यं कुर्वन्नपि न लिप्यसे ।
बाह्ये सर्वत्र कर्तृत्वसावहन्नपि राघव ॥

"Even if caught in the whirlpool of Samsara in doing the actions, you will not be touched by them. Indeed, O Lakshmana, even by your full outward assumption of doership, you will remain untouched by them.

संसारदुःखैरखिलैर्बाध्यसे न कदाचन ।
त्वमप्यम्ब ! मयोऽदिष्टं हृदि भावय
नित्यदा ॥

"Mother, be pleased to bear what I have been telling just now and await my return; you will not be afflicted by sorrow for long!"

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In this article the Mahamana expounds how our Sanatana Dharma is a practical manual for the observance of the principles of Truth and Ahimsa.

113666

Bedrock of Sanatana Dharma

Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya

भगवान् वासुदेवो हि सर्वभूतेष्ववस्थितः।
एतज्ज्ञानं हि सर्वस्य मूलं धर्मस्य शाश्वतम्॥

"The knowledge that Sri Vasudeva is dwelling in the heart of every living creature is the eternal and abiding principle of Sanatana Dharma."

The same truth has been preached by the Lord in *Srimad Bhagavadgita*:

समोहं सर्वभूतेषु.....

"I am undifferentiated in all creatures."

He further says:—

विद्याविनयसम्पन्ने ब्राह्मणे गवि हस्तिनि।
शुनि चैव श्वपाके च पण्डिताः समदर्शिनः॥

"The wise look equally on a learned and cultured Brahman, on the one hand, and a cow or an elephant or a dog or a pariah (*chandala*) on the other."

That is to say, they realized that they are equally susceptible to pleasure and pain.

The Lord also says:—

आत्मौपम्येन सर्वत्र समं पश्यति योऽर्जुन।
सुखं वा यदि वा दुःखं स योगी परमो मतः॥

"Verily he should be regarded as the greatest *Yogi* who looks upon all as equal, on the analogy of his own Self so far as pleasure and pain are concerned."

The sage Vedavyasa has therefore said:

श्रूयतां धर्मसर्वस्वं श्रुत्वा चाप्यवधार्यताम्।
आत्मनः प्रतिकूलानि परेषां न समाचरेत्॥
न तत् परस्य संदध्यात् प्रतिकूलं यदात्मनः।
एष सामासिको धर्मः कामादन्यः प्रवर्तते॥

"Know this to be the essence of religion and then practise it: refrain from doing unto others what you will not have done unto yourself,—what you may resent, if done unto you.

"We should not do unto others what we may resent, if done to ourselves. In short, that is religion: all other creeds have some selfish motive behind them."

जीवितुं यः स्वयं चेच्छेत् कथं सोऽन्यं प्रघातयेत्।
यद्यदात्मनि चेच्छेत तत् परस्यापि चिन्तयेत्॥

"How can he who wants to survive dare take the life of others? One should always design such things for others as one may choose for one's own self."

The virtues of harmlessness (अहिंसा)

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truthfulness (सत्य) and refraining from wrongful possession of a thing (अस्तेय) —the practice of all of which has been enjoined upon every human being and the neglect of which is sure to lead to one's downfall,—take their stand on the above doctrine.

It is in pursuance of these tenets that the performance of the five great sacrifices (पञ्चमहायज्ञ) has been enjoined upon us by the Vedas in atonement for the sin accruing from the unintentional taking of any life.

Carnivorous animals, such human beings as may be bent upon taking our life or that of any other innocent person or robbing him of his property or outraging his religious susceptibilities, those who assault us or invade our country or village, and those who practise incendiarism or administer poison to others have been characterized as outrageous persons (आततायी).

It has been made obligatory on us to kill such persons or creatures by way of self-defence, when necessary, with a view to protecting the person, property, faith or honour of a brother or sister of ours. It is, however, a sin to kill innocent and harmless creatures.

It is in pursuance of the above doctrine that Hindus have from the Vedic period down to the present day maintained an attitude of sympathy towards all innocent creatures of the world.

The cow is adored by the Hindus as a mother (लोकमाता) in recognition of the fact that the supplies wholesome milk to the human race and benefits them in so many other ways. It is, therefore, specially incumbent on every human being to preserve this useful animal.

Even ordinarily it is forbidden (अकार्य) according to the fundamental doctrine of the above religion to take the life of any innocent and harmless creature, to rob anyone of his or her life and property, to wrong anyone, or to practise fraud upon anyone.

It is in consonance with the above fundamental doctrine that it has been enjoined upon the followers of the Vedic religion to feed not only human beings but even birds, beasts and all other creatures through the ritual known as बलिवैश्वदेव as will be clear from the verses quoted below:—

ततो अन्यदन्नमादाय भूमिभागे शुचौ पुनः।
दद्यादशेषभूतेभ्यः स्वेच्छया तत् समाहितः॥
देवा मनुष्याः पशवो वयांसि
सिद्धाः सयक्षोरगभूतसङ्घाः।
प्रेताः पिशाचास्तरवः समस्ता
ये चान्नमिच्छन्ति मया प्रदत्तम्॥
पिपीलिकाः कीटपतङ्गकाद्या
बुभुक्षिताः कर्मनिबन्धबद्धाः।
प्रयान्तु ते तृप्तिमिदं मयान्नं
तेभ्यो विसृष्टं सुखिनो भवन्तु॥
भूतानि सर्वाणि तथान्नमेत–
दहं च विष्णुर्न ततोऽन्यदस्ति।
तस्मादहं भूतनिकायभूत–
मन्नं प्रयच्छामि भवाय तेषाम्॥
चतुर्दशो भूतगणो य एष तत्र स्थिता येऽखिल-
भूतसङ्घाः।
तृप्त्यर्थमन्नं हि मया विसृष्टं तेषामिदं ते मुदिता
भवन्तु॥

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इत्युच्चार्य नरो दद्यादन्नं श्रद्धासमन्वितम् ।
भुवि भूतोपकाराय गृही सर्वाश्रयो यतः ।

After performing other Yagnas (sacrifices) a householder should take some more food, as much as he may like to have, and, placing it on clean ground, offer it with a peaceful mind to all creatures with the following words:—"May this food, which I have set apart on this occasion, serve to appease and gratify gods, human beings, animals, birds, Siddhas, Yakshas, Nagas and other beings, reptiles, evil spirits (प्रेत), and genii (पिशाच) trees, ants, insects, moths and other creatures, whoever may be starving in consequence of their past actions and may want food from me. All the above-named creatures, the food which is lying here and my own self are none else than Vishnu; there is nothing apart from Him. That is why I offer this food, which constitutes the body of the various creatures, for the sake of preserving them."

The householder should then devoutly leave the food on the ground for the good of all creatures, as *he* is the mainstay of all.

Again, in pursuance of the above doctrine, the followers of Sanatana Dharma, while performing the ritual known as *Tarpana* every day, appease not only their forefathers but the living beings of the whole universe, as will be evident from the following verses:—

देवासुरास्तथा यक्षा नागा गन्धर्वराक्षसाः ।
पिशाचा गुह्यकाः सिद्धाः कूष्माण्डास्तरवः खगाः ॥
जलेचरा भूनिलया वायवाधाराश्च जन्तवः ।
प्रीतिमेते प्रयान्त्वाशु मदत्तेनाम्बुनाखिलाः ॥
नरकेषु समस्तेषु यातनासु च ये स्थिताः ।
तेषामाप्यायनायैतदीयते सलिलं मया ।
येऽबान्धवा बान्धवा वा येऽन्यजन्मनि बान्धवाः ।
ते सर्वे तृप्तिमायान्तु ये चास्मत्तोयकाङ्क्षिणः ॥

"The Devas, the Daityas, the Yakshas, the Nagas, the Gandharvas, the Rakshasas, the Pisachas, the Guhyakas, the Siddhas, the Kusmandas, plants, birds, aquatic creatures, burrowing animals, creatures flying in the air, all may be appeased with the water offered by me. I offer this water with a view to alleviating the sufferings of those who are undergoing tortures in the various infernal regions. I offer this water to appease those who have been connected with me by ties of blood or not, or those who may have borne kinship with me in any previous life or those who may be expecting an offering of water from me."

The quantity of food that remains after allotting the share of crows and dogs is too inadequate to appease all other creatures (सर्वभूतेभ्यः). Notwithstanding this, it has been made obligatory on every householder to perform this ritual (बलिवैश्वदेव) because it symbolizes the sacred and lofty idea that a human being stands in the relation of a brother to all his fellow creatures, and further serves the high and laudable object of surcharging the atmosphere of the world with the idea of fellowship of all living beings under the fatherhood of God and nourishing the idea with the moisture of love, like drops of tears.

One cannot adequately praise the catholicity of this faith, which will also be evident from the following benedictory verse coming from the pen of one of the foremost and universally adored exponents of this faith, the great seer Vedavyasa, who personified in himself the golden maxim सर्वभूतहितेरतः (one should always be devoted to doing good to others):—

सर्वे भवन्तु सुखिनः सर्वे सन्तु निरामयाः ।
सर्वे भद्राणि पश्यन्तु मा कश्चिद् दुःखभाग् भवेत् ।

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"May all living beings be hale and hearty; may all see happy days; let no one be miserable."

Lord Sri Krishna, the life and soul of Sanatana Dharma, has extended a loving invitation to the whole human race in the following inspiring and reassuring words:—

"Leaving all other creeds alone, take refuge in Me. I shall absolve thee from all sins. Do not worry."

My devout prayer is that, guided by this divine light, all religious-minded persons, after refining and solidifying their knowledge and replenishing the store of their vigour and zeal, may propagate the truths underlying this creed and convince the whole world that God is one and only one, th in His essence, He is present not on in all human beings but in all oth animals and plants,—in other wor in human beings, beasts, birds and i sects, moths, trees and plants ali and that the best mode of worshi ping Him is to feel the divine pr sence in all creatures, to be friend with all and to wish all well.

Let us all consolidate and prop gate the divine energy by preachi the cult of universal love and diffu ing this true knowledge.

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krishnavatara

PART II

12.
THE FIGHT

EMPEROR JARASANDHA flew into an ungovernable rage. His son-in-law, Kamsa, an able lieutenant, had been murdered by his nephew. His two daughters, Asti and Prapti, had become widows in their teens. A cadet of his family, Vrihadrighna, had been cut to pieces. The power that he had built around his ambitious son-in-law had been demolished. And that too, by two boys!

It was a blow to him personally as also to his power and prestige. His allies and feudatories, who were present at Mathura at the time, came away humiliated and insulted. They sent him reports of what had happened. Particularly, Rukmi, the Prince of Vidarbha, came to Girivraja himself to narrate the events in lurid detail.

When his daughters, the widows of Kamsa, after the usual period of a year's mourning, returned to the parental home, they wailed and wailed, and cursed the father who could not protect their husband, the brave and loyal ruler of Mathura. Then the Emperor swore an oath: 'I swear by the Lord of Gods that I shall never rest till I send the sons of Vasudeva to the Land of Yama, the God of Death'.

And he summoned his staunch allies —Damaghosh of Chedi, Rukmi, the Prince of Vidarbha, Vinda and Anuvinda, the Princes of Avanti, Varad, the chief of Trigarta, King Salva and others—to join him in his march on Mathura. The two sons of Vasudeva must pay the price of their heinous crime.

Messengers ran to and fro, and when the preparations were complete and the rainy season was over, the emperor of Magadha marched on

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Mathura.

When Jarasandha was away from Mathura by a few days' march, the news came to the Yadava chiefs that the mighty conqueror was approaching the town to demand the heads of Krishna and Balaram.

Balaram had returned home from Sandipani's Ashram earlier. Later Krishna returned after restoring Punardatta to the Guru.

The news of Krishna's return after vanquishing the lord of Vaivasvatpur in Patala and rescuing Sandipani's son under miraculous circumstances, electrified Mathura. And when he arrived, the whole town, led by King Ugrasena, came out to receive him. Jubilations were held, and by a unanimous verdict of the Yadavas, the eighteen-year-old son of Vasudeva, the saviour, was invited to lead them.

But Mathura, which flourished so far on Kamsa's leadership of a few kings and the strength of the Magadhan force, was in a sorry plight. King Ugrasena was old and weak, Akrura, too saintly, Vasudeva too good. Old Bahuka Andhaka was dead and so was Pradyota. The Yadavas, who had returned to their native town, were disorganised and grousy.

Krishna, at first, declined the honour he was offered and suggested Balaram as the leader. But the Yadavas were not happy at the idea and the young giant knew the worth of his brother and his own easy-going temperament better. He would not accept the leadership.

When Mathura learnt of the approach of the confederate forces of Jarasandha, panic was universal. King Ugrasena immediately called a council of war of the principal Yadava chiefs. Among the elders of them were Vasudeva and his brother Akrura and Vikadru, the guardian of the fort. Gada and Shanku led the younger chiefs. Krishna was there seated at the right hand of the King. With him were Balaram and Uddhava. On his left was old Gargacharya the sage.

They carefully heard the spies who described the strength of the army, its readiness to lay a long siege, the loyalty of the feudatories who had joined hands with Jarasandha, the oath which he had sworn to take revenge on Vaasudeva and Balaram.

The Yadava chiefs, after they heard the report, were silent for a while. Then spoke Ugrasena: 'How long can we sustain the siege, Vikadru?'

For a moment Vikadru looked down as if collecting his thoughts and then with folded hands replied: 'Lord, excuse me if I tell you the blunt truth. But in times of danger, self-delusion is sure destruction.' He paused and then continued: 'Prince Kamsa, now in heavens, was sure of his strength which his alliance with Jarasandha gave him and left Mathura practically unguarded. Our fort has not yet been fully repaired. The moat has been in neglect for years. We have no sufficient stock of arms, nor of foodstuffs to stand a siege.'

'Oh, God of Gods!' exclaimed King Ugrasena.

'Besides, most of the Yadavas, who had left the city due to fear of the Prince, have now returned. In spite of our best efforts, they continue to

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restive; they think that whatever happens to others, they must be looked after first. And if we persist in defying Jarasandha, I shall not be surprised if the people in the city resent our action. Ordinary mortals are not cast in a heroic mould. They want to be protected; they think it is their due; they have little regard for those who protect them, if they have to bear hardships.'

When Akrura told them in detail as to what happened in Hastinapur, all were lost in thought.

Then Akrura continued in a serious tone. 'Our friends, you know, have practically let us down. King Damaghosh of Chedi, the lord of Bhojas, is inscrutable. He helps us with arms in secret, but joins the march of Jarasandha. As you know, I returned from Hastinapur practically with empty hands. Venerable Bhishma was very sympathetic, but was not ready to pledge support. King Dhritarashtra was elusive; his son Duryodhana thinks we are allied with the sons of Pandu and, though he did not say so in words, was hostile. If Mathura becomes powerful, he is afraid, his cousins would grow powerful too.'

'It is clear that we can't stand out for long,' said Ugrasena.

'I am afraid, we can't stand the siege for more than a few days,' said Vikadru.

'Krishna has begun to train our young men to real warfare only recently, but their morale is poor,' said Vasudeva.

Krishna folded his hands and with due humility interrupted his father, 'Lord, I move among the people and know all about them. War is fought not with arms, but with hearts. And few men in Mathura have the heart to die in defence of their homes.'

King Ugrasena sighed.

'When uncle Kamsa was alive, the Yadavas were strong because of their hatred, not because they had the resolute will to defend themselves against oppression', said Krishna.

'It is only too true.'

'They will develop the resolute will, but it will take time. I fully realise what the noble Vikadru has said: We are not ready to defy Jarasandha and save Mathura,' said Krishna.

'That is true,' said Ugrasena. 'Unfortunately all the kings who surround Mathura are not disposed to help us. Vaasudeva, you are our saviour, the leader of our forces. Do what you think best.'

'Krishna, we have implicit confidence in you, your foresight and your wisdom. Suggest to us the best course possible,' said Vasudeva.

'Father, I have no doubt as to the course to be adopted. We are too weak to resist the enemy at present. Jarasandha wants only two of us. But for us, he would not have invaded Mathura. The best thing, therefore, will be for us to leave the town for some distant spot. On learning that we have fled, Jarasandha will not waste his time in besieging Mathura, but try to follow us,' said Krishna.

'But where will you go? His domains are vast and his allies are spread right upto the Sahya Mountains,' said Akrura.

'Do not worry about us. Nothing is going to happen to us. Jarasandha

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has waxed mighty, but might, unaided by *Dharma*, dies. And I see before me the end of Jarasandha. But that moment has not come,' said Krishna.

'But Jarasandha will be here in a few days', said Akrura.

'We will start immediately. Noble Vikadru, who has travelled to the ends of the earth, will tell us where we should go,' said Krishna.

'*Vaa*sudeva, you are noble and wise. What you have suggested is the best course'.

'But where would they be safe?' asked Vasudeva. 'Damaghosh, the King of Chedi, though the husband of my sister, is Jarasandha's friend. Bhishmaka of Vidarbha, and particularly his son Rukmi, are Jarasandha's dependants.'

'Far beyond their domains are the Sahya Mountains which touch the high heavens,' replied Vikadru, explaining the position with the volubility of an old man. 'Beyond it is Karvirapur on the banks of Venya. It was founded in ancient days by Padma Varma, the step-brother of our ancestor Madhava. His descendant, King Shrigalava, is our relative and will welcome you.'

'How is Shrigalava related to us?' asked Balaram, who, in his characteristic way, was hearing the whole conversation indifferently.

'Balaram, it is time you knew about Shrigalava. *Vaa*sudeva, it will show you how widely spread we Yadavas are'.

'Yes, I think you should tell them of Yadavas of other lands where they are going,' said Vasudeva.

'I had a mind to tell both your sons about it some day. But now that they are going, we don't know for how long they should know it now. Krishna, you are our leader; the hope not only of Yadavas but of all Aryans is centred in you. What I tell you now may be helpful to you in your life'.

'Uncle Vikadru, I should like to hear all you know about Yadavas of other lands,' said Krishna courteously.

'Then listen,' said Vikadru.* 'King Harvyashva of the family of Emperor Yayati wedded Madhumati, the daughter of the demon Madhu, and received Anart and Surashtra as a gift. He then founded Girinagar. By five princesses the daughters of the Naga King, Dhumravarna, he begot five sons. They were Muchkund, who founded Mahishmati and Purika in the Vindhyas; Padma Varma, who founded Karvirapur on the Venya; Sarasa, who founded Kraunchpur; Harit, who inherited from his maternal grandfather the island in the sea known for pearl fisheries; and Madhava your ancestor. Madhava begot Satvat who begot Bhima.'

After a pause Vikadru continued 'In his time, the region Madhuvana, then ruled by the sons of the demon Madhu, was destroyed by Shatrughna, the younger brother of Ramachandra, the son of Dasarath, the ruler of Ayodhya, and founded Mathura. Lord, later the valiant Bhima regained Mathura from

* This pedigree is taken from Vikadru's speech as given in Harivamsa. But Vikadru, though he said got this genealogy from Veda Vyas, evidently has mixed up genealogies. Anyway it throws light on the wide area over which the Yadavas had spread.

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the descendants of Shatrughna. Thus Mathurā became the home of the Yadavas.'

'Oh King, Bhima, your noble ancestor, begot Andhaka; Andhaka begot Revat, who ruled over Girinagar in Surashtra which thereupon came to be called Raivataka. Revat begot Riksha of noble fame, who begot Vishwagarbha. He, as you know, was the father of Shoora and Babhru, from whom you Vasudeva and Akrura are descended,' continued Vikadru. 'Vaasudeva, don't forget that you are most powerfully connected. You have clansmen in Anart and Surashtra; in the Vindhyas and the Sahya Mountains. Sons of your father's sister Pritha are claimants to the empire of the Bharatas. His other sister, Shrutasrava, you know, is the queen of Chedi. Kings of Chedi and Vidarbha are Bhojas, the same as the Yadavas. Remember, Krishna, you are the centre of a vast....'

'What will happen to you both, my sons, if Jarasandha decides to pursue you, or Shrigalava betrays you?' asked Vasudeva anxiously.

'Father, do not worry about us. Whom *Dharma* protects is always safe,' said Krishna.

'And *Dharma* is there in the form of the immortal Bhargava, the son of the venerable Jamadagni,' said Gargacharya. 'Though he lives in Shurparaka,* which he claimed from the sea, he often visits the kingdoms of the Sahya Mountains. I will go to him myself and beg of him to look a you.'

'How can the venerable Bharg be of any use? He has vowed not use arms,' said Balaram.

'Yet his ancient wisdom is migh than the terrible *parashu* with wh he once destroyed kings.'

'Let us not spend time in talk,' s Krishna decisively. 'Long before t dawn breaks, we will be on our w Venerable King, after we have gon day and a night, please send Gada Jarasandha with a message that if wants Balaram and Krishna he wo find them in Mathura; he should s them somewhere else. They have f away. His vanity will then drive h to follow us and leave Mathura u harmed.'

[*To be continu*

*Modern Sopara, near Bombay, which was an international port in pre-historic times.

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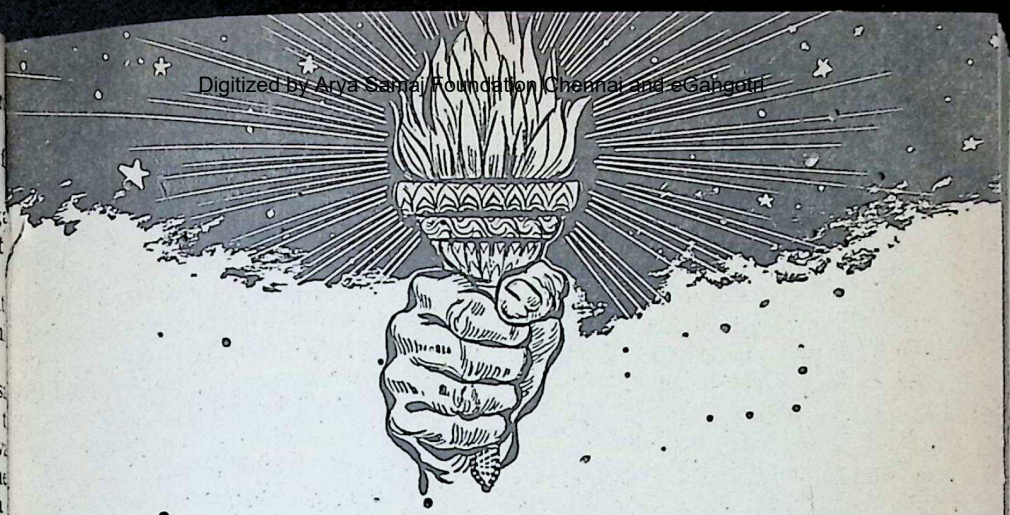

Pageant of Great Lives---15

SWAMI VIVEKANANDA

THE last century, which witnessed the advent of Swami Vivekananda, signified the end of the medieval age and the setting up of the modern. It was a period of worldwide scepticism in matters religious and spiritual, of the superiority of scientific naturalism which refused to admit God or any spiritual principle in nature.

The educated community felt the religious and social organization of the country to be unsatisfactory and sought to remodel it on the European pattern.

So deeprooted was the European influence in the nineteenth century that "almost all the reformers of the last century", as aptly observed by Romain Rolland, "were Anglomaniacs and oscillated between the East and the West. Their characters also were compounded of the incompatible elements of the East and the West."

The only exception was the Saint of Dakshineshwar who was entirely free from the influence of the West and was the perfect embodiment of ancient Indian ideals.

Coming from a great Kshatriya aristocratic family, Narendra Nath

Dr. A. D. PUSALKER

Datta, later known as Swami Vivekananda, was born in Calcutta on Monday, the 12th January 1863.

From his mother, a highly educated woman of regal bearing, who, as he said, "has been the constant inspiration of my life and work", he inherited his royal bearing, his extraordinary memory and moral purity.

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His artistic sense, compassion and intelligence came from his father, a successful attorney-at-law, who led an ostentatious and restless life.

"The formative influences in his life", as stated by Sister Nivedita, "were threefold: first, his education in English and Sanskrit literature; second, the great personality of his Guru, illustrating and authenticating that life which formed the theme of all the sacred writings; and thirdly, ...his personal knowledge of India and the Indian peoples, as an immense religious organism...."

Under the influence of English education and the line of analytical and scientific thought, young Narendra, in his college days, turned agnostic for some time.

He had a strong desire to test the validity of the spiritual teachings. He confronted many religious teachers with his question: "Have you seen God?", but was not satisfied with their explanation or reasoning and was in search of someone who had seen God face to face. He met such a person in Sri Ramakrishna, who replied: "Yes, my child, I have seen God as I see you, but more intensely. I have talked to God but I have talked to God more intimately than I am talking to you."

About the faith in God, Swami Vivekananda said at the Chicago Parliament of Religions: "Whatever may be the position of philosophy, whatever may be the position of metaphysics, so long as there is such a thing as weakness in the human heart, so long as there is a cry going out of the heart of man in his very weakness, there shall be a faith in God."

The meeting of Narendranath and Sri Ramakrishna, the one representing the inquisitiveness, earnestness, scepticism and doubt of the modern age, and the other symbolizing the spiritual culture of three millennia, was pregnant with immense potentialities. The impact culminated in the divine union which meant a reunion of modern India with ancient India and resulted in the making of Swami Vivekananda. The personality of Swami Vivekananda represents the blending of these two lives, the old sage of Dakshineshwar and the young college student Narendra.

Under the kind and vigilant eye of Sri Ramakrishna, Narendra realized the full import of the teachings of the Hindu scriptures and the validity of all forms of discipline.

After the Master's passing away in August 1886, the disciples, under the leadership of Narendra, established a monastery at Baranagore and formed an order of Sannyasins dedicating their lives to the fulfilment of the Master's teachings.

Swami Vivekananda left the monastery within two years and spent the next six years as a Parivrajaka (wandering monk), traversing the whole of India from the Himalayas to Kanyakumari. His wanderings during this period gave him an intimate knowledge of the social and economic conditions obtaining in the country in the various strata, which wonderfully fitted him for the task of the regeneration of the country. This was the preparation for his complex role of preacher, a prophet and a patriot that he was to enact.

It is reported that in his wanderin

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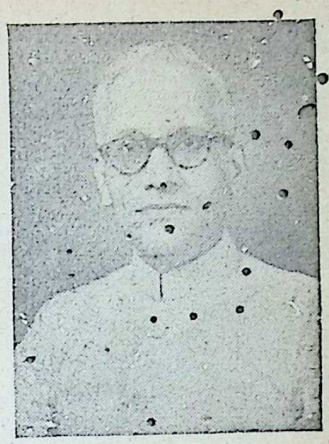
Swami Vivekananda lived with Tilak at Poona and "in their talks it was agreed that while Tilak would work for nationalism in the political field, Swami Vivekananda would work for nationalism in the religious field. While Tilak's sounding-board was the Indian National Congress, Swamiji's sounding-board was religion".

During his Parivrajaka days, says Romain Rolland, Swami Vivekananda was "gradually making himself the Conscience of India, its Unity and its Destiny. All of them were incarnate in him, and the world saw them in Vivekananda."

In 1893 at the request of his devotees and in response to the inner call, Swami Vivekananda left for the U.S.A. where, after his phenomenal success at the Parliament of Religions, he toured that country delivering the message of Vedanta, universal religion, and preaching the unifying principles of Hindu scriptures, during his stay of three years there. After visiting England and the Continent, he returned to India early in 1897 and received a hero's welcome.

His success abroad opened the eyes of his countrymen to his greatness and India was ready for his message which he delivered in his lectures during his triumphal march from Colombo to Almora. He pointed out the causes of national decadence and showed the remedies. He sought to make his countrymen conscious of the greatness of the country, the soul of which was spirituality, and taught them the immortal truths left by their forefathers and exhorted them to shake off their inertia and to rejuvenate themselves by the knowledge of



Dr. A. D. Pusalker

science.

Incessant strenuous work shattered the health of Swami Vivekananda considerably and with a view to restore it he undertook a second trip to the West in 1899 and returned after a year and a half. Thereafter, but for a short tour in East Bengal and Assam, he concentrated on the consolidation of the organization of the Ramakrishna Mission till his death at Belur Math on 4th July 1902.

II

Reference is made here to some interesting anecdotes from the life of Swami Vivekananda illuminating some facet of his character or elucidating some great Truth.

While travelling in North India with but a third class ticket and an ochre-cloak as his only possessions, one middle-aged north-Indian Bania, who did not approve of Sannyasa and believe in giving up the world and making money, was making merry at the expense of the young monk since the latter had been starving the whole

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day, saying that it was only right that the Sannyasin should starve. He added that he ate nice cakes, sweets and clear cold water because he had money. Not caring to earn money a Sannyasin has to rest content with a parched throat, an empty stomach and a bare ground to sit upon. The Swami looked on calmly.

Presently there appeared a person with a bundle and pot in his right hand and a carpet in his left. Spreading the carpet and placing the things he rushed to the Swami requesting him to take the food.

The Swami said that he never saw him before and there might be some mistake.

The man replied: "You are the Swami I have seen." On the Swami's showing surprise, the man explained: "I am a maker of sweets. While having the usual afternoon nap, I dreamt that Sri Rama was pointing you out to me telling that He was pained you had been starving from the previous day, and asked me to prepare instantly some cakes and go to the station with some sweets, nice cold water and carpet. Thinking it only a dream I slept again, but this time Sri Rama actually pushed me to get up and do as He said. I quickly prepared some cakes, etc. Now come and have your meal".

With love and thankfulness beaming on his countenance, Swamiji followed the good man, and the Bania philosopher stood rooted to the ground gazing at them with blank amazement.

Has not the Lord said in the *Bhagavadgita*: "Those who worship Me, meditating on Me alone, to them who ever persevere, I bring attainment of what they have not and security in what they have?"

Another incident reminds one of a similar one in the life of the great Sankaracharya.

During his stay, in the Parivrajaka days, with the Maharaja of Khetri in Rajputana, a dancer appeared when Swami Vivekananda was in the company of the prince and others, and the monk rose to go out. He, however, stayed on at the prince's request, and the woman and her song taught him a lesson in humility, exemplifying the Truh that all is Brahman, that there is the Divine in all beings:

"O Lord, look not upon my evil qualities!
Thy name, O Lord, is same-sightedness
Make of us both the same Brahman
One piece of iron is in the image in the temple,
And another, the knife in the hand of the butcher.
But when they touch the philosopher's stone
Both alike turn to gold!
So, Lord, look not upon my evil qualities!
One drop of water is in the sacred Jumna,
And another is foul in the ditch by the roadside.
But when they fall into the Ganges
Both alike become holy.
So, Lord look not upon my evil qualities!

Swamiji was completely overwhelmed. The confident faith expressed in the humble song affected him for life. Many years later he recalled it with emotion.

The philosophical systems of Dvaita, Visishtadvaita and Advaita (Dualism, Qualified Monism and Monism) had been regarded as offering to the soul three different ideal

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of liberation. No attempt had ever been made to reconcile these systems. Now on his return to India in 1897, Swami Vivekananda boldly claimed at Madras that even the utmost realization of Dvaita and Visishtadvaita were but stages on the way to Advaita itself, and the final bliss, for all alike, was the merger in One without a second.

At one of his question classes, he was asked why, if this was the truth, it had never before been mentioned by the masters. "— Because I was born for this and it was left for me to do," was the confident reply which startled the great gathering!

At Almora, an elderly man once put Swami Vivekananda a question about Karma: "What were they to do whose Karma it was to see the strong oppress the weak?"

In surprised indignation, the Swami asserted: "Why, thrash the strong, of course! You forget your own part in this Karma. —— Yours is always the right to rebel".

III

His extensive travels all over India had given Swami Vivekananda first-hand knowledge of the prevailing conditions. He was not slow to recognise the causes leading to our national degeneraton. Perversion of religion, associating sectarian prejudices and ritualistic formalism with real religion; tyranny over the masses, who were deep in abject poverty, ignorance and misery; disregard of the unmistakable lessons of the past; wrong interpretation of life; narrow conservatism resulting in isolation and cultural stagnation; want of faith, self-confidence, fearlessness and strength; neglect of women; want of organizing capacity; — these were the causes enumerated by him as responsible for our decadence.

To cure these evils and to raise India to her pristine glory Swami Vivekananda prescribed spread of real education and true spiritual ideas culminating in the propagation of the message of manliness, faith, strength and spirituality; social reform through the change of outlook; uplift of the masses by eradication of poverty; raising the status of women.

To carry out his schemes for the regeneration of the motherland Swami Vivekananda wanted a heroic band of workers, "a hundred thousand men and women, fired with the zeal of holiness, fortified with eternal faith in the Lord, and nerved to lion's courage by their sympathy for the poor, the fallen and the down-trodden" who "should go over the length and breadth of the land, preaching the gospel of salvation, the gospel of help, the gospel of social rising up, — the gospel of equality." He warned them: "Trust not to the rich...." It was not mere social service but service of Man as worship of God that Swamiji preached. Every sincere worker, according to him, should have a loving heart, pure motive and right course of action.

Religion occupied the premier place in the scheme of regeneration envisaged by Swami Vivekananda as, according to him, "Every improvement in India requires first of all an upheaval in religion." In his travels,

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he found that for the uplift of the nation it was necessary to energize the masses which could be achieved only by religion, rejuvenated and revitalized by infusing Vedantic ideas.

"In religion", he said, "lies the vitality of India, and so long as the Hindu race do not forget the great inheritance of their forefathers, there is no power on earth to destroy them."

He wanted a religion which would "give us faith in ourselves, a national self-respect and the power to feed and educate the poor and relieve the misery around us."

His study of Indian history had fortified Swamiji in his doctrine that spirituality was the foundation of Indian culture and Indian greatness, and that all social and political problems which confronted her deserved to be worked out from the spiritual point of view. Though political agitation is a necessity of modern times, politics has never been the central theme of our national life. He wanted the wonderful truths confined in the Upanishads to be brought out from the books, from the monasteries and from the forest and to be scattered abroad. "After preaching spiritual knowledge", he said, "along with it will come that secular knowledge and every other knowledge that you want."

To his compatriots, blinded by the glamour of the West, who were contemplating to transplant western plans and schemes in India, Swami Vivekananda pointed out that the only effective method of national awakening and solidarity was through religion.

"The problems of India", he said, "are more complicated, more momentous than the problems in any other country. Race, religion, language, government—all these together make a nation.... Therefore, the first plank in the making of a future India.... is this unification of religion.... I do not mean to say that political or social improvements are not necessary, but what I mean is this.... that religion is primary."

India holds the unique distinction of being the only country in the world that has worked through the ages to make religion the characteristic mark of her national life just as other fields characterize the distinguishing features of other nations. And the correctness of the choice of our ancestors has been vindicated by history by demonstrating that this choice has enabled the Hindus to survive so many political and social cataclysms and to retain their individuality through centuries.

Swamiji's plan for the elevation of the masses was to give them secular education and to prepare them to work for a better standard of life. But in his view this secular education was to be imparted through religion for it was only through religion that even ideas of social and political advancement take root in India.

"Keep the motto before you", he said, "elevation of the masses without injuring religion." Religion was getting confined to don't-touchism in the kitchen and the cooking pot, and Swami Vivekananda wanted to reinstate pristine Upanishadic religion. His beautiful summing up of what religion means deserves thoughtful consideration—"Each soul is potent

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ally divine. The goal is to manifest this Divinity within by controlling Nature, external and internal. Do this either by work, or worship, or psychic control, or philosophy—by one or more or all of these and be free. This is the whole of religion. Doctrines or dogmas or rituals or books or temples or forms are but secondary details."

In this context, reference may be made to the emblem of the Ramakrishna Mission, so thoughtfully prepared by Swami Vivekananda, which signifies the harmony of the four Yogas: the heaving waters, symbolizing the Karmayoga; the lotus of Bhakti; the rising sun of Jnana and the coiled serpent symbolizing the hidden supersensuous power that Rajayoga releases.

To be agreeable with the temper of the modern age of science, reason and humanism, a religion must be scientific, rationalistic and humanistic of the highest degree. The universal religion preached by Swami Vivekananda eminently satisfies these requirements: "....the universal religion will be one which will have no location in place or time, which will be infinite like the God it will preach, and whose sun will shine upon the followers of Krishna and of Christ, on saints and sinners alike; which will not be Brahminic or Buddhistic, Christian or Muhammedan, but the sum total of these, and still have infinite space for development; which in its catholicity will embrace in its infinite arms and find a place for every human being, from the lowest grovelling savage, not far removed from the brute, to the highest man, towering by virtue of head and heart almost above humanity. It will be a religion which will have no place for persecution or intolerance in its polity, which will recognize diversity in every man and woman, and whose whole scope, whose whole form, will be centred in aiding humanity to realize its own true divine nature."

His ardent advocacy of the premier role of religion in the scheme of national reconstruction, however, did not make Swami Vivekananda oblivious of the havoc wrought in the name of religion by its fanatic adherents.

He frankly and boldly admitted that "Though there is nothing that has brought to man more blessings than religion, yet at the same time there is nothing that has brought more horror than religion. Nothing has brought more peace and love than religion; nothing has engendered fiercer hatred than religion. Nothing has made the brotherhood of man more tangible than religion; nothing has bred more bitter enmity between man and man than religion. Nothing has built more charitable institutions, more hospitals for men, and even for animals, than religion; nothing has deluged the world with more blood than religion."

Religion, of course, was not to be held responsible for the atrocities committed in its name. Swami Vivekananda said: "I claim that no destruction of religion is necessary to improve the Hindu society and that this state of society exists not on account of religion, but because religion has not been applied to society as it should have been."

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With all his praise of religion, however, Swami Vivekananda emphasized that it was not for empty stomachs. In several utterances Swamiji has given priority to the removal of poverty and misery among the masses.

According to him, "the root cause of all the miseries of India is the poverty of the people". "It is my firm conviction", he continued, "that it is futile to preach religion amongst them without first trying to remove their poverty and their sufferings...." "....first bread and then religion. We stuff them too much with religion when the poor fellows have been starving."

He, therefore, advised every man each day to take a hungry Narayana or a lame Narayana or a blind Narayana, or six or twelve according to his means, to feed him, to offer him the same worship as he would to Siva or Vishnu in the temple.

He sometimes goes to the length of subordinating religion to other interests of life, and defines his religion thus: "So long as even a dog of my country remains without food, to feed and take care of him is my religion and everything else is either non-religion or false religion."

The spread of education on proper lines and acquisition of material power and prosperity were held to be the means for the removal of poverty and distress among the masses.

Swami Vivekananda advocated the necessity of educating the Indian people in the various arts and sciences of the West, thus solving the "crying economic problems of the lan and making the people fit for th struggle that faces them."

"The education", he said, "whic does not help the common masses o people to equip themselves for th struggle of life, which does not brin out strength of character, a spirit o philanthropy, and the courage of lion,—is it worth the name? Re education is that which enables on to stand on one's own legs."

He did not restrict the sphere o education to the knowledge of rel gious truths alone, but extended it t include all aspects of human cultur both spiritual and secular.

"Teach the masses in the verna culars," he said, "give them the ideas they will get information, but som thing more is necessary; give the culture. Until you give them tha there can be no permanence in th raised condition of the masses."

He wanted a right type of educ tion suited to the temper and geni of the people to be imparted to w men, which would enable them n only to practise the ideals of dome tic life, but also to influence an shape the corporate activities of th nation with great ease.

Along with deepening their ide of chastity, they should be taught cultivate self-respect and self-con dence, and the spirit of sacrifice an love of motherland.

"Studying the present needs of th age," he said, "it seems imperati to train some of them in the ide of renunciation, so that they w take up the vow of life-long virgini fired with the strength of that virt of chastity which is innate in th

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life-blood from hoary antiquity.

"Along with that they should be taught sciences and other things which would be of benefit not only to them but to others as well."

Education should follow national lines and not imitate western standards. Along with Sita and Savitri, he wanted Mira Bai, Ahalya Bai, Rani of Jhansi, etc. to be placed before Indian women as ideals of purity, nobility, strength, devotion, heroism, love and piety blended in a beautiful harmony.

The aim of education should be to evolve such a balanced character. With proper education, Indian women would be able to solve their own problems.

VII

Swami Vivekananda was a great champion of strength, and innumerable passages carry forth his message of strength, fearlessness, faith, courage.

"The quintessence of the Vedas and Vedanta," according to him, "lies in that one word—strength." "First of all, our young men must be strong. *Religion will come afterwards.*" "You will be nearer to heaven through football than through the study of the *Gita*." "You will understand the *Gita* better with your biceps muscles a little stronger." "What the country now wants are muscles of iron and nerves of steel, gigantic wills, which nothing can resist, which....will accomplish their purpose in any fashion...."

These are some of his utterances advocating the cult of strength.

The complete faith and self-confidence of the people in their own strength was one of the most fundamental requisites essential for the regeneration of the nation, which had temporarily lost its moorings but by no means its innate driving force.

In his advocacy of strength Swami Vivekananda went to the length of respecting "even a wicked man as long as he proves himself to be strong and manly, for his inner strength will one day lead him to renounce his wickedness and his self-seeking schemes in order to discover Truth."

Allied with his advocacy of strength was Swamiji's condemnation in scathing and unmeasured terms, of weakness, which he regarded as the greatest sin along with fear.

According to him, "Strength is life, weakness is death." "It is weakness which is the cause of all misery in this world." Strength, of course, was the remedy, and with strength, must grow faith. He was constantly urging his countrymen to have faith in themselves, in their great past and in their glorious future. "Everything will come to you," he assured, "if you only have faith."

He was never tired of eulogising the Upanishads for their gospel of fearlessness. "The only religion that ought to be taught," said the Swami, "is the religion of fearlessness": "... freedom, physical freedom, mental freedom and spiritual freedom," according to him, "are the watchwords of the Upanishads."

It may be noted that Swamiji, though a devotee of divine love, was a believer in the use of force when necessary, refusing to allow mere materialists the exclusive right to have strong measures.

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VIII

Originally devised to emphasize the organic unity of Hindu society and never altogether rigid, the caste system was now petrified. It was introduced to keep out competition and to establish the supremacy of spiritual knowledge (typifying the Brahmana, not merely one born as such) over the military power, wealth or organized labour (represented by the Kshatriya, Vaisya and Sudra, not merely those born as such).

In giving preference to the Brahmana it was not the purpose to propound the superiority of one born as a Brahmana to those born as Kshatriyas, Vaisyas or Sudras; the real intention was to ensure the supremacy of "Brahmanness in which worldliness is altogether absent and true wisdom is abundantly present. That is the ideal of the Hindu race." "It is owing to caste," he said on another occasion, "that three hundred millions of people can find a piece of bread to eat yet. It is an imperfect institution, no doubt, but if it had not been for caste, you would have had no Sanskrit books to study."

Swami Vivekananda knew that divisions in society were natural and inevitable and were to be found in all countries in some form or other.

He was not against hereditary caste. "Caste should not go," according to him, "but should be readjusted accordingly." His solution of the caste problem was to make the lower caste realize the ideal of the highest caste in its culture and education and thus to raise it up to the caste of the Brahmana. Levelling up was his motto. "The solution of this huge problem," said he, "lies in not bringing dow the higher but in raising the lower t the level of the higher. The ideal a the one end is the Brahmana and th ideal at the other end is Chandal and the whole work is to raise th Chandala up to the Brahmana."

IX

In the West, Swami Vivekanand was an apostle of Hinduism carryin the spiritual message, but in India h was more of a patriot, a worker for th regeneration of his motherland.

As the inspirer of the future gen rations of patriots and politicians, h was indeed a great patriot, accor ing to his own conception of patri tism, which finds expression in th following question he asked: "Yo talk of patriotism, but has the thoug of your motherland taken so muc hold of you, that you have lost yo sleep and you carry the burden your people throughout your waki moments? That is real patriotism But he did not associate himself w politics and kept all his institutio strictly aloof from politics. He e phatically denied any connection w politics. India was his love. He liv and died for India. It was insepar bly bound up with his life.

Many of his prophesies based, they were, on his deep study, minu observation, hard thinking, realisti approach and correct analysis of na tional and international affairs, ha come wonderfully true, when no of his contemporaries even drea of them.

He clearly foretold the world wa the rise of the proletariat, the f

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lity of military strength for world peace, and so on.

Thus does he speak of the potentialities of the masses and the sorry plight of the educated class, which we are experiencing today: "The peasant, the shoe-maker, the sweeper and such other lower classes of India have much greater capacity for work and self-reliance than you. They have been silently working through long ages and producing the entire wealth of the land, without a word of complaint. Very soon they will get above you in position. Gradually capital is drifting into their hands, and they are not so much troubled with wants as you are. Modern education has changed your fashion, but new avenues of wealth lie yet undiscovered for want of the inventive genius. You have so long oppressed these forbearing masses; now is the time for their retribution. And you will become extinct in your search for employment, making it the be-all and end-all of your life."

He recognized that no country can flourish in isolation. He found that the West could not live without Vedanta nor could India progress without scientific education, and in this exchange lay the salvation of humanity.

X

Truly did Swami Vivekananda speak of himself as "condensed India." In his life and work can be found solution for several social, economic, cultural or religious problems that India faces today or will have to face in future. His utterances, no doubt, constitute the whole Veda of the future. Eternal fearlessness and unfailing faith in ourselves were his gospel of life. His constant exhortation was to banish all ideas of weakness from our mind. He was of the firm opinion that the Vedantic truths of the divinity of the soul and the oneness of existence would serve, on the one hand, to unite the people of India by harmonizing their superficial differences, and on the other, to infuse enormous strength in the nation. In his new gospel of the unity and universality of Religion Eternal may be found the roots of universal harmony.

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Homage

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[*Swami Vivekananda. Born on 12th January, 1863. Samadhi: 4th July, 1902.*]

Ordinary souls fear to assume the responsibility of instructing the world. A worthless piece of wood can only just manage to float, and if a bird settles on it, immediately it sinks. But Naren (Swami Vivekananda) is different. He is like the great tree trunks, bearing men and beasts upon the bosom of the Ganga. —*Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa*

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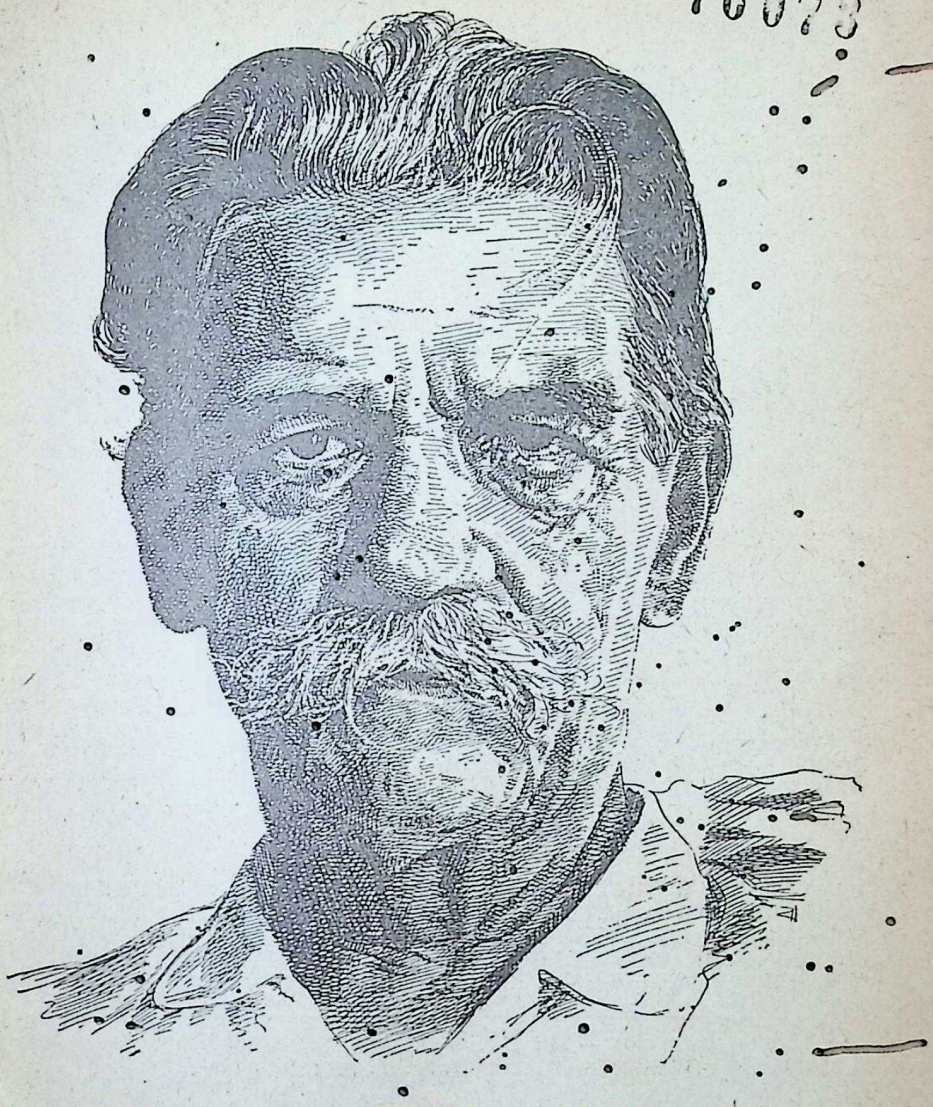

[Dr. Albert Schweitzer, born: January 14, 1875]

Incontestably Schweitzer is a great man—one of the greatest of this or any time. The majesty of his thought and the breadth and force of his ethical sense are almost, if not quite, Olympian. Schweitzer is too lofty, too manifold to grasp easily—a 'universal man' in the sense that Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe were universal men.

—John Gunther.

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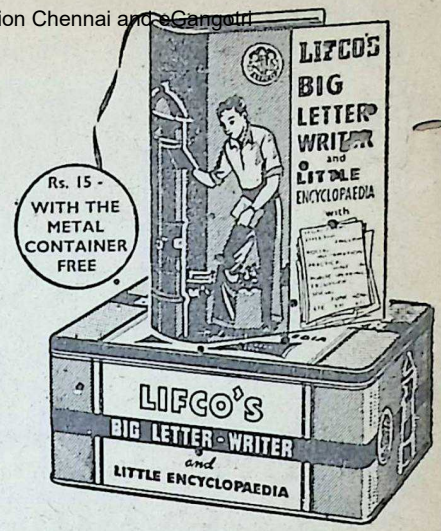

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FESTIVE OCCASIONS

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"Spirit of Truth Greater Than Spirit of Circumstances"

Albert Schweitzer

EVEN while I was a boy at school it was clear to me that no explanation of the evil in the world could ever satisfy me; all explanations, I felt, ended in sophistries, and at bottom had no other object than to make it possible for men to share in the misery around them, with less keen feelings.

That a thinker like Leibnitz should reach the miserable conclusion that though this world is, indeed, not good, it is the best that was possible, I have never been able to understand.

But however much concerned I was at the problem of the misery in the world, I never let myself get lost in broodings over it; I always held firmly to the thought that each one of us can do a little to bring some portion of it to an end.

Thus I came gradually to rest content in the knowledge that there is only one thing we can understand about the problem, and that is that each of us has to go his own way, but as one who means to help to bring about deliverance.

In my judgment of the situation in which mankind finds itself at the present time I am pessimistic.

I cannot bring myself to believe that that the situation is not so bad as it seems to be, but I am inwardly conscious that we are on a road which, if we continue to tread, will bring us into "Middle Ages" of a new character.

The spiritual and material misery to which mankind of today is delivering itself through its renunciation of thinking and of the ideals which spring therefrom, I picture to myself in its utmost compass.

And yet I remain optimistic.

One belief of my childhood I have preserved with the certainty that I can never lose it: belief in truth.

I am confident that the spirit generated by truth is stronger than the force of circumstances.

In my view no other destiny awaits mankind than that which, through its mental and spiritual disposition, it prepares for itself.

Therefore I do not believe that it will have to tread the road to ruin right to the end.

If men can be found who revolt against the spirit of thoughtlessness, and who are personalities sound enough and profound enough to let the ideals of ethical progress radiate from them as a force, there will start an activity of the spirit which will be strong enough to evoke a new mental and spiritual disposition in mankind.

Because I have confidence in the power of truth and of the spirit, I believe in the future of mankind.

Ethical world-and-life-affirmation contains within itself an optimistic willing and hoping which can never be lost.

It is, therefore, never afraid to face the dismal reality, and to see it as it really is.

—From *My Life & Thought.*

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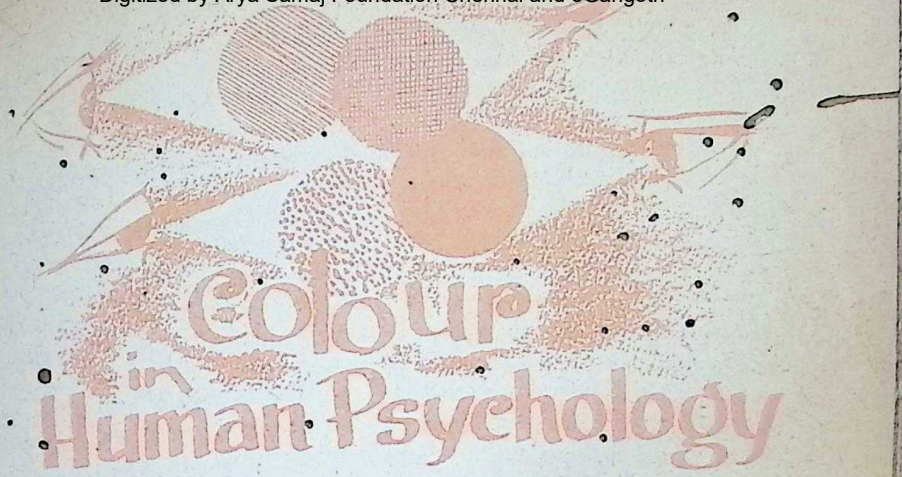

COLOUR plays a significant role in human life. It governs man's outlook and produces instantaneous reaction—either attraction or repulsion.

It is this weakness which is exploited by industrialists in selling their goods in attractive colours.

Spirit rises when the sky is blue and droops when it is overcast. In a convalescent for example red walls raise blood-pressure and make the emotionally unstable patients fight.

Blue has a cooling effect. Soft greens without too much yellow noticeably soothes and refreshes a person who is ill. A warm yellow, almost amber, helps the mentally ill.

Restaurants have found colour a valuable ally. A cafeteria doubled its sales of salads by serving them on green plates instead of white, creating an illusion of bigger and greener salads.

Surgeons are using colour in the operation theatres. In hospitals white has been replaced by bluish green. Surgeons and nurses wear blue-green smocks and masks. This complementary hue of walls and smocks spares the surgeon's eyes during long periods of concentration under bright operating lights.

In "sight-saving class-rooms" set apart for children with faulty vision, yellow-tinted chalk on a leaf-green background have been found to provide a restful, pleasing contrast.

Sahib Singh Ahuja

Recently a manufacturer of office stationery experimented with pale-green ledger paper, with rulings of soft brown and dark green instead of the time-honoured red and blue. The new paper eliminated the glare of reflected light, and the new rulings were less 'jumpy'. People clamoured for more.

The president of a shoe manufacturing plant was inspecting his factory when a middle-aged machine operator complained of severe headache and

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blind spots. The president looked at the black finishing machine and at the black shoe in the operator's hand. The line of demarcation was hard to see. The president hit upon an idea and said: "Go down to the paint shop and pick out a bright pleasant colour. Clean your machine and paint it with it." It worked. Other operators asked permission to paint their machines and before long the plant was a rainbow of colours. And with the new contrast between leather and cutting edges, there was less fatigue. Consequently the accident rate fell off by nearly 70% and fewer shoes were damaged. Scores of manufacturers have since turned to coloured machines and decorative schemes to fight eye-strain and fatigue.

A colour chemist met a college pal he had not seen for years. The friend confided gloomily that he was planning a divorce. Said he, "My wife is so jumpy and irritable. I'll go crazy if I have to live with her much longer," he explained.

The colour expert went with his friend for dinner at the latter's place. Alone in the living room, afterwards, he confided to his friend: "You'd be a bundle of nerves too, if you had to live in this red room every day. You don't need a change of wife; you need a change of wall-paper." The home was redecorated in restful blues and greys; the wife's irritability disappeared and the husband forgot his idea about divorce!

The management of a Toronto chewing-gum plant decided recently that male employees were loitering too long in the washroom. The management did not want to take action against them, fearing labour trouble. A colour expert was called who solved the problem. The washroom walls were painted a harsh unpleasant green. The effect was irritating; there was little temptation on the part of the male employees to linger for a second cigarette. The men returned promptly to work.

In a Montreal shoe-store sales dropped when a new carpet with prominent wine-and-red design was spread on the floor. A display consultant trained in colour psychology spotted the trouble immediately; the carpet was exchanged for an unmarked one of greyish blue which enhanced the form and colour of shoes. Sales returned to normal.

Why are some colours exciting and stimulating, some soothing and relaxing, others depressing? These influences are the result of two factors: (1) The optical capabilities of the eye itself, or the manner in which it sees colours; (2) the effect of long familiarity with certain colours.

Light, a form of electromagnetic energy, travels in waves of different sizes, each colour having its own wavelength. When we see a bundle of all the wave-lengths in a visual spectrum at one time, they combine to make us see white light. When this light gets pulled apart by objects reflecting only a part of it, we see the reflected portion as one of the colours. And colour wave-lengths range from red, the longest at 1/33,000 of an inch, to violet, the shortest at 1/67,000.

The human eye focusses most easily on red, orange and yellow. These colours outline sharply on the eye's retina. They are the "vigorous" colours

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and nature uses them sparingly. Only in the last hundred years, with extensive development of paints and dyes, have red, orange and yellow become common colours.

These two facts—the sharpness with which the eye sees them and their relative newness in mankind's history—make them exciting and stimulating.

But they too can be stimulating. Moderate doses for instance prevent boredom and make physical work easier; heavy doses overstimulate, induce fatigue, and become mentally irritating. Some psychiatrists say that a person forced to live for a few weeks in a bright-red room, would wind up stark mad!

There is another factor. For more than 30,000 years man squatted around campfires—he has been stoking furnaces for a century or two. The campfire is now no longer a focal point of his environment, but deep in his subconscious, the lure of the flame is still there. Today the fire colours of red, orange, and yellow may exist as paint on a wall, but in man's subconscious, they will always suggest a fire's warmth and cheer.

Because of their shorter wavelengths, green and blue are focussed less distinctly by the eye. They are soft, slightly hazy, and produce a soothing and relaxing psychological effect.

Nature has splashed green and blue everywhere. We subconsciously associate green with tranquil landscapes, and the effect of this on the mind is restful. Blue, the tint of sky and sea, is the colour of nature's distant vistas and is also eye-relaxing. Thousands of years of sea and sky-gazing have made blue the colour on which the eye relaxes most easily. And blue, because of its association in the subconscious with the chill of water, has a cooling influence.

A Canadian soup company recently constructed a new dining-room in its plant. The colour plan included blue-tiled wainscoting topped by pale blue walls. On the first frosty day employees complained that the room was cold. "It is thermostatically controlled at 72 degrees, same as the rest of the building," replied the building superintendent. But he gave in, and raised the temperature to 74 degrees. The workers insisted it was still cold.

An executive sensed the trouble and called back the decorators. "Yes," they admitted, "maybe we used too much blue."

An orange stripe was added to the wall, slipcovers of orange and reddish brown were placed on the chairs. The temperature was dropped to 72, and the workers thanked the building superintendent for keeping the room warmer!

Colour can also absorb or radiate heat. White, in reflecting all light, also reflects heat. Black absorbs light and absorbs heat into the bargain. White ships in the tropics are claimed to be 10 degrees cooler inside than black ships. Where greens and blues are soft and hazy, purple leaves blurred images on the eye. Someone not speaking distinctly leaves us impatient and annoyed; purple and violet—indistinct colours—have a similar effect.

Merchandising experts say [illegible] a purple package will sit on store shelves until the mice eat it!

Black also has some of the depressing qualities of purple. Where work is physical and monotonous (like typing) a colour scheme leaning to soft reds, yellows, browns, cream, and buff

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eases boredom and speeds muscular reaction. When the offices of a chemical manufacturer were changed from grey and blue to cream and red, tests revealed that typing speed increased 12 percent, short-hand transcription by 20%.

Where work involves mental concentration or attention in fine detail, colours like red and yellow distract, and add to eye-strain. The engineer studying blueprints or the skilled technician assembling watches needs an opportunity to relax when he lifts his eyes from the job. Walls of blue and green will do this.

Headaches, nausea, fatigue, indigestion, and stomach ulcers have sometimes been traced by industrial plant doctors to the strain of working under glare or in inadequate light. In modern hospitals colour has become an aid to healing. Hospital white is on the way out. Greens and blues in operating rooms help the patient relax and anaesthesia is hastened.

Many manufacturers skilfully use colour to attract attention to their products on shop shelves. A garden implement maker had to enlarge his plant after he started painting rake and shovel handles red. A floor-wax firm boosted sales by 25% in a few months by changing its brown container to red, yellow, and black. Food packages designers have learnt that colours like red, yellow and orange on which the eye focusses sharply make an object appear larger. Blue, green, and black seem to reduce the size of a food package.

A quick-service sandwich shop in Montreal was losing business because patrons, after eating, lounged back in their seats to chat, occupying space that new arrivals had to wait for. "Your place is too restful," a decorator told the owner. So the lighting was increased and cream walls were changed to yellow trimmed with reddish brown. The owner reports, "No more lounging; they eat quickly and get out."

A Chicago illuminating engineer invited several guests to a dinner of golden brown roast, crisp, fresh vegetables and salads, along with other appetising dishes. All ate with relish, until as the meal progressed, the lights in the room changed colour. Within a few minutes some diners were taken suddenly ill and others became slightly nauseated. All lost their desire for the exceptionally fine food. The reason? Under new light the celery had turned gaudy pink; the roast whitish grey; milk blood red; salad from green to sickly blue. The host explained after the lights were restored to normal that this was a demonstration of the part colour played not on the sense of sight, but also on the related senses of taste, touch and smell.

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If sculpture is the celebration of the heroic in man, Epstein is truly a great sculptor.

JACOB EPSTEIN

E. Alkazi

SIR JACOB EPSTEIN, who died recently at the age of 78, was indisputably the greatest portrait sculptor of our century and the only eminent sculptor capable of creating great religious art.

Such of his works as Adam, Lazarus, the Cavendish Square Madonna and Child, and his Christ in Majesty for the Llandaff Cathedral in Glamorganshire, Wales, are poignantly-telling expressions of a deep spiritual impulse in a notoriously secular age.

He was born of Russian-Polish parents in East Side, New York, in 1880. In this richly-variegated milieu which gathered together all the displaced races of the earth — Italians, Russians, Chinese, Poles, Greeks and Negroes—he learnt to speak in an aesthetic language easily understood by all—simple, earthy, but sincere and profound in its universality.

In his later teens he made drawings of New York life, particularly of Jewish life, to illustrate Hutchin Hapgood's "The Spirit of the Ghetto."

From 1902-1904, he studied at the *Ecole des Beaux* Arts and at Julian's Academy in Paris, and attracted the attention of the great French sculptor, Rodin.

He moved to London in 1905 and, after a brief farewell visit to New York, settled down in a studio at Fulham and adopted British nationality.

In 1908, at the age of 27, Epstein suddenly erupted into prominence.

He had just completed in the astonishingly short period of 14 months 18 granite statues, over life-size, for the British Medical Association Building in the Strand. These nude figures, representing

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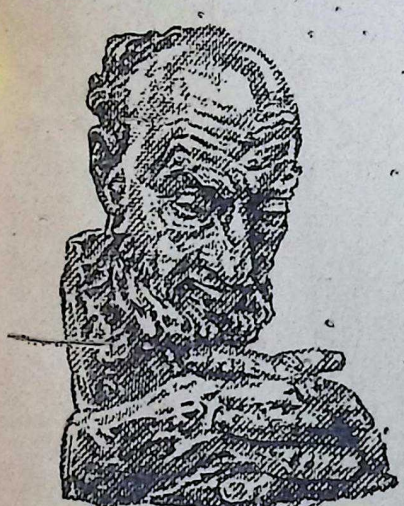
man and woman from birth to old age, were the target of a vicious campaign by the press and public alike, because of their alleged indecency. Epstein had worked in the statues, magnificently architectural in themselves, symbols of that profound reverence for life which is characteristic of Epstein's attitude, and were at the same time in perfect keeping with the spirit of the institution for which they had been designed.

In Paris in 1912 while supervising the creation of his memorial to Oscar Wilde, Epstein met Picasso, Modigliani, Paul Guillaume, Constantin Brancusi and other avant-garde painters and sculptors who had already embarked on the great Cubist adventure.

He described as a "flirtation, not a marriage" his own brief experimental period when he came under the Cubist influence, but though he had friends in that camp, and others like Gaudier Brzeska and Wyndham Lewis of the Vorticist Group in England, he was too dynamic a creator and too great an individualist to subscribe to any one aesthetic creed. "I am interested in humanity and sculptural form and, not in the abstract," he consistently maintained.



Old Pinager, Bronze, (1923)

Epstein's Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park, London—a panel carved with a figure of Rima—sparked another controversy when unveiled in 1925.

Roger Fry, the eminent art critic, recalled the occasion in these vivid terms: "The Philistines," he wrote, "are upon us and we have to close our ranks. I have not spared my criticism of Mr. Epstein's sculpture... (but) we can settle our quarrels elsewhere... for the moment all who care about art of whatever shade must face the common foe and stop once for all his arrogant attempt to lay down the law out of the abundance of his ignorance and insensibility..."

"The Hudson Memorial," Mr. Fry continues, "has not converted me into an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Epstein's sculpture. But it has certain qualities which are almost always absent from our public sculpture. It shows inventive ingenuity and a sense of proportion. The quantities of relief and hollow, the relative proportions of light and shade, are fairly balanced and the linear rhythm of the design is well carried through. This just estimate of scale and of the intensity of relief necessary for a given situation, particularly out of doors, is hardly ever attained in our public monuments, and merely to have achieved this should entitle Mr. Epstein to high praise. We can recognise a definite imaginative

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purpose, a clear personal attitude in the conception of the figure of Rima. She is imagined as a human being with something of the haggard shyness and strangeness of wild things. This is certainly no tired repetition of a conventional formula, but a vivid and individual creation."

It was while he worked in Epping Forest on the outskirts of London that Epstein conceived the Hudson Memorial, as well as the Visitation, a set of water-colours for the Old Testament, and a series of sun-drenched landscapes and flower studies.

In his thirties Epstein acquired a reputation as a portrait sculptor of great power and originality, and in subsequent years he came to be recognised as the foremost portraitist of our times. His vast gallery of portraits constitutes not an "abstract and brief" but a palpable and lasting chronicle of the times.

Three qualities give distinction to these studies. First, there is Epstein's penetrating insight into the mind and personality of the sitter. It is almost as if the sitter were caught in a moment of revelation. Secondly, there is a magnification of the sitter's spirit, a humane and generous scrutiny on the part of the sculptor as if he sought to portray his subject drawn up to his full spiritual height. And finally, the inert clay in Epstein's pudgy, nimble fingers acquires a pulsing, quivering vitality, alive with the very breath of life.

In these works he has captured at their most eloquent moments the inmost beings of priests and kings, soldiers and politicians, scientists and philosophers, scholars and statesmen, the makers of history, and those trodden upon and mutilated by history.

He has engraved upon the features of Joseph Conrad the scars of a hundred voyages across the sea of human affliction; Eliot's priestly, hawklike face surveys with bitter mortification, the ravaged landscape of the twentieth century Waste Land; Bertrand Russell's brow is heavy with brooding over the human dilemma which his sardonic mouth strives to verbalise in rational terms; Haile Selassie, still in his panther-like grace, exudes some mysterious compelling power from within his Abyssinian darkness.

But Epstein has never turned a blind eye to the splendours and miseries of ordinary mortals.

The Madonna and Child. Brancusi (1927)

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On the most seemingly commonplace human visage he has granted its unique individuality, and invested it with its own dignity and grace; adolescent girls looking out breathlessly upon the world; street urchins piercing the fog-bound air with their shrill cries, confident youths stepping out arrogantly into the world; the young mother sensing the first stirring of the new life within her; the stricken and humiliated woman of the streets and the proud vedette enshrined in a million hearts.

He scrutinises them all but he does not mock at them, nor does he pass judgment.

All these belonging to the vast family of man are related to the two basic archetypal forms—to his female Genesis figure of 1931, and to the male-image, the Adam of 1939.

Though eight years separate them these two are complementary figures. The Genesis is the eternal life-giving principle, the fertility-figure, the large-breasted, swollen-bellied female archetype, carrying within her the seed of the world.

The brooding features, the large, earthy hands spread in protection over the fruit within the womb, the immobility and weight of the enormous haunches, with all their powerful physical impact exude a profound religious aura, full of tenderness and mystery.

Adam in contrast is man, the idealist, the adventurer. He ventures forth to conquer the world. He leaves his home behind him and pursues his dread. His eyes look outward, scanning the horizon; his taut muscles are tense with anticipation.

Son of Man

or Son of God, he is prepared to face all the tribulations of his savage pilgrimage.

Epstein had a flair for works on a colossal and monumental scale, the commissioned opportunities for which are unfortunately all too rare particularly for a sculptor with so fecund an imagination.

His Lazarus has at last found a place in the chapel of New College, at Oxford. In this, the agonised figure is seen slowly freeing itself from the embrace of death and awakening with great pain into the terrible light of day.

One can almost feel through the contortion of the figure, the blood slowly coursing through the chilled arteries of the inert body and bringing it back to life.

The 1952 Madonna and Child for the Convent in Cavendish Square is an emotional statement of great, but piercing simplicity. The two upright forms hover before the facade of the Convent without any apparent support.

While the bright Christ Child like some intense young Greek god delivers to the world with disarming faith, the tall ascetic Mother leans over son in an attitude of resignation. Her arms open in a gesture half of offering and half of maternal protection. In her serene spirituality this Mother-image is the very anti-thesis of the Genesis figure.

One of the largest projects undertaken by Epstein in the last few years of his life was the Social Consciousness group commissioned for Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

It consists of five gigantic figures:

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a seated central figure, her arms outstretched in dignified compassion; on either side two erect female figures support two male forms in a state of utter exhaustion and collapse. They are three colossal symbols of human pity, bringing succour to the prostrate and the defeated, and taking upon themselves the burden of the world's misery. They have their being in a shrouded silence, for all the ills of mankind as they have known them are too painful for words, too deep for tears. They offer their grieving arms to all the persecuted of the world. They are like figures that attend on man's descent from the Cross and prepare not for the Entombment, but for the Resurrection.

One of Epstein's last works and that which he regarded to be his greatest is the Christ in Majesty for the Llandaff Cathedral in Wales. It is an elongated, stark, formally severe figure, shorn of all earthly attributes, ascending vertically into heavens, or posed between heaven and earth. The rippling sleeves give the slightest suggestion of upward movement. The eye is irresistibly drawn to the face which reflects an eternity of suffering, compassion and understanding.

In the larger perspective of his work, this seems a fitting epitaph, will and testament.

In recent years, Epstein has received far less critical acclaim than that enjoyed by sculptors with half his talent and none of his vision.

His lusty vigour, his earthiness, his rock-bottom earnestness, and his courage in tackling grandiose themes, are hardly qualities to appeal to cold intellectual critics, enamoured of one species of cerebral gymnastics or another.

In a painfully self-conscious age which balks at the slightest token of emotion, Epstein has had the courage to speak from the heart with a full, lusty, sincere voice.

He never sank into sentimentalism; but he was never afraid of sentiment.

The larger human passions of grief, despair, hope which have ever been part of the human condition and today form its unalterable features—these passions are raised in his work to a heroic pitch. Their voice is the voice of all humanity; their gestures belong to all men, in all time, circumscribed neither by tongue, place nor creed.

If sculpture is the celebration of the heroic in man, Epstein is truly a great sculptor.

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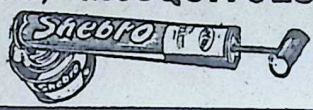

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

856

Sri N.K. Ram, Madras.

Q: The Sputnik Epoch evinces that the spiritual cultural inheritance of India is outdated, otherworldly, and against planetary travels and modernisation. Do you think so?

A: Where did you get such notions? What has spirituality to do with space conquest? The spiritual aspect of Indian culture deals, say in the *Gita*, with the nature of man which is independent of externals.

857

Sri K. Subramanyam, Laxmipura, Mysore.

Q: "Trust in God, but keep your powder dry." Will you kindly let me know the ideas of the above quotation and oblige?

A: It means that you should have faith in God, but you should not leave Him to do what you should have to do as His instrument. Faith should not bring helplessness; it should inspire the will to do your utmost for His sake.

858

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: How is God holding such a vast and burdensome universe in his control without impatience? Can you prove it?

A: How can I prove something which can only be grasped, not by the mind, but by experience. God is not holding the universe; it is His manifestation in limited time and space.

859

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

Q: Should we not have the ideal of reunifying Bharat? Is it not possible?

A: It is no use thinking of undoing the Partition if that is what you mean by your question. India and Pakistan—both are happy as they are. What is now possible and beneficial is for both countries to be united in friendliness and mutual respect.

860

Q: We say Mahatma Gandhi is the Father of the Nation. How can a man be the father of a nation? Is the nation so young? Was there no nation before Gandhi?

A: Modern Indian nationalism has been a slow growth. It existed before Gandhiji. It became articulate, when Dayanand Saraswati, some years after the Great Revolt of 1857, founded the Arya Samaj. When the Indian National Congress was founded it acquired an institutional agency. Tilak, Lal, Pal and particularly Sri Aurobindo made it militant. Gandhiji consolidated all these forces, and by his technique of Satyagraha gave it resisting strength. The word 'Father of the Nation' has no reference to the growth of the nation. It only means that he secured national freedom.

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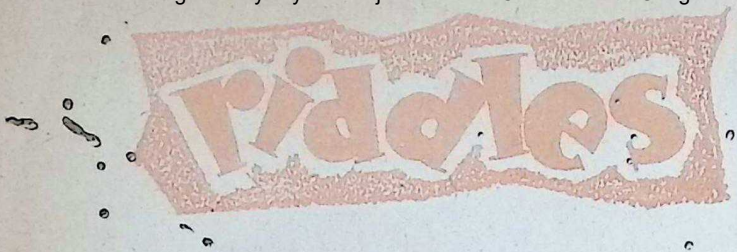

[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES V.

1

Sri C. R. Ramachandran, Edapally, Kerala.

I can travel on land and water, but I am not a frog,
I peep out of my den, but I am not a snail,
I am enveloped by a shell, but I am not a cocoanut,
I crawl slowly, but I am not a snake.
Who am I?

2

Sri S. Sambamurthy, Madras.

I can sing, but cannot dance,
I can fly, but cannot walk.
I drink blood, but do not eat flesh,
I am small, yet I am feared;
And I keep the people awake by my treat.
Who am I?

3

Sri N. Devarajan, Guntakal.

It is a place of worship, but is not a temple,
It has several windows, but it is not a church,
It is almost conical in shape, but it is not a spire,
It is built of mud, but it is not a hut,
Women pour their offerings into it, but no priest dares touch them.
What is it?

4

Sri P. Ramaswamy, Lakkur.

I can run fast, but I am not a vehicle,
You observe me always wandering, but I am not a dog.
I take neither food nor water, yet I can live long.
All, rich and poor, possess me, but they cannot conquer me.
The more they try, the more they fail.
Who am I?

RIDDLES—Answers to Series IV

(1) Letter (2) Shadow (3) Misfortune (4) Snail (5) Kite (6) Match-stick.

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PREMIER HAYATO IKEDA

THE election of the Liberal Democratic Party to power in Japan in the 8th post-war election last November has vindicated the claim of the former Premier Kishi that the 'Security Treaty with U.S.,' had the support of the majority of the Japanese people.

And the man who carried to victory the policy of 'closer collaboration with America' actively pursued by Kishi was Hayato Ikeda, Japan's tax expert No. 1.

It was in June 1960 when Kishi, the then Prime Minister of Japan, was delivering a speech at a victory function that a rightist fanatic knifed him. From his bed in the hospital Kishi resigned with his entire Cabinet setting the stage for the eighth post-war election.

The convention of the Liberal Democratic Party held immediately after voted Hayato Ikeda to the Presidency of the party thereby choosing him as the Premier to succeed Nobusuke Kishi in case the Party won the elections. And Ikeda formed a new Cabinet on July 19.

Immediately after the installation of the new Cabinet, Prime Minister Ikeda told the press:

"The way to restore international trust in our country is to show to the world that the Japanese are a reliable and worthy people. In other words, since the domestic and foreign affairs are closely correlated, the best way we should take is to prove to the other powers that we are a highly-cultured and peace-loving nation.

As to the economics, it was said in Japan some years ago that what should be worried over was not a scarcity of things but the unequal distribution of them. In these days, however, I dare say that we should be concerned about both of them, that is, while giving due consideration to the problem of distribution, it is necessary to expand the national economy in order to get rid of poverty from amidst the nation."

When the election campaign was in full swing, it took violent turns on occasions even leading to the murder of a socialist leader. Undaunted by these incidents Ikeda led his party to power, winning 296 seats out of the total of 467 in the Diet.

Hayato Ikeda is not new to politics and power. Back in 1951 he was the Finance Minister under Premier Shigeru Yoshida when he stirred up a

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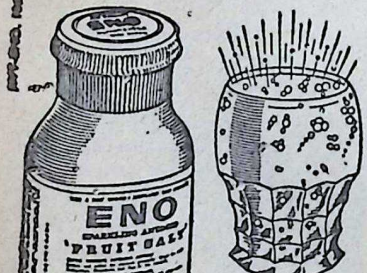

ENO soon put her right

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could not afford rice under his austerity programme, then let them eat barley." A year later he waged a relentless war on the black market. He characterised his attitude by the remark that 'if the black-marketers are driven to suicide by my methods, it can't be helped' and this remark lost him his post as Trade Minister.

Square-jawed Hayato Ikeda is 60 today. He is a hard man with the yen and a free man with his tongue. Born in Hiroshima prefecture he is descended from six generations of wealthy sake (a kind of drink)-makers. In deference to the family business, he developed early a prodigious capacity for the native drink.

Whenever he took time off his business, he devoted himself to study and compute the tax structure of the government, and in course of time he came to be regarded as a tax wizard. It was his special ability in this respect that earned for him the Finance Portfolio in 1951, a most trying period for the Japanese Government and the people, and during this period he used his tax experience to the full to save the collapse of Japanese finance.

During the U.S. occupation of Japan, Ikeda proved to be U.S. Economic Adviser Joseph Dodge's most stubborn and effective aide in holding the line against post-war inflation.

Ikeda's contact with Aaki Kondo, Japan's biggest money-lender, whose private fortune tops 10 million, was the beginning of the rise in Ikeda's political power. Now he could use big money wherever his intellectual acumen failed. The continued friendship of Aaki Kondo and Ikeda resulted not only in a harmonious marriage of tax with big money, but also bound the two families in blood relationship by numerous marriage ties. In 1957 Ikeda's eldest daughter married Kondo's eldest son.

In his faith Hayato Ikeda is a chip of the old block. He is a vegetarian and takes two hot baths a day to clean his head. Back in 1930 he was attacked by a skin disease that doctors pronounced incurable. After five years of suffering, Ikeda listened to his mother's urging and set out on a pilgrimage, swathed in bandages; he dragged himself painfully around Oasaki Island to 88 of Buddhist holy places. The disease disappeared ever since Ikeda became a convinced Buddhist; every day he prays before an altar in his home.

Hayato Ikeda is a polished, cultured and affable personality. Despite his close relation and association with big business in Japan, and his pronounced love for American friendship, he has the welfare and prosperity of the Japanese people at heart.

While accepting the presidentship of the Liberal Democratic Party, he said: "I have always enjoyed golf and geisha, but they are far from the life of Japan's common people. Now I am going to live like a common man, thinking and aspiring as he does."

Ikeda in his new role has set himself the double task of doubling the national income and axing tax-burden. Only a financial wizard like him can hope to achieve what in reality is a quadruple jump, especially in view of the current dollar scare in the U.S.

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SARDAR PATEL ENGINEERING COLLEGE FUN

Sardar Patel was one of the great architects of our nation. Along with Mahatma Gandhi and other great leaders, he formed the core of the national leadership which won independence, achieved solidarity and laid the foundation for unity, strength and prosperity in freedom.

He was closely associated with the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan from its very inception. In June, 1946, he inaugurated Bhavan's Megji Mathradas College of Arts and Narrondass Manordass Institute of Science. For the great interest which he evinced in the activities of the Bhavan, he was elected its Honorary Member in the year 1946.

To enshrine the memory of Sardar Patel, the Bhavan has decided to start an Engineering College to be named after him, at the Bhavan's Campus at Andheri.

The total outlay on this College will be about Rs. 70,00,000 for machinery and equipment, furniture, library, buildings, hostels, staff quarters etc. Against this, the Bhavan is already assured of resources to the extent of Rs. 60 lakhs.

		Rs.
GOVERNMENT OF:	India	20,00,000
	Maharashtra	10,00,000
BHAVAN:	Land	15,00,000
	Hostels & staff quarters ..	13,00,000
Sardar Memorial Committee		1,00,000
Nizam's Charitable Trust		1,00,000
		Rs. 60,00,000

The Bhavan has yet to raise the balance of about Rs. 10,00,000. We are confident that the public will come forward with generous contributions to make up this amount and enable the Bhavan to fulfil this much-needed and laudable scheme, which, while meeting the pressing need for technical education, will also do honour to an illustrious son of India.

It is proposed to have the foundation-stone of the building for the Engineering College laid by Shri Y. B. Chavan, Chief Minister of Maharashtra, in the first week of February 1961.

The Bhavan is an approved institution for purposes of Section 15B of the Indian Income Tax Act. The Registered Number of the Bhavan is 324.

We appeal to all individuals, institutions, industrial enterprises, business houses, Trusts and Foundations all over India to help us raise this Fund

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to perpetuate the memory of one whom, in the words of our Prime Minister, "History will call the Builder and Consolidator of New India" and who was "a great captain of our forces in the struggle for freedom, one who gave us sound advice in times of trouble as well as in moments of victory, a friend and colleague on whom one could rely and a tower of strength that revived wavering hearts". It will be some token of our sense of the immense debt we owe to that strong, silent man who welded India into a unified, integrated whole.

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Lilavati Munshi
M. Anantasayanam Ayyangar
Jaisukhlal Hathi
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Tapaswini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

38. Sheela's Pledge

AS she came to the end of *Tapaswini,* Sheela sighed and asked herself if that was a story of love, or of self-sacrifice, or of undiluted voluptuousness, and whether the life depicted in the story was the only kind of life that could be said to be worth living.

Tapaswini had led a life of absolute purity. She had devoted many years to study and had thereafter voluntarily adopted a life of austerity and devotion. And then she met the poet. It was as if she was born again almost immediately; a new spirit seemed to have taken possession of her. She derived immense pleasure in his company. She felt that she could realise herself by merging her self with him.

What was wrong in this? This was not a tale of petty passion. It was like a clear and bright torch of supreme joy. She trimmed the torch and it gave brighter light. By importing reality to a magnificent dream, she achieved eternal joy.

Sheela sighed as she looked back upon her own life. She had given to her husband her heart, her body—everything she had, and now she was left with just smoke in her hands. She had to satisfy herself with such attention as her selfish husband was prepared to bestow upon her, her husband who knew nothing of self-sacrifice. If she lived with him she had to accept him and share him with other women. She wept bitterly; her heart seemed almost breaking.

Her life had been in ruins indeed. Her mind had ceased functioning. Not a day passed without the feeling of dread that her husband might perhaps be tempted away by another woman, destroying her peace of mind. Spiritually she was exhausted. She could not look forward to that peace of mind that comes when two hearts beat in unison. Her eyes were filled with tears.

After a while she picked up *Tapaswini* again and re-read the last few pages. Tapaswini had had to give up her life of austerity. The poet gave her a new life. She allowed herself to be dragged in a sea of joy such as had

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been unattainable in her former life. And in the end the king who had behaved more brutally than the God of Death, killed them both with a single sweep of the sword. Their souls had flown away in company, while their bodies, separated from their heads, were covered with flowers.

The scene became indelibly imprinted on her heart and her imagination flew on outspread wings. When after some time she woke up from this waking dream, she heaved a deep sigh. Such good fortune, she reflected, came only in the way of some fortunate people. She had nothing to look forward to except a life of servitude, to remain for ever at the beck and call of her lord and master. Hers would be a lonely journey in a world without hope.

She thought of Uday. She realised that behind his polite and smiling exterior there was a heart which burnt like the flame of a live volcano. How else could he have written a book like *Tapaswini*? What a foolish woman Alice was to have given up such a man for the sake of the mirage of dinners and dances?

The clock struck the hour. The minute hand kept moving rapidly forward making her more restless. She murmured to herself: 'No matter how much I try, I would never be able to conquer my feelings. Oh! Shyam, Shyam! What have you done to my life? He has no time to listen to me. And even if he listened what can I say? Oh! What is the use of calling upon 'Shyam'?'

Suddenly she heard sounds of footsteps outside. She thought that Radharaman had returned after all. How wrong was she to harbour suspicions. She ran hurriedly to the door only to find Uday coming up the steps alone. She had the feeling all along that her husband would not be returning, but faced with the reality she almost broke down.

"Where is Radharaman?" she enquired softly, supporting hereself at the same time against the door lest she should fall down.

"He has a lot of work with His Highness to do and is staying on there for dinner. He told me to return so that you may not wait for him", Uday replied gently. "We may dine straight away if you are ready."

Sheela could not control her lips and hands which were trembling. Her face was ashen pale. She felt that Uday, after all an outsider, had sensed why Radharaman had not returned and was sorry for her. It was clear that all her attempts to deceive the world had been in vain. A sense of shame overwhelmed her. She wished the earth would cleave under her feet and swallow her up.

Tears welled up in her eyes, and lest she might cry out in anguish, she walked hurriedly away into her bedroom. She flung herself on her bed. Almost immediately she jumped off the bed and sat down on the ground. To her excited mind, even the bed appeared as something untouchable. She could control herself no longer and wept aloud. She laid her head on the ground and gave free vent to her feelings. After a while she got up, splashed cold water on her face, and changed into a new *sari*. As soon as she had got over the first impulse, she saw things clearly. She had known that

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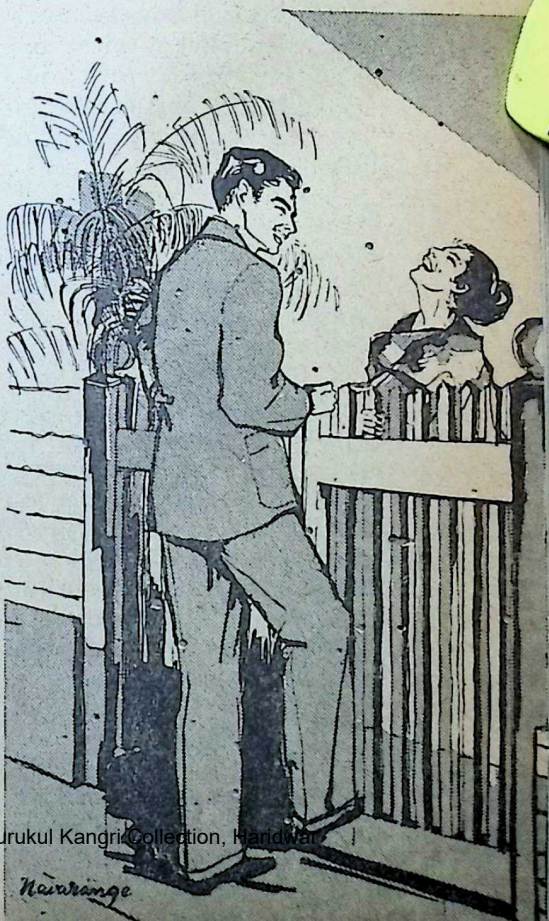
Nirmalaben, Master and her servants, all had some idea of what she had been passing through and why. Her pride had made her behave as if she had been happy and they had all of them behaved as if that had been so. Today, however, her pride was completely broken.

She had acquired respect as well as affection for Uday. She was charmed by his good manners, by his sense of humour, by his lively mind. Though she had known him for a few days only, she took delight in his company as though he was an old friend who had returned after many years. But now she felt that even in his eyes she appeared as an unhappy, helpless and discarded woman who needed kindness and consideration.

After Sheela rushed into her bedroom, Uday did not know what to do. Then he saw that she was not likely to come out for some time, he also went into his own room for a wash and change. A veritable storm had arisen in his heart. He felt that he should rush to Sheela's help, console her, and take her away from that place where she was so miserable. But what right had he to think of consoling Sheela or of helping to dispel the feeling of loneliness in her or to wipe her tears? And if he had no right even to console her, by what right could he offer protection?

He was very angry at Radharaman's cruel conduct. But what could he do about it? He had no right to tell Radharaman anything on the subject. Indeed at the moment he was in a sense dependent upon him. If he were to intervene, Radharaman might quite easily brush him aside with contempt. It might even become impossible thereafter for him to meet Sheela and help her anyway whatsoever.

He felt that he ought to take himself away from the house of this cruel man. What good however would that do? If he were to go away, how would it bring any solace to Sheela? On the contrary she would lose whatever little sense of comfort she might derive from his company. Destiny had indeed trapped him and there was nothing that anybody could do to free



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him from that.

While he was sorting out his thoughts in this way, a servant came up to announce dinner. Sheela had by then regained control over herself. Why should she make Uday unhappy by the display of her mental misery? Why should she cause him worry just because he had shown a feeling of genuine affection? Her duty lay in bearing up her troubles with dignity. With some difficulty, she joined Uday at dinner, and even succeeded in appearing cheerful.

Sheela did not take long to realise that she had not really deceived Uday. She saw in his eyes not only the usual respect and regard, but a silent request to be allowed to share her troubles. In his voice there was gentleness and an evident desire to console and help her to be strong.

Sheela had made up her mind not to take Uday into her confidence, but when she saw how anxious he was on her account, her determination weakened. They could neither eat nor reduce the feeling of tenseness. It was Sheela who broke the silence first, when she asked: "What did His Highness want you for?"

Uday, who was anxious somehow or other to cheer up Sheela, thought it best to describe in an amusing way the relationship between His Highness and Hanskunverba. He told her at length His Highness' entire history: how, under the pretence of his desire to marry Raj, he had succeeded in gaining the confidence of Majiba and her brother Bhupat; how he had even persuaded Uday himself to be a witness to a fraudulent document; how finally Raj had become a modern Meerabai.

Sheela was a very good listen Charmed of Uday's eloquence, s forgot for a moment her own worri and was moved by his love for h family and his obviously simple a straightforward nature. "I have n met your sister. Is she in Rajkot?"

"No. Raj has gone with Majiba Pondicherry."

"Pondicherry!"

"Yes. My father was a disciple Sri Aurobindo. You probably kno that. Majiba has taken Raj to Aur bindo Ashram in the hope that in th atmosphere she may find ment peace."

"Why? What has happened? Wh has unbalanced her mind?"

"None of us undersands what e actly is the matter with Raj. Normall she is bright and intelligent. Her wis dom is so profound that it astonishes many older and experienced people. At times, she is so outspoken that words would often shock people. B then on other occasions she is able look through human beings. But soon as she senses cruelty, ugliness hatred anywhere, she gets fits.

"Oh! so both you and Majiba ha to put up with much trouble."

"Sheelaben, you have not met h She does not belong to this wor She really is of a higher world. S speaks in a manner which brings pea to one's mind. When Alice left me for days and nights I was miserable. I cannot tell you how Raj consol me by her devotion and her affecti for me. There were occasions wh she made me feel that she had co straight from Heaven, bringing t peace which knows no end.

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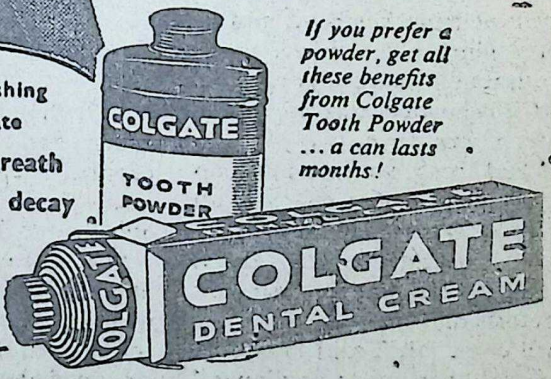

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"You are fanatically devoted to your sister. I can now understand why Alice left you. If a husband is so madly devoted to his sister, what chance has the poor wife?"

"Sheelaben, she is not merely a sister to me. She is my guardian angel. But for her I would have lost all zest for life. I would like you to meet her. Only then can you understand her."

"Oh! well, after all you are a poet and enjoy a poet's licence. Supposing I find that your description is exaggerated?"

"Then I am prepared to take any bet you like."

"A bet!" laughed out Sheela loudly. "Very well, if you lose, you must adopt another sister."

Uday was very happy to see that Sheela's normal self had gained the upper hand. His eyes lit up with pleasure.

"Well, then it will be for you to find me another sister. Even though I have Raj, I am ready to welcome another." The two laughed as they looked at each other and then pushed their chairs back. As she stood up, Sheela's *sari* slipped off from her head and as Uday got a glimpse of her in a particularly attractive pose, his artistic mind and imagination was stirred at the beauty of her form.

Sheela had been so interested in Uday's conversation that she lost all count of time. When the clock struck ten she was brought back to reality. She asked Uday why Radharaman had not yet returned.

"He will come late", said Uday.

"There are other guests at dinner," Sheela suggested.

Sheela's expression had changed so suddenly that Uday was nonplussed. And since he was not prepared to tell a lie, he thought it best to look down and say nothing.

"Do not tell me anything that is not true, for I know what has already happened. This morning two Eurasian girls came by the same train which brought His Highness. I am sure they are dining with His Highness and Radharaman. Tell me, am I right?"

Uday could say nothing in reply so Sheela continued though her anger had changed into helplessness.

"Why do you hide the truth from me? Tell me whatever you know. I cannot bear this state of uncertainty. Please tell me the truth. Is it true or false, what I have been suspecting since early afternoon?"

"Sheelaben, what do you want me to say?" asked Uday.

"Perhaps you would like to say that what I think is not the truth," she said bitterly.

Uday was really confused as he saw Sheela's face which had become red with anger and pain.

"Never mind," she continued. "Tell me whatever you know, even if that may in the end turn out to be untrue."

"All that I saw was a dinner table which had been arranged for four people. Then just as I left the bungalow I met two Eurasian women enquiring for His Highness' place."

Sheela covered her eyes with her hands. For ten minutes or so there was complete silence. Then Sheela could control herself no longer. Tears streamed down her cheeks.

Uday was deeply moved and said to himself: 'Here is a wonderful wo-

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man who is fit to be worshipped, but who is experiencing intolerable agony. I ought to console her, give her courage and offer the support of my friendship. I ought to wipe her tears.' He did not, however, think that it would be appropriate for him to behave as his heart dictated to him. It would not be gentlemanly to take advantage of these few moments of acute pain and distress. He therefore offered what consolation he could silently offer, his eyes expressing as vividly as possible his thoughts and indicating to her the depth of his feelings. Sheela soon recovered herself, wiped her tears, as she stood up and said in a pitiful voice: "Uday, I am a weak woman and am not able to control my feelings. I see no end to my humiliation. Since you had heard and seen so much, will you please do one more favour for me?"

"Surely, Sheelaben, there is no need to ask" replied Uday. "I shall do whatever you desire."

"Well, then do me this favour. It is half past ten now. Late as this is, I would like you to go back to your hotel." She went on to say as Uday somewhat puzzled, stared at her. "There are only two bedrooms in this house. I shall need the room which you are now using."

As she said this, he realised the precise significance of what she was saying. She sat down as if her knees bent under her in pain and sobbed bitterly. Uday agreed to leave immediately.

He felt that he should say nothing more lest Sheela should be upset. He immediately left to telephone to the hotel and then went to his bedroom to fetch his overcoat and stick. By the time he returned, Sheela was again herself. "May I take leave of you?" he asked.

Sheela stood up and tried to smile as she asked Uday to excuse her for pushing him out at that late hour. "Believe me", she said, "I have no alternative."

"But why do you keep worrying? If there is anything else I can do, you have only to say the word."

Sheela smiled vainly with trembling lips. She said: "Well, then would you do me one more favour? Forget what you saw today. Sometimes I am not responsible for my actions".

"Yes, I am prepared to imagine that I saw nothing today. But to forget it all is extremely difficult" replied Uday as he looked at Sheela, who, just then in his eyes, appeared an incredibly attractive figure with her sad but charming face.

Then subduing the wave of passionate emotions that threatened to overwhelm him, he smiled and said: "I shall wipe everything off my memory. Tomorrow I shall come round to see you."

As if she wanted to touch his hands with hers she came near him and then remarked: "How should I thank you?"

"By just not thanking me". As he said this he looked at her and silently asked her permission to leave. He rushed down the steps at great speed. Suddenly a new idea seemed to have occured to Sheela, and she called out to him.

"Yes, Sheelaben", said Uday as he turned round and stopped almost at the gatepost. Sheela came running down the steps and remarked when she came close to Uday, with a smile: "I forgot to congratulate the 'Poet'."

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"The Poet! Congratulate the Poet!" enquired Uday with surprise. And then light dawned upon him. "Oh! I see. You have finished reading *Tapaswini*. How did you like it?"

"How do I like it?" Sheela's eyes danced mischievously. "Had I been Tapaswini I would have turned the Poet away from my temple."

Uday laughed aloud as he retorted: "And had I been the Poet, I would have killed myself before I would have allowed myself to leave the temple".

"Well, then it is your good fortune that I was not Tapaswini."

The two of them forgot everything for a moment and laughed together.

"How do you know that in your last birth you were not Tapaswini?"

"What if I had been?"

"Then I would have liked to have been the Poet".

Again the two burst out laughing together.

A couple who were passing along the road turned round at the sound of so much laughter. The woman directed her torchlight towards them, just as both Uday and Sheela turned round to face her. The woman extinguished her torch immediately, and with a broad grin on her face, walked away with her companion.

"Good-bye, Poet", said Sheela.

"Good-bye, Sheelaben."

Uday almost ran out, for he dared not remain in Sheela's company any longer.

For quite some time Sheela remained standing at the gate, and watched Uday disappear in the darkness. The night breeze was blowing as if splashing her with its coolness. Like a swimmer who when tired of swimming allows himself to float along the su face of the water, she allowed he self to float on the waters of emotio She felt herself being suddenly caug in a whirlpool of unfamiliar emotio and pulled down by it.

The branches of the trees all rou swayed as the breeze struck the Stars shone brightly in the sky. It o curred to Sheela, as she looked abo her that whatever happened to her, t earth would still continue to mo round its axis. Of what significan was it whether she and Radharam were happy or miserable?

As she walked up the steps agai she thought again of Tapaswini a the Poet. And the echo of Uday's l words came back to her. At any ra she was no longer alone in this wor But how long would Uday be able maintain his friendship? But even this friendship were not likely to en dure, why should she herself kill th little germ of hope that had sprout in her heart?

By the time she had arrived in t drawing room, the memories of a other of her friends, Ganapati Shastr came back to her mind. Hope had ke him alive for 85 years. By the streng of his soul alone, had the great sag faced troubles and miseries cheerfull His was a wonderful life of sacrific If she were as determined as he wa she could also become a Tapaswini.

Sheela picked up *Tapaswini* whic was lying on a sofa, and went into th room which had been Uday's until little while ago. She locked herself in before settling down to a second read ing of the book.

(To be continued)

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VIRTUES OF ANNA-DANA

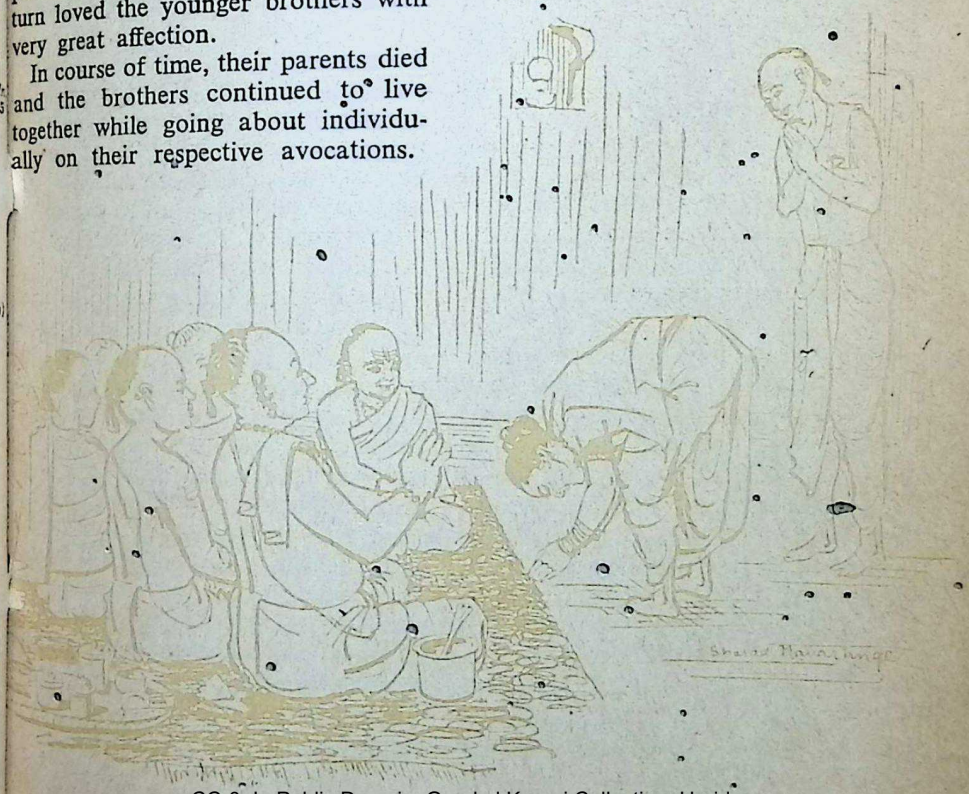
ASKED by Bhoja to explain the virtues of feeding *atithis*, Sarpati related the following story:

There lived a devout Brahmin couple who had three sons. The sons looked after their parents and led an exemplary family life. Besides serving their parents, the younger sons looked upon their elder brothers with very great respect and served them too like their parents, and the elder brothers in their turn loved the younger brothers with very great affection.

In course of time, their parents died and the brothers continued to live together while going about individually on their respective avocations.

The youngest of the brothers was a particularly devout man. He was specially fond of feeding *atithis* of whom many came to the family day in and day out. Perhaps on account of this trait in his character, the youngest brother started prospering in his business much more than others.

While the elder brothers took no particular notice of it, their wives became jealous of the youngest and hence started behaving meanly.



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Ultimately the two elder sisters-in-law said to their husbands: "As long as your father and mother lived, we served them. It is now our fate to serve those people who must in reality serve us. You do not care to see what is happening in our household. Your youngest brother brings all the vagrants of the city and feeds them. We have to slave for them day in and day out, while his wife dances about like a queen and sits beside her husband. All the money you earn someone else spends while your own wives have not known a single comfort. We have had enough of it. We do not want to continue to live under the same roof with your youngest brother and his wife. This minute you must make a division of the property and make us live separately."

Even stones decay under the impact of running brooks. No wonder that the two elder brothers who were often subjected to this harangue changed under the impact of the copious tears flowing down the cheeks of their beloved spouses.

One day, therefore, the two elder brothers called the youngest and after discussing the weather, said: "Dear brother! We have an unpleasant thing to perform; we cannot delay further. Of late your wife has become quite intolerable. She not only does not attend to our domestic work but has become positively disrespectful to her elders in the house. Even for small things she quarrels with her sisters-in-law. You will agree that if we allow things to go on at this rate, it will become scandalous. How long do you think we can continue to feed all the vagrants of the city? Before we become the laughing stock of the tow let us divide our family assets and li separately so that you can go yo own way, and we ours. You and you wife are at perfect liberty to feed many people as you like; but we ca not afford to do so, for our famili have multiplied!"

It was not difficult for the younge brother to divine what his brothe were aiming at. So, without in the lea being perturbed, he became all th more resolved to continue feeding th poor and needy at his own cost, com what might.

Said he: "Dear brothers! It is ver strange that you should feel thus to wards me all of a sudden. Have yo not condoned my faults in the pas If it is your intention to stop me fro my Dharma, you are mistaken. If is your decision merely to cut me ou you are welcome to do so. Are ther no family partitions in this world? L this be another. I am perfectly willin to abide by your decision."

The brothers then made out a part tion deed and while the two elder bro thers chose to live together, th youngest brother lived separately. Th elder brothers gave up the famil Dharma, of feeding the poor, compl tely and they were absorbed in the own family affairs, while the younge steadfastly pursued his chosen Dharm and did not for once look back Many wise, learned men continued t visit the youngest and after par taking of the excellent food so affec tionately provided by him, went awa blessing him.

One day the wife of the younges son asked her husband: "Lord! Yo continue to feed the *atithis* with un

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flagging zeal, while your brothers have given it up completely. Now, can you tell me exactly what do people gain by the actions like yours?"

Replied he: "My dear! Frankly I don't know. Our father taught us to do so and I continue. Next time when a guest arrives, remind me and I shall ask him!"

The next day a group of learned Brahmins came to their house as guests. The couple fed them devoutly. When the guests were seated happily after taking the food they got, the young couple prostrated themselves at their feet and prayed: "Revered Sirs! Could you enlighten us on the benefits and virtues of *Anna-dana?*"

While most of the guests chose to remain silent, one of them ventured to say: "My son! Frankly we ourselves do not know fully. Perhaps Goddess Annapoorna of Kashi might be able to enlighten you, if you care to take a trip and ask Her!"

The youngest son had an inherent desire to visit Kashi and when he heard those words of the Brahmin too he decided to go on a pilgrimage to Kashi.

At the time of his departure, he told his wife: "My dear! I shall return safely from Kashi, but in the meantime, you should continue to feed the hungry guests who come to our house with affection. Do not feed them insufficiently. Let them have their bellyful. On *parva* days, invite our relatives too to partake of our food at our place. Do not fail."

Replied she "My lord! Be assured that I shall follow your injunctions to the letter. But pray, what made you say 'Do not feed insufficiently?' "

He replied: "Listen. When you feed a Brahmin fully, the Agni in him will shine resplendently. If you feed him less, the Brahmanya in him will shine so. Now, it is possible to extinguish Agni or fire, but impossible to do so of Brahmanya. The latter will annihilate the family. Hence half-feeding of the pious should be avoided. Listen to this anecdote:

'There lived a King who, following strictly the tenets of Dharma, ruled this hemisphere. He was greatly devoted to the Brahmins, whom he propitiated with great care. He performed many *yagnas*. His fame spread far and wide. He shone like a second Indra by virtue of his Dharma. He had four sons. In due course he became very old. A stage came when his eyes and ears along with his strength failed. He could not move about without another's aid. At that time he started regretting why he had such a long life.

'One day Sage Narada came to him and the King asked him: "Sage! I have become sick of this world because of this old age. Won't you help me join my ancestors soon in the other world?"

Narada: King! He alone who feeds Brahmins insufficiently dies early. If you want to cut short your life, you are at liberty to follow that path!

'In despair, the aged King started following the path indicated by Narada. Even then death did not come any nearer to him. The King therefore bewailed: "Fie unto me! Even a Sage's word should come to nought in my accursed life!"

'Another day Sage Narada came. The King asked him why even after following his advice, he could not die early. The Sage asked him: "King, did you by any chance recite the

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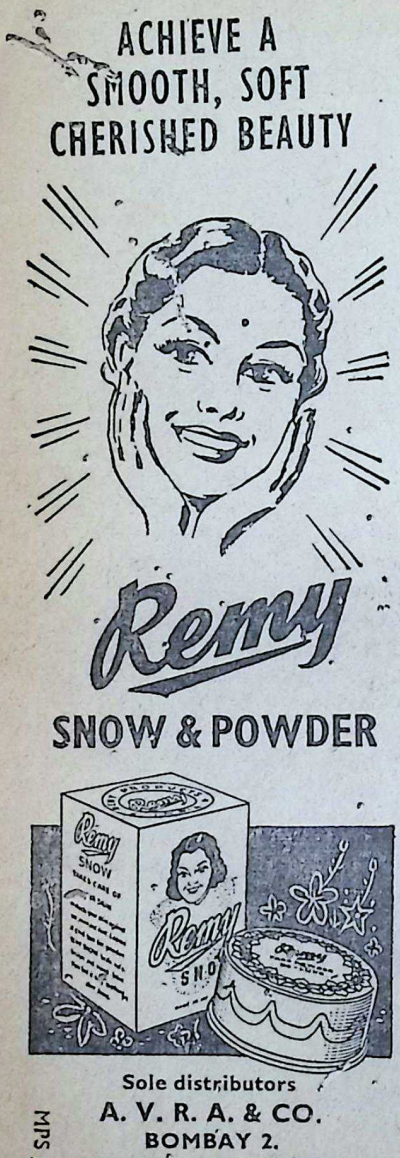

mantra* यस्य स्मृत्या* etc. after feeding Brahmins?"

"Oh, Yes. What of it?"

"Now I understand. The power that *mantra* has been preventing death from coming near you! Don't you know that Lord Siva, by reciting the names Achyuta, Ananta and Govinda at the time of swallowing Kalakoota overcame death? By reason of the fact that the first word Achyuta was on your lips, death dared not come near you!"

'This time Sage Narada took pity on the King and instead of hastening his death, cured him of his old age disability and blessed him with eternal resplendent youth and went his way.

"You will thus see" said the young Brahmin "that the *darsan* of holy ones and the chanting of Hari's name will contribute to one's long life and prosperity. There is no sin comparable to insufficient feeding of the hungry."

After saying these words, the young Brahmin went on his journey to Kasi.

[*To be continued*

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*यस्य स्मृत्या च नामोक्त्या
तपो यज्ञक्रियादिषु
न्यूनं संपूर्णतां याति सद्यो वन्दे तं
अच्युतम्

I bow to that Lord Achyuta by whose mention or thought in *tapas, yaga* etc., all deficiencies are made up and the action becomes complete.

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Stories of King Madanakama

IN the night of the marriage, all the three brides were ushered into their respective nuptial chambers. While the younger daughters sought the consummation of their lives in the arms of their husbands, the eldest one stifled her emotion in her own bosom at the sight of her tortoise-husband poised on the cot and went to sleep on her own.

It was past midnight and the eldest bride was fast asleep when the tortoise-Prince stealthily made his exit from the nuptial room through a window and hurried to the tree under which he had hidden his guitar and other magic implements which he found intact.

Taking hold of the guitar, he twanged the strings when the divine damsel floated down in her wonted manner, bringing the delicacies with which she fed her lover.

After remaining in her company for quite some time, the Prince put on his tortoise shell and returned to the nuptial chamber before daybreak, unobserved.

Day after day things went on in the same manner.

One day the younger bridegrooms went out on a hunt with the necessary paraphernalia. News about it reached the tortoise-Prince too who, calling his wife, asked her to make arrangements for his going out on the hunt.

Replied she, "Lord! Pardon me if I say these words. Hunting is a dangerous thing even for human beings. I shall be more than happy if my lord continues to be alive and in my care."

Tortoise-Prince: I quite appreciate your sentiment, but I do not want to be singled out as useless. Please tell your father to make arrangement for my hunt.

With great misgiving the girl went to her father and communicated her husband's wish. The Minister laughed on hearing it, but out of pity for his daughter, he sent a lame horse, a blunt sword and a useless retinue for the use of his first son-in-law.

On receiving them, the tortoise-Prince asked his wife to tie him up securely on the saddle which she did. The party went abreast of the other two for a time.

When, however, a turn came, the tortoise-Prince diverted his horse by a lane and reached the seashore. By a *mantra* he crossed the sea along with the lame horse, and reached the foot of the tree where his magic implements lay hidden. Assuming his sun-like form, he took out his magic sandals. Riding upon them he flew to where his two brothers-in-law had encamped, seeing whom the two Princes fell on all fours and prostrated before the august presence, thinking he was an angel.

"Brothers!" said the tortoise-Prince,

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"we have come to bless you. If at any time you have any difficulties, think of me. I shall help you overcome them like mist before the sun."

"We are greatly beholden to you, Sir" said they and fell at his feet.

"Well, I want something in return from you, right now, if you would have my help later!"

"What may that be?" asked they in chorus.

"Give me your rings of insignia. Be sure I shall return them to you some day."

The two Princes gladly parted with their rings when the tortoise-Prince went back to the foot of the tree, wherefrom he returned to the palace, in tortoise form, carrying some birds and animals of prey which he said he had shot.

One fine morning news got around that an enemy king was marching against that kingdom. The King called his Minister and said: "Look, I have become old and I have only a tortoise as son, so he is not of help to me. You make arrangements for the defence and deploy the necessary forces!"

The Minister came home and broke the news to his family whereupon his two younger sons-in-law jumped and offered to lead the King's forces against the enemy. The Minister accordingly placed two powerful contingents at their disposal when the youngsters whipped their prancing steeds.

The tortoise-Prince who heard of the whole affair told his wife to ask her father to send him at the head of another force against the enemy.

When she heard it, she was greatly agonised, but as a dutiful wife, approached her father with the request.

Much against his will, the Minister agreed to send the tortoise-Prince at the head of another force. As before the tortoise-Prince had him tied tightly to the saddle of a horse.

The two brothers-in-law went laughing at their backs at the sight.

On the way the tortoise-Prince tied his horse along an aisle and reaching the seashore, crossed the sea alone with the horse as before and reached the foot of the tree where he had hidden his magic implements. Casting off his tortoise shell, assuming his divine looking form and taking hold of his magic wand, he re-entered the battlefield in full panoply. His dazzle blinded the field for a time. When finally the two brothers-in-law saw him, they recognised him as the angel who had promised them his help.

The two of them got down from their horses and prostrated before him and prayed for help in vanquishing the enemy.

Replied the tortoise-Prince, "Be of good cheer. Both of you keep well behind the lines and watch."

Saying this, he took out the magic wand and addressed it: "You have been starving all these days. Now, go and annihilate the enemy hordes and fill your belly!"

Roaring like Indra's *vajrayudha* the wand entered the enemy lines and broke the skulls of the soldiers like a nutcracker. The entire army fell before its onslaught like a pack of cards and those who remained fled for their lives while the two brothers-in-law watched with bated breath the havoc the angel

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wand was inflicting.

When the enemy lines thus became deserted leaving a vast debris of dead and dying, the tortoise-Prince beamed towards his two brothers-in-law and waving his hand, galloped his steed to where he came from, namely the foot of the tree, where he replaced the magic wand, saying "You have had your fill today!"

Putting on his shell again and transforming himself into a tortoise, the Prince hurried back to the palace on his horse where the trumpets were deafening the ears with their victory music.

The Minister welcomed his two younger sons-in-law and complimented them on their valour in their total victory against the enemy, while he completely ignored his first son-in-law who was jogging along on the fatigued steed.

Going straight into his apartment, the tortoise-Prince asked his wife to run the bath with hot-water for bathing. When she did so, he entered the bathroom stating that no one should enter it while he had his bath.

The Prince's wife who nodded, was caught by curiosity. 'Why in heaven's name should a tortoise have hot-water bath?'

When a woman becomes curious, there is nothing on earth that can prevent her from pursuing it.

She therefore peered through the keyhole. The tortoise-Prince had shed his shell and was shining in his angelic lustre. The sight literally blinded her vision and she fell down unconscious for a time.

Waking up, she made up her mind to have him as he was then, at all costs.

She wriggled through a slit in a side door and managed to steal the tortoise shell which the Prince had cast aside, and before he could discover, threw it into a burning fire which reduced it to ashes in a second. With bated breath she waited outside for her glorious husband to come out.

The Prince in vain searched the entire bathroom for the missing shell to slide into before emerging.

In the end he came out as he was and who should it be but his wife, who clung to his neck sobbing!

[To be continued]

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SARDAR PATEL ENGINEERING COLLEGE

A COMMITTEE of prominent citizens with Sri S. K. Patil, Union Minister for Food & Agriculture, as President, Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Maharashtra Labour Minister as Chairman and Sri Dharamsey M. Khatau as Vice-Chairman has been set up to raise funds for the Engineering College proposed to be started by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan in Bombay in June next and to be named after Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel. The Committee, which was announced at a meeting held at the Bhavan's premises on the 15th of December to observe the Tenth Anniversary of the Sardar's death, includes the following among other members: Sri V. N. Desai, Mayor of Bombay, Sri Y. A. Fazalbhoy, Sheriff, M. Ananthasayanam Ayyangar, Speaker, Lok Sabha, Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Sri Jaisukhlal Hathi, Dy. Minister, Government of India, Sri K. K. Shah, Sri Babubhai Chinai, M. P., Sri C. H. Bhabha, former Commerce Minister, Sri Chunilal B. Mehta, Sri B. P. Singh Roy, Sri Shriyans Prasad Jain, Sri Motilal Tapuriah, Sri C. D. Somani, Sri Pravinchandra V. Gandhi and Sri C. L. Gheewala.

Sri S. K. Patil, speaking on the occasion, promised ready and generous response from all quarters to the project. He said that the City badly needed an Engineering College of the scale and standard visualised by the Bhavan, and it would be some token of Bombay's great regard and gratitude to the Sardar to name the institution after him. The Bhavan's sponsorship of the scheme was in itself a guarantee of the early realisation of the scheme and its successful working, Sri Patil remarked. Recalling his close association with the Sardar, Sri Patil stated that every passing year showed what a formidable force the departed leader was. He was a tower of strength to the Congress and to the administration, and it was he who had laid the foundation of free India's unity and power. Growing public appreciation of the unparalleled services rendered by the Sardar was at last finding expression in memorials that were truly striking.

Speaking on the occasion Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi said that from his intimate knowledge of the working of the Congress he could declare that, without the Sardar, the freedom struggle would not have succeeded and the Congress would not have been in power in 1947. Nor would the country have been integrated so closely and firmly. And it was a measure of the generosity and tactfulness of the Sardar that the very Princes who lost their kingdoms in the process of integration, grew to be his ardent well-wishers, praying for his health and long life. That was proof of the faith they had in the Sardar's sense of justice and fairplay.

Sir H. V. Devatia, Sri K. K. Shah and Sri C. L. Gheewala also spoke on the occasion. *(Please see the appeal published elsewhere in this issue.)*

SHASTRIYA SANSKRIT EXAMINATIONS

AT the request of several candidates the last date for acceptance of the applications (with 50 nP late fee) of the different Shastriya Examinations conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan has been extended to the 15th January 1961.

The *Praveshika, Poorva Madhyama, Uttar Madhyama, Shastri* and *Acharya* examinations will commence on Monday the 10th April and end on Saturday the 15th April 1961. The detailed time-table will be available at all examination centres. For more information please contact the Pariksha Sampadak, Shastriya Examinations, Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7.

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AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN INDIAN ELOQUENCE. Compiled by R. K. Prabhu. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 258. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS is an excellent compilation of representative speeches and writings of famous Indians. It covers a large variety both as regards the matter chosen as well as the persons.

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Swami Vivekananda's article "Our Motherland", Swami Rama T tha's "This, This is Life", Mahat Gandhi's article on "The Great Sent nel" (from *Young India*) find a pla in this collection. A broadcast talk a a poem by Sarojini Naidu, two artic and a poem by Sri Aurobindo are al included. R. R. Sresha's poem Light Unto Our Path and a sho poem by Harindranath Chattopadhya on the "Youth at the Barricade" a to the colourfulness of the selection.

In a review of this kind it is impo sible to make any preferential sele tion. The speeches and articles give a insight into the characteristics of th personalities. The reader will find t book absorbingly interesting.

THE CULTURE OF INDIA AS ENV SAGED BY SRI AUROBINDO. B C.. C. Dutt. Published by Bharati Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 1 Price: Rs. 2.

SRI AUROBINDO was a mystic the very core. His approach to a problem, be it politics, art or yog was always that of a mystic. Eve problem was to him in essence a pr blem of spirituality.

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basis of Indian Art expression. Indian literature beginning from the Vedic times and evolving through epic into classic literature forms the subject matter of the fourth part.

The author's intimate touch with the personality and mission of Sri Aurobindo has enabled him to present before us the views and reactions of the Seer that will make the readers feel that they are in direct discourse with him.

—*Prof. R. Srinivasan.*

SAYINGS OF SRI RAMAKRISHNA. Published by Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore, Madras-4. pp. 404. Price: Rs. 5.

THE book contains 1120 sayings of the great saint Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa. This, the publisher claims to be the most exhaustive collection so far published.

The collections are divided into four parts under the captions: (1) Man and the World, (2) The Ascent of Man, (3) Man and the Divine, and (4) Maxims and Parables. The first part deals with man's relations to this world; the second with man's spiritual aspirations and ideals; the third with the manifestation of the Divine in man; and the fourth with many maxims of spiritual significance. The volume is certainly a valuable addition to 'Sri Ramakrishna literature' and it can enlighten the scholar as well as the commoner with the richness of spiritual elixir it contains.

MODERN CHEIROSOPHY. By G. V. Dass. Copies can be had of Higginbothams (Private) Ltd., Mount Road, Madras-2. pp. 576. Price: Rs. 12.50 nP.

THIS is perhaps the latest and the most copious volume on the ancient science and art of Palmistry. The author, Sri G. V. Dass, has collected in a single volume all the known facts on the subject, ancient and modern, and has explained the secrets of this fascinating science, interpreting and expounding the theories in the light of his thirty years' study of and re-

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search on the subject.

This volume can well serve as a text-book for the beginner and a reference book for the professional Palmist. The eighteen clear-print illustrations guide and enlighten the study of the science for all.

The book is divided into two distinct parts: Cheirognomy and Cheiromancy. While Cheirognomy treats the various characteristics of the individual as regards shape, size, colour, texture etc., Cheiromancy deals with lines marks and signs. Both the sections are copiously treated and the book is well printed and got up.

SHASTRI REWASHANKAR BECHARBHAI TRIVEDI "ABHINANDANA GRANTHA." Published by Abhinandan Grantha Publication Committee, 27, Audiappa Naick Street, Madras-1. pp. 240.

THIS Commemoration volume contains many learned articles from distinguished scholars and men of eminence. Chief among them are Sarvasri K. M. Munshi, C. Rājagopalachari, V. Raghavan, P. S. Sastri, T. M. P. Mahadevan, Yogindra J. Tripathi, H. D. Sankalia and R. L. Somayaji. The special articles are in English, Gujarati and Sanskrit.

FOOD LEAVES. By N. Ramaswami Pillai. Published by the Thiruvalluvar Health Home, Karuppur Adiakkamangalam P.O., Tanjore Dist. pp. 66. 1960. Price: Re. 1.25 nP.

THIS book gives short notes on the use of various green leaves as food as well as medicine. It is suggested that leaves taken in as food should serve to cure the human system of ailments and all *sattvic* leaves are always universal, not specific. The book gives various ways in which the different leaves can be used as food. A list of *sattvic* leaves is also given.

THE STUDENT GUIDE (A fortnightly Educational Journal). Edited and published by Harbans Singh at 304, Model Town, Ludhiana. Price 20 nP.

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THE Journal is packed with information of a general nature for students. Among the contributors are University Professors who have expressed their views on student problems. The Journal serves as a forum for the discussion of education problems by the teacher as well as the taught.

—*Sri H. R. Iyer.*

SANSKRIT

THE CHANDRAKALAA NAATIKAA. By Vishvanatha Kaviraja. Edited by S. N. Raja Guru and Sarbeswar Das. Published by B. V. Nath, Superintendent of Archaeology and Museum, Government of Orissa, Bhubaneshwar. Price: Rs. 5.

SRI HARAPRASADA SASTRI was under the impression that Vishwanatha Kaviraja, the famous author of the work on poetics named *Sahityadarpana*, belonged to a Brahmin family of the Mukherii class of Bengal, while Dr. S. K. De believed that he was an Oriya Brahmin, but the present editors, after carefully scrutinising the evidence available, are not able to pronounce any opinion either way. They do not seem to be satisfied with MM. Kane's efforts in fixing up our author's date which puts it vaguely as between the 12th and 15th centuries. Sri S. N. Rajaguru thoroughly presents his new line of research by which he is able to show that this drama published by him for the first time was composed by this poet who was also the Foreign Minister of the Trikalinga country to be staged in the presence of his victorious patron Nisshaka Bhaanudeva of Orissa round about 1414 A.D.

The Orissa Museum and its authorities deserve the thanks of the world of scholars for their scholarly edition of this *Chandrakalaa Naatika* of the type of the famous *Ratnavali* of the great emperor Harshavardhana of Kanyakubja. Though the drama borrows almost all the incidents from its predecessors like those of Bhasa, Kalidasa and Sri Harsha, it is abundant proof of the fact that the dramatic flair of our ancestors has continued unimpaired through the ages, the dramatist having two more dramas as yet undiscovered, the *Narasimha Vijaya* and the *Prabhavati Parinaya* also to his credit and also abundantly proves another notable achievement of our critics, combining in themselves creative genius as well. All our critics were poets of a high order like Bhamaha, Dandin, Anandavardhana, and Kalidasa and Bhavabhuti. A good English translation (with explanatory English notes) follows the Sanskrit text. The printing leaves much to be desired since a number of misprints some of which alone have been noted in the corrigenda tacked on at the end have entered into the text.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao.*

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The author has already published the *Mantra-Prasna Sampoorna Bhashyam* of Vaidyanatha Dikshita's *Varna Asrama Dharma Kanda Sangraha* in Tamil with Sanskrit Mantras and Slokas. The first is an addition to that publication. A very useful book to every *astika* who wants to know about the Vedic rites.

The contents of *Srimad Bhagavat Gita* is given in lecture form in simple English. Those who want to know about meditation would be benefited by this book.

In the third book the Sundara Kanda story is narrated in 68 paragraphs, the story of each Sarga in a paragraph in a condensed form. These are the books to be preserved in libraries for reference. The author's effort in popularising Sanskrit works in Tamil has to be appreciated.

—*Sri V. S. Mahalinga Sastry*

SAMUDRIKA LAKSANAM: Edited by T. N. Subramaniam. Published by Government Oriental Manuscripts Library, Madras. 1959. pp. 131. Price: Rs. 6.90 nP.

THIS is a book of great labour, compiled after extensive research work on palm leaf manuscripts found in Tamil and Malayalam languages.

The book deals with a particular branch of fortune-telling or future-reading based on distinguishing lines and marks found on the human body as well as the shape, size and colour of the face, fingers, nails, etc. The text and comments are given in Tamil and English. This volume is certainly a valuable addition to that kind of literature that come under the fortune-telling lore.

—*Sri H. R. Aiyer.*

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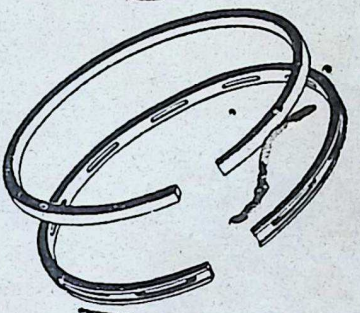

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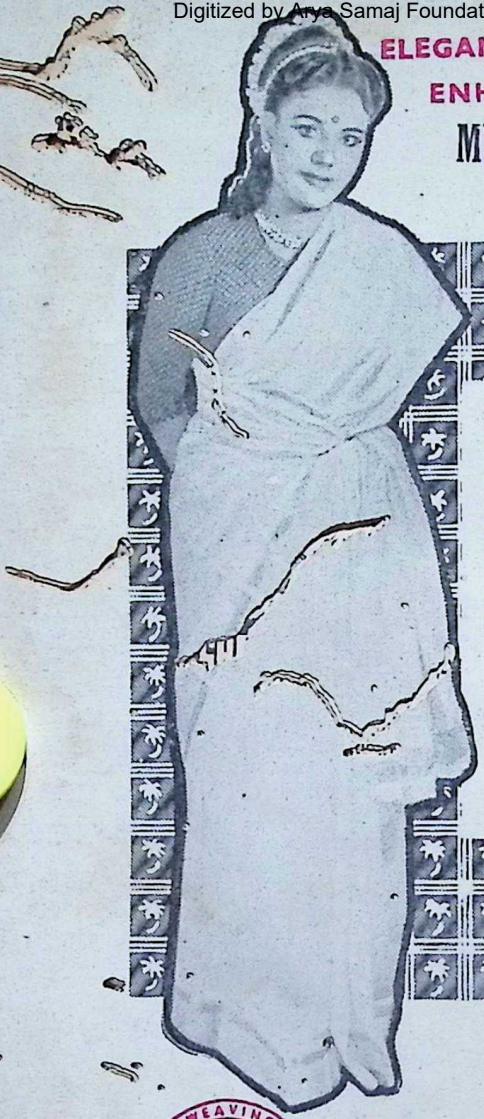

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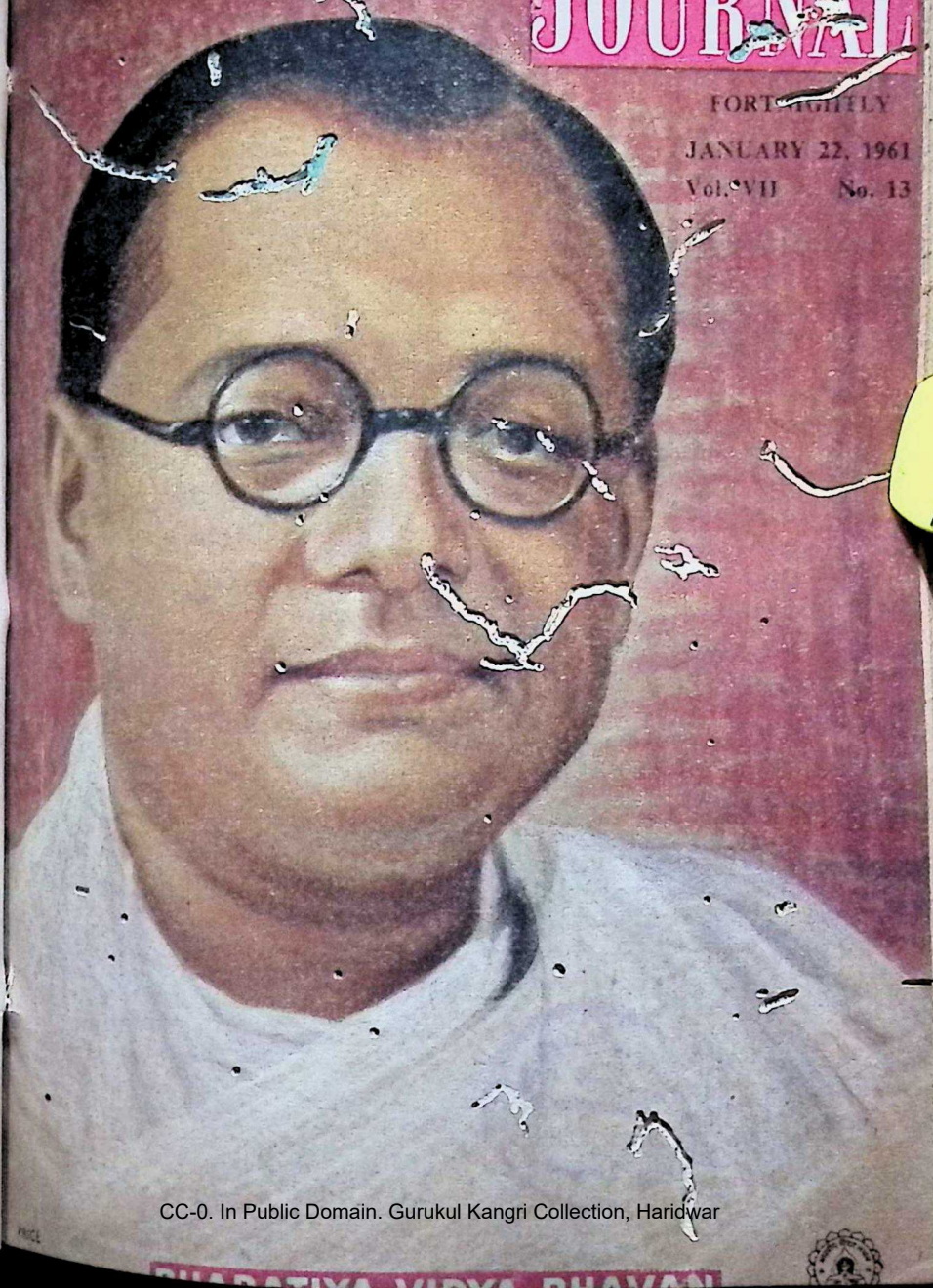

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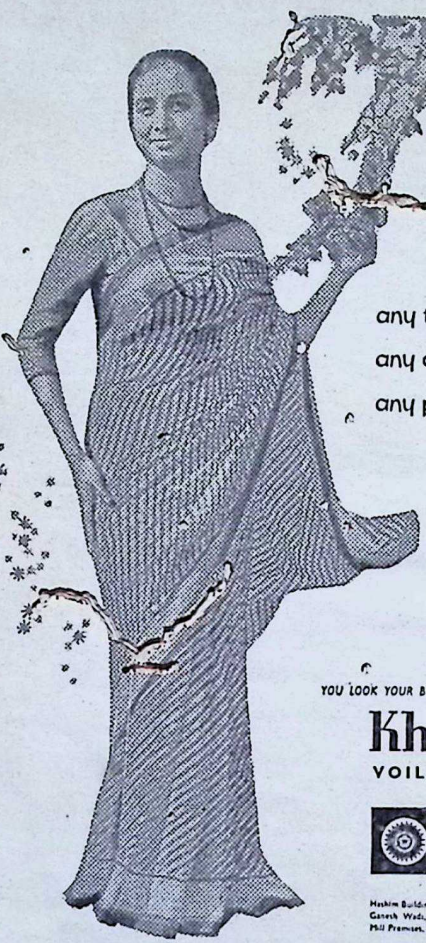

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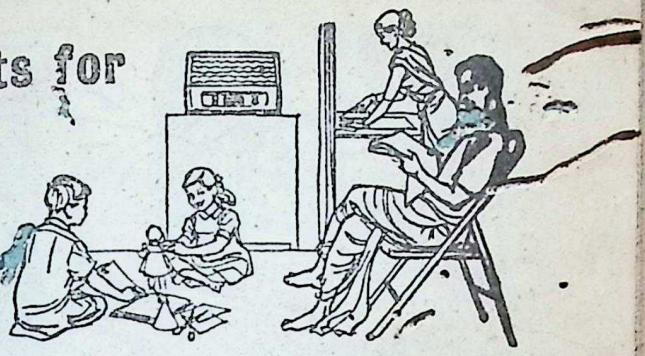

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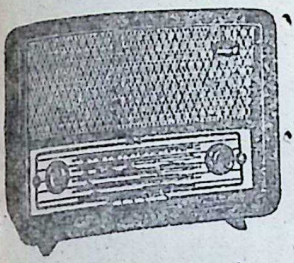

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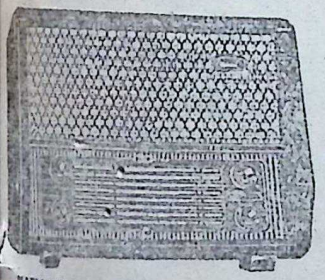

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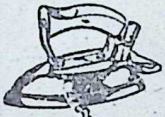

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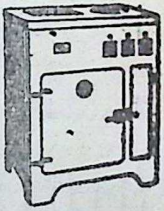

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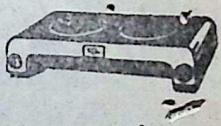

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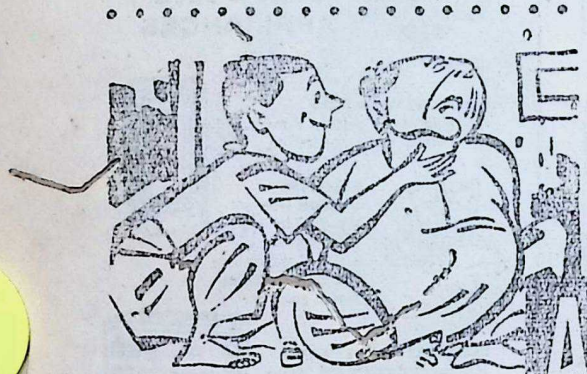

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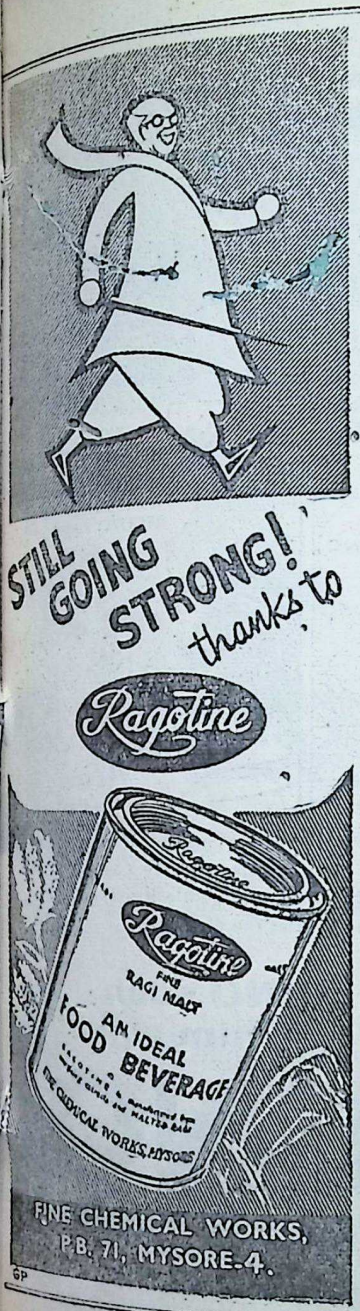

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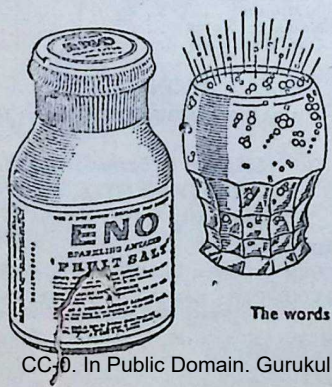

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Vol. VII JANUARY 22, 1961 No. 13

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नमो मात्रे पृथिव्याऽइयं ते राड्
यन्तासि यमनो ध्रुवोऽसि धरुणः।
कृष्यै त्वा क्षेमाय त्वा रय्यै त्वा पोषाय त्वा॥

In us may there be your power,
in us your valour, your wisdom,
in us be your mental splendour.
Obeisance to Mother Earth,
Obeisance to Mother Earth!
This is thy sovereignty.
Thou art the controller, ruler,
Thou art steady, firm.
Thee for culture of the land,
Thee for peace, thee for wealth,
Thee for nurture. (Yajurveda, 9.22)

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 223

★ *GROWING DISINTEGRATION* ★ *HOW TO AVERT IT*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAV
BOMBAY.

JANUARY 22, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my Kulapati's Letter No. 216 dated 16-10-1960, I dealt exhaustively with the causes of the growing disintegration in the country. Recently at the annual Symposium held by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, there was a discussion on how to avert it. In the course of it, I gave my views on what steps should be taken to avert this potential danger. As the subject is very important, I thought I would share my views with you on this occasion.

Till 1947 we were united in securing freedom. On August 15, 1947, we looked forward to a glorious destiny by welding ourselves into a powerful nation. In 1948 Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel, mostly by willing surrender of separatist tendencies, united the country as never before. In 1950, when the Constitution was passed, we were one in unity of purpose and mission to build a great democratic Republic.

Since then disintegration been growing apace. Of late no day passes without our receiv a rude reminder of it.

The symptoms are many a varied.

It makes little difference whet it is the anti-Bengali activity Assam, or the communal tensio Punjab on the issue of langu and script; whether it is the po rivalries between groups of ruling party as in U.P. or the a Central attitude of all parties West Bengal; whether it is violent hatred of Hindi in Ta Nad or the linguistic aggress ness in Gujarat which wants hunt out English all at once: t are all symptoms of the same ease—disintegration—though fering in shape and virulence.

In the Partition of Bengal, 19 the whole of India felt a sho today Berubari is considered an elusive affair between the Ce

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and West Bengal.

In the old days, if a Government dealt with the Rule of Law in the way the Punjab State is dealing with it in the Punjabi Suba agitation, all intelligent citizens, Bar Associations and Civil Liberties Associations would have expressed their horror. Now it is only the concern of the Punjabis.

In the old days, floods and other natural calamities in one State brought active sympathy from the whole of India; now the plight of one State evokes no sympathy in the heart of the residents of other States.

In the old days, a candidate for election was selected on merits; now it is done on the basis of his caste. The man who tries to feel and live as an Indian is just not wanted.

A foreign visitor recently said that when he travelled in India, he found a Punjabi, a Bengali, a Tamilian and so on, but he found it very difficult to find an Indian; an Indian was almost a rare biological specimen.

Disintegration is a malady of the collective mind and will of the people of India as a whole. It cannot be remedied by eloquent appeals or patchwork political remedies; nor can it be cured by pumping more and more money on economic development, and certainly not by rigorous enforcement of law and order.

We have diagnosed the disease enough. The time is come to apply the cure. What then should be done to arrest this disintegration?

We should realise that basically disintegration is a psychological and spiritual ailment. It can only be cured by mobilising the heart, the mind and the aspirations of the men throughout the country. Its causes are political, administrative, linguistic and cultural. And in each case, the problem, as I said, is psychological and spiritual.

Political parties, even those owning national allegiance, have become castes. Each one has its own exclusiveness; each treats the other as untouchable.

No party can hold the belief—however justified it might be at one time—that the future is safe only when it enjoys the monopoly of political leadership, that those who oppose it are guilty of heresy, if not of treason. This attitude leads the party in power to sacrifice national solidarity to gain electoral advantage, while it drives other parties to make political capital out of issues endangering national solidarity. In the result, in one sense or the other, all parties become instruments of disintegration.

The danger arising from this course can only be met if such political parties—and I exclude from them the political party which is a limb of International Communism—come to an agreement on the broad factors leading to national solidarity.

I would, therefore, plead for an all-party convention, which would overcome this spirit of party untouchability and recognise that in a democracy national parties must agree to be united on the basic pro-

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blems of unity and independence. It may mean each party having to drop some of its favourite slogans; it may mean sacrificing some pet 'isms'. But then a common responsibility should rest on each of them not to seek political advantage out of issues which affect national solidarity.

In the administrative field, the secret of unity is integrated services in the higher grades throughout the country. The very fact that some States are against all-India services betrays that insidious disruption is afoot; that the State Government wants administrators from its own region and believes the people from other regions as aliens. In some States, members of some caste, though residents of the region, are treated as aliens.

To remedy this evil, all services at the expert level, should be integrated, that is, recruited on an all-India basis on uniform qualifications, and enjoy security in respect of pay, promotion and prospects on the same basis. Uniform efficiency, independent of regional loyalties, should only be the test of fitness.

Even economic development is made an instrument of disintegration. Every State is developing an ambition to become economically self-sufficient in every respect. This is leading to rivalries; to insistence on increasing autoarchy; to a desire for each State to have a steel mill, a refinery, a fertiliser plant, and an atomic reactor, whether it is possible or not, and to put political pressure on the Centre to justify its claims.

The recognition must grow t the country is economically o The mineral resources, the rive the traffic ways, geographical a climatic conditions are not exc sive from State to State. All pl ning should, therefore, be zo wise—each zone being demarca according to natural resources a available facilities irrespective State boundaries.

However, the root causes of malady are the disappearance the psychology of oneness and weakening of the will to un among public men who lead po tical parties.

The psychology of unity in t country is being destroyed by l guism. This aggressive group sen ment has tended to give undue im portance to one's regional lan guage against the paramount im portance of a national mediu without which national conscio ness would wither away. It creat linguistic minorities in every la guage area. It inspires every l guistic majority to narrow cha vinism and generates a countr wide urge for each language gro to think itself superior to, a therefore different from, othe The linguistic majorities in t States in consequence develop claim to a different culture and i evitably generate the urge to for its so-called culture on others.

In spite of the advice given the States Reorganisation Com mission to provide protection linguistic minorities in the Stat the Government of India has fou

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itself impotent to apply it. But even if such protection is effectively given, it would not provide the cure, for linguistic chauvinism in the States will continue, and that carries within it the seed of complete disintegration.

What is wanted is a positive effort to strengthen a unifying mind in the country, first, by not precipitating the replacement of English, the existing national medium of the educated classes; secondly, by accepting Hindi, when properly developed, as the only possible substitute, to be introduced when the whole country is ready for the replacement; thirdly, by preventing higher education, higher judiciary and higher administration in every State from lapsing into regional media.

In order to arrest this unhappy trend, it is necessary that the Government of India should set up Central universities which would teach through English and prepare for the introduction of Hindi, maintaining the highest academic standards. These will provide centres radiating new unifying influence.

Regional chauvinism might oppose introducing this change in some of the major universities in this country, but if politicians develop a country-wide awareness of the dangers of disintegration, the regional governments might not find it so diffieult to accept this suggestion.

I realise that the unfortunate trend towards disintegration in this respect cannot be easily stemmed. Politicians in the States, in practice, will find it hard to accept the suggestions which I make. They might, if accepted, earn for political parties the disfavour of language fanatics. But the time has come to face the dangers squarely.

Disintegration is growing apace. It is high time steps are taken to avert it, not in the narrow interest of party politics, but in the highest

Now, when we have freedom, we seem not to know what to do with it. It is almost mistaken for suicidal anarchy. Even the zealous reformers would postpone the controversial issues to a more hopeful time, when, in the interest of the country, the virtue of 'give and take' would be freely recognized and all the sectional interests would be subordinate to the one interest of the good of India, which will include the good of all.

Everyone thinks of himself and his family. No one thinks of the whole of India. The centripetal force is undoubtedly there, but it is not vocal, never boisterous, whereas the centrifugal is on the surface, and in its very nature makes the loudest noise, demanding the attention of all. It manifests itself most in matters communal.

This has given rise to fear in the other fields. The history of the quarrel between Orissa and Andhra, Orissa and Bihar, and Orissa and Bengal is fresh in our minds. The whole of it has not died out even now.

Therefore, those who, like me, want constructive suggestions to come into play at this very moment, have to work to bring about a healthy atmosphere, promoting concord in the place of discord, peace in the place of strife, progress in the place of retrogression, and life in the place of death.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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interest of the nation. We know what happened to Central Europe after the First World War; how the weakening of a common power structure brought in linguistic chauvinism till it led to the catastrophe of World War II, and ultimately to monolithic communism stepping in to destroy whatever freedom those regions in Europe possessed.

What is needed immediately above everything else is an agreement on an all-India basis between political parties on the problems of unity and solidarity, which would keep them out of election manoeuvre. It will mobilise public opinion; it will prevent national parties from seeking party advantages on issues likely to weaken national solidarity; it will enable national parties to resist the attempts of parties owning no such allegiance to disrupt the country.

Unless the psychology of unity is firmly re-established, our will to unity will always remain weak. But that involves restoring the moral fibre among public men, and particularly in those in power. It can be restored only by the leaders of all the parties developing it and agreeing to accept certain solutions as above party strife. This is the only way to restore strength and vigour to the fundamental issues of national unity and independence.

● ● ●

I am very glad that some Congress leaders, as it appeared from reports, have been awakened to the dangers of provincialism and linguism to the extent of proposing a policy resolution at the Bhavanagar session advocat that the country should be divided i five administrative units. The Pre dent of the Congress also has de with it in his Presidential addre though in a half-hearted way. T dangers, as I have repeatedly dra attention to for the last year and half, it must not be forgotten, h been the result of the way in wh national problems have been hand on the basis of expediency.

In this context, therefore, I w come the proposal for zonal aggre tion of States for certain adminis tive and planning purposes, for, less definite and active steps are ta to counter the potential danger of integration, mere words are not lik to carry us further. Prompt and po tive steps must be taken to make politicians realise the stark reali that the country is economically o and indivisible.

With zonal administration, th should also be zonal centres of hig education through all-India media English and Hindi.

I hope that the efforts of some the Congress leaders to bring ab zonal administration would soo than later be accepted, for, whate influence the other Parties in the co try may have, arresting disintegrat is a national problem of the f magnitude and is the first and pa mount responsibility of the rul party for the time being.

Yours sincerely

K. M. Munshi

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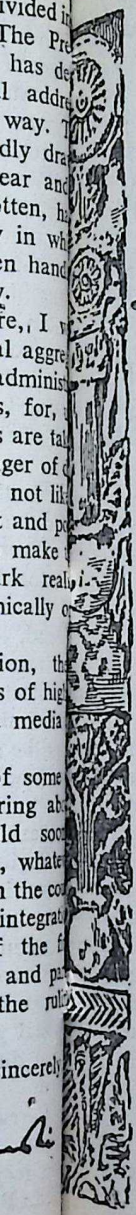

nama-Sankirtan

The names of the Lord are many, they are filled with power like Himself and He has laid down no laws regarding their repetition. (They can be repeated anywhere and at all times by anybody of any caste, age or denomination). Alas! Such is His Grace, and yet we on our part have not yet developed full love and enthusiasm for the name of the Lord.

—Chaitanya Mahaprabhu

The name of the Lord is the seed and also the fruit which springs therefrom. It is the highest religion, the good deed and the worship. It is the essence of all religious practice. It banishes all trouble, for where the Lord's devotee sings His name and performs the Nama Sankirtan *all virtues combine and dwell there. When the Lord enters the heart and ascends the throne all that is good makes its appearance there, and as a result of His entrance pain of transmigration ends for the devotee. So do not fear to follow the tenets of the faith in which you are born, all that is necessary is to repeat the name of Lord Vithal constantly.*

—Sant Tukaram

In this Kali Age salvation is not gained by knowledge, Karma and worship. But only by taking shelter in the Name. It destroys the direst demon and turns poison to nectar. Sri Hanuman performed marvellous feats by using the Name. The Name is like the Lord Narsingh, like Hiranyakasipu is the Kali *Age, the devotee is like unto Prahlad who by remembering the Name was saved from the demon's tortures.*

—Goswami Tulsidas

Repeat the name of Krishna, drink of the nectar of sweet Krishna. The valuable moments of life are slipping away. Like rain water, all will pass away—only the name of the Lord will remain, for it is eternal. Repeat the name every day and every night.

—Bhakta Narsi Mehta

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... This nation is one which has developed itself in the past on spiritual lines under the inspiration of a destiny which is now coming to fulfilment... There is plenty of weakness still lingering in the land and we cannot allow it to take shelter under the cry of expediency and rationality...

THE TASK BEFORE US

SRI AUROBINDO

THERE is no question so vital to the future of this nation as the spirit in which we are to set about the regeneration of our national life.

Either India is rising again to fulfil the function for which her past national life and development seem to have prepared her, a leader of thought and faith, a defender of spiritual truth and experience destined to correct, the conclusions of materialistic Science by the higher Science of which she has the secret and in that power to influence the world's civilisation, or she is rising as a faithful pupil of Europe, a follower of methods and ideas borrowed from the West, a copyist of English politics a society.

We believe that this nation is c which has developed itself in the p on spiritual lines under the inspi tion of a destiny which is now co ing to fulfilment.

The peculiar seclusion in which was able to develop its individu temperament, knowledge and idea the manner in which the streams the world poured in upon and wer absorbed by the calm ocean of Indi spiritual life, recalling the gr image in the *Gita,* even as the wat flow into the great tranquil and i measurable ocean, and the ocean not perturbed—the persistence w

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which peculiar and original forms of society, religion and philosophical thought were protected from disintegration up till the destined moment—the deferring of that disintegration until the whole world outside had arrived at the point when the great Indian ideal which these forms enshrined could embrace all that it yet needed for its perfect self-expression, and be itself embraced by an age starved by materialism and yearning for a higher knowledge—the sudden return of India upon itself at a time when all that was peculiarly Indian seemed to wear upon it the irrevocable death-sentence passed on all things that in the human evolution are no longer needed—the miraculous uprising and transformation of weakness into strength brought about by that return—all this seems to us to be not fortuitous and accidental but inevitable and preordained in the decrees of an overruling Providence.

The rationalist looks on such beliefs and aspirations as mysticism and jargon. These thousands of years of our thought and aspiration are a period of the least importance to us and the true history of our progress only begins with the advent of European education! The rest is a confused nightmare or a mere barren lapse of time preparing nothing and leading to nothing.

This tone is still vocal in the organs of the now declining school of the nineteenth century some of which preserve their influence in places where the balance in the struggle between the past and the future has not inclined decidedly in favour of the latter.

The fundamental idea of the movement as a divine manifestation purposing to raise up the nation not only for its own fulfilment, therefore independent of individuals and superior to vicissitudes and difficulties, is one which they cannot yet grasp.

It is a sentiment which has been growing upon us as the movements progressed, but it has not yet been sufficiently put forward by the organs of Nationalism itself, partly because the human aspects of Nationalist faith had to be established before we could rise to the divine.

But that divine aspect has to be established if we are to have the faith and greatness of soul which can alone help us in the tremendous developments the signs of the time predict.

There is plenty of weakness still lingering in the land and we cannot allow it to take shelter under the cry of expediency and rationality and seek to kill the faith and force that has been born in the hearts of the young.

[Courtesy: *Aurobindo Ashram*]

There is little fear for the future of the young man who has a deep-seated faith in himself. Self-faith has ever been more than a match for difficulties. Men with no assets but colossal faith in themselves have accomplished wonders.

O. S. Marden

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"As I throw my mind back on all that I have seen, I realise that our ancients did certainly conceive most magnificently and enjoin most wisely so that the stay-at-home Hindu might set out of the narrow grooves of his life and thought, and wander about his country seeing her hills and dales, her mountains and oceans, her rivers and forests.

"The journey despite all the risks involved..... was most interesting and exhilerating. There were many thrills and excitements...."

SAYS

SRI PRAKASA

GOVERNOR OF MAHARASHTRA

In his

VISIT TO KEDARNATH & BADRI

Commencing in BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FROM ISSUE DATED FEBRUARY 5, 1961

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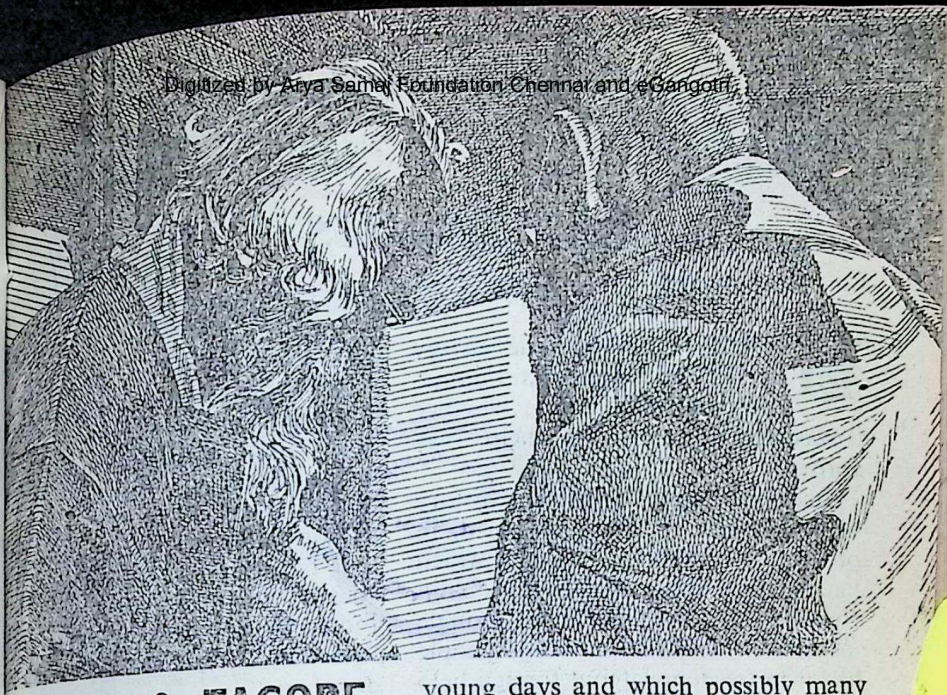

GANDHI & TAGORE

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU

HERE in India, many of us grew up under two great traditions —I may say, India grew up under two great traditions embodied in two mighty men—Mahatma Gandhi and Tagore. These two men gave birth to India as she is today.,

We are their children in thought —very imperfect, very foolish children, but their children nevertheless.

Both of them, though vastly different, sprang from the soil and culture of India and are rooted in the ten-thousand-year-old Indian tradition—both so different but both reminding us of the innumerable facets of India.

Both were typically Indian, both so different and yet so alike.

They represented the ideal of young India—the ideal which I had in my young days and which possibly many people still have.

And yet I find that those two men somehow seem very distant now.

Though we speak of them very often, we have fallen into different ways of thinking and taken to other ideals.

Instead of that mighty spirit of creative effort and faith and hope, which those men in their own different ways represented in the modern age, India, as also other countries, begins to represent more and more a spirit of denial and destruction.

And so a fear creeps into my mind: are all our labours possibly going to be swept away by something totally beyond our control?

If so, is it not more desirable to control that something or try to control it, rather than try and live in an ivory tower, doing good work, no doubt, but doing work which somehow does not touch the essence of things?

(Freedom from Fear)

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In the famous broadcast message flashed by Netaji Bose to Mahatma Gandhi on July 6, 1944, seeking his blessings in his holy war for Indian freedom, he explains the reasons why he had to leave Indian shores for the hazardous task he had set for himself.

My Perilous Quest

Subhas Chandra Bose

BEFORE I finally made up my mind to leave home and homeland, I had to decide whether it was right for me to take help from abroad.

I had previously studied the history of revolutions all over the world, in order to discover the methods which had enabled other nations to obtain freedom. But I had not found a single instance in which an enslaved people had won freedom without foreign help of some sort.

In 1940, I read my history once again, and once again, I came to the conclusion that history did not furnish a single instance where freedom had been won without help of some sort from abroad.

As for the moral question whether it was right to take help, I told myself that in public as in private life, one can always take help as a loan and repay that loan later on.

Moreover, if a powerful Empire, like the British Empire, could go round the world with the begging bowl, what objection could there be to an enslaved and disarmed people like ourselves taking help as a loan from abroad?

I can assure you, Mahatmaji, that before I finally decided to set out on a hazardous mission, I spent days, weeks and months in carefully considering the pros and cons of the case. After having served my people long, to the best of my ability, I co have no desire to be a traitor or give anyone a justification for call me a traitor.

It was the easiest thing for me remain at home and go on worki as I had worked so long. It was a an easy thing for me to remain in Indian prison while the War laste Personally, I had nothing to lose doing so.

Thanks to the generosity and to t affection of my countrymen, I h obtained the highest honour which was possible for any public worke in India to achieve.

I had also built up a party cons ing of staunch and loyal colleagu who had implicit confidence in me.

By going abroad on a perilo quest, I was risking—not only my l and my whole future career—but wh was more, the future of my party.

If I had the slightest hope that wit out action from abroad we could w freedom, I would never have le India during a crisis.

If I had any hope that within o lifetime we would get another chan —another golden opportunity—f winning freedom, as during the pr sent war, I doubt if I would have s out from home.

But I was convinced of two thing firstly, that such a golden opportun

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He (Netaji) was an Indian first and last. What is more, he fired all under him with the same zeal, so that they forgot in his presence all distinctions and acted as one man. He had sacrificed a brilliant career for the sake of the country's service. He suffered various imprisonments, twice became President of the Congress and at last by great strategy, gave the slip to the guard put over him by Government and by sheer courage and resourcefulness reached Kabul, passed through European countries and finally found himself in Japan, collected from scattered material an army of brilliant young men drawn from all communities and from all parts of India and dared to give battle to a mighty Government. A lesser man would have succumbed under the trial that he went through; but he in his life verified the saying of Tulsidas that "all becomes right for the brave."

—Mahatma Gandhi.

would not come within another century—and secondly, that without action from abroad, we would not be able to win freedom, merely through our own efforts at home. That is why I resolved to take the plunge.

Providence has been kind to me. In spite of manifold difficulties, all my plans have succeeded so far.

After I got out of India, my first endeavour was to organise my countrymen, wherever I happened to meet them.

I am glad to say that everywhere I found them to be wide awake and anxious to do everything possible for winning freedom for India.

I then approached the Governments that were at war with our enemy, in order to find out what their attitude was towards India.

I found out that contrary to what British propagandist had been telling us for a number of years—the Axis Powers were now, openly, the friends of India's freedom.

I also discovered that they were prepared to give such help as we desired, and as was within their own power.

I know the propaganda that our enemy has been carrying on against me. But I am sure that my countrymen, who know me so well, will never be taken in.

One who has stood for national self-respect and honour all his life and has suffered considerably in vindicating it, would be the last person in this world to give in to any other foreign power.

Moreover, I have nothing to gain personally at the hands of a foreign power.

Having received the highest honour, possible for an Indian at the hands of my own countrymen, what is there for me to receive from a foreign power?

Only that man can be a puppet who has either no sense of honour and self-respect or desires to build up a position for himself, through the influence of others.

Not even my worst enemy can ever dare to say that I am capable of selling national honour and self-respect. And not even my worst enemy can dare to assert that I was a nobody in my own country and I needed foreign help to secure a position for myself.

In leaving India, I had to risk everything that I had, including my life.

But I had to take that risk, because only by doing so could I help achievement of India's freedom.

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"Little did I think when I used to sit in the study once occupied by John Lawrence, that I should be the head of the Administration that would hand over the Govt. of India to her own people."

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How India Became A Republic

EARL ATTLEE

IN July, 1947, I introduced into the House of Commons the Indian Independence Bill, which passed through both Houses without a division, and on the 15th August India and Pakistan became free and equal members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Unprecedented scenes of enthusiasm accompanied the declaration. The last British Viceroy had such a reception as had been given to none of his predecessors and it was amply deserved. In my opinion, no other man could have carried out this tremendous task. It was a great tribute to him that he should have been made, at the request of the Indian leaders, the first Governor-General of the new Dominion. Jinnah became the first Governor-General of Pakistan. Both countries were fortunate in having two outstanding men as their first Prime Ministers—Nehru and Liaqat Ali Khan—for events were soon to test them to the utmost.

In the first months of the new order fratricidal strife broke out which caused the loss of thousands of lives, while a great number of people were driven from their homes. The troubles were the legacy of the past in which Hindus and Moslems, in province after province, had been guilty of acts of violence. Immense distress was caused by this outbreak and both Governments were faced with very serious refugee problems, and Lady Mountbatten played a very notable part in relieving this distress. It was natural that Indians should become Governors of Provinces in the new dispensation, but Sir Archibald Nye was reappointed Governor of Madras.

Despite troubles and the graver crisis which arose later over Kashmir, the change-over was successfully made. Great credit was due especially to Liaqat Ali Khan, who had to build up the governmental machine in Pakistan almost from nothing. A very

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difficult problem was the division of the two great provinces of Bengal and the Punjab. This was decided by an award of Sir Cyril Radcliffe (now Lord Radcliffe). Inevitably, some of the rulings were criticised, but they were accepted.

Lord Pethick-Lawrence, who had laboured so hard, found himself unable to continue as Secretary of State owing to the strain on his advancing years, and Lord Listowel took over for the final stages and thus became the last Secretary of State for India. The old India Office now fused with the Dominions Office, which had been renamed. the Commonwealth Relations Office. Sir Archibald Carter, who had served so well as one of the Secretaries to the Simon Commission, became Joint Permanent Under-Secretary during the period of fusion.

Thus came to an end the direct rule of the British in India and the King ceased to be Emperor of India. The process of training Indians in self-government had fulfilled its purpose. An evolution, foreseen by many of the greatest of those who served India in the past, had come about. It is not without interest that many of these were trained at the old East India College at Haileybury, the buildings of which subsequently were occupied by the school at which I was educated. Little did I think, when I used to sit in the study once occupied by John Lawrence, that I should be the head of the Administration that would hand over the Government of India to her own people.

There was one difficult question which had yet to be settled, namely, whether India was to remain in the

Earl Attlee

British Commonwealth. Not unnatu rally, in the course of the struggle f Indian independence, the Nation Congress had declared in favour of r publicanism, although that form government had never been adopted India, where the tradition of mon chy is very strong. However, in t new Constitution it had been decid that India should be a Republic. T question arose as to whether it w possible for a Republic to be part the Commonwealth, for the tie whi unites all of its members is that of all giance to the Crown. The question w very fully discussed at a meeting Commonwealth Prime Ministers o which I presided. It had always be held that allegiance to the Crown w one of the most essential ties unit

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the member States of the Commonwealth. It was not easy for some of those who felt very strongly on this point to accept any change. However, Mr. Nehru for India showed high statesmanship in accepting a new relationship whereby in respect of India the monarch was recognised as Head of the Commonwealth. He had to face the critics in his own ranks who held strong theoretical views on independence and republicanism. No less wisdom was displayed by the Prime Ministers of the old Dominions in agreeing to this formula. This solution of a difficult question was accepted by the House of Commons and by public opinion. It may be that, had this precedent been set earlier, both Burma and Eire would have remained in the Commonwealth.

Freedom, in the last analysis, is not mere absence of restraint, but the opportunity of each to develop for the good of all; and this recognition has only been made effective with the coming of democracy.

—A. S. McDowall

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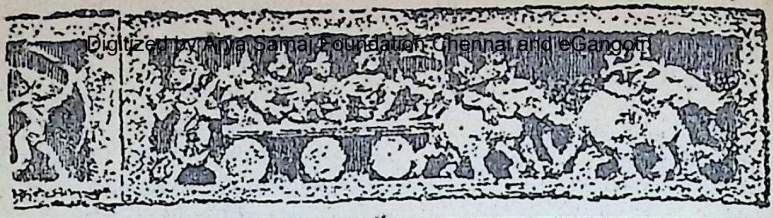

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

VAMADEVA SPEAKS

Kausalya reluctantly gave leave to Rama. Not being able to put off Lakshmana and Sita, Rama took them along, after gifting away all his belongings. The people of the city who were sore with the aged King and Kaikeyi for thus turning out Rama and Sita collected together and gave vent to their feelings. At that time Sage Vamadeva who happened to be at Ayodhya pacified the crowd in these words:

मानुशोचथ रामं वा सीतां वा वच्मि तत्त्वतः ।
एष रामः परो विष्णुः आदिनारायणः स्मृतः
एषा सा जानकी लक्ष्मीर्योगमायेतिविश्रुता ।।

"Let me tell you the truth: do not grieve either for Rama or Sita. This Rama is none else than the great Vishnu, Adi Narayana, and this Janaki is Lakshmi, Vishnu's *yoga-maya.*

असौ शेषः तमन्वेति लक्ष्मणाख्यश्च साम्प्रतम् ।
एष मायागुणैर्युक्तः तत्तदाकारवानिव ।।

"This Lakshmana who follows him now, is none but Adi Sesha. By virtue of His illusory powers, He appears in these different forms. (Their bodies are not really made out of the five elements.)

एष एव रजोयुक्तो ब्रह्माभूत् विश्वभावनः ।
सत्वाविष्टस्तथा विष्णुस्त्रिजगत्प्रतिपालकः ।
एष रुद्रस्तमसोऽन्ते जगत्प्रळयकारणम् ।

"By entering *Raja* quality, he becomes Brahma and creates the universe. Filling himself with *Sattva* quality, he becomes Vishnu and protects the three worlds. At the end of Kalpa, he takes on *Tamas* quality as Rudra and causes the apocalypse.

एष मत्स्यः पुरा भूत्वा भक्तं वैवस्वतं मनुम् ।
नाव्यारोप्य लयस्यान्ते पालयामास राघवः
समुद्रमथने पूर्वं मंदरे सुतलं गते ।।
अधारयत्स्वपृष्ठेऽद्रिं कूर्मरूपी रघूत्तमः ।

"It was this Raghava who at the end of the last Kalpa protected his devotee, Vaivasvata Manu, by piloting him on a boat. Again it is the same Great Raghava who, at the time when the Devas churned the Milky Ocean, offered himself in the shape of a tortoise, to serve as the holding base for Mandara mountain which was used as the churning rod.

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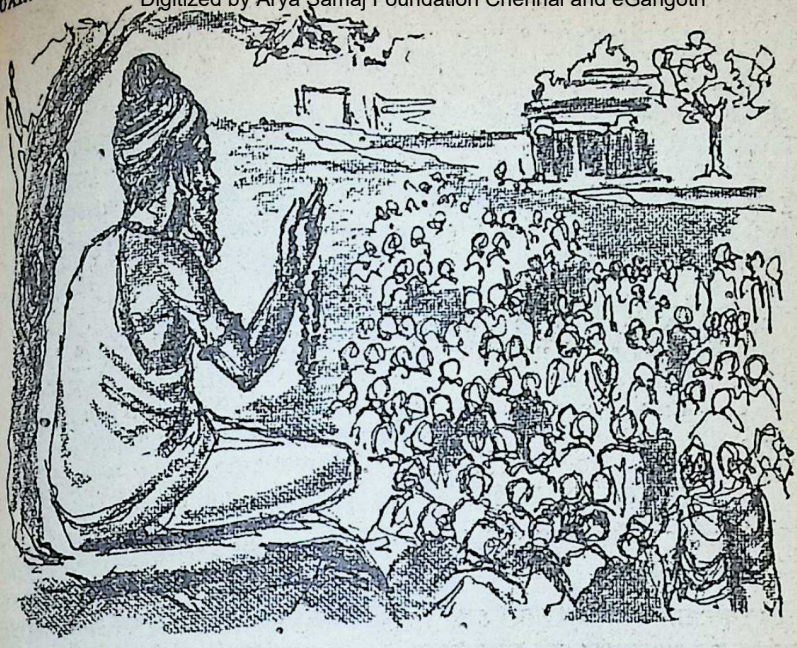

महो रसातलं याता प्रळये सूकरोऽभवत् ॥
तोल्यामास दंष्ट्राग्रे तां क्षोणीं रघुनन्दनः॥

"When the earth went down to the world Rasatala, it was Raghava in the form of a boar who rescued it by carrying it on his teeth.

नारसिंहं वपुः कृत्वा प्रह्लादवरदः पुरा ॥
त्रैलोक्यकण्टकं रक्षः पाटयामास तन्नखैः।

"In response to Prahlada's prayer, he took the form of half-man-half-lion and tore the body of the demon (Hiranya-Kasipu) who was a thorn unto all three worlds.

पुत्रराज्यं हृतं दृष्ट्वा ह्यदित्या याचितः पुरा ॥
वामनत्वमुपागम्य याच्ञया चाहरत्पुनः।

"Seeing that her son Indra lost his Kingdom, Aditi prayed to Raghava for its restoration to him. In response to her prayer, He took the form of a Dwarf (Vamana) and restored it to him by begging for it.

दुष्टक्षत्रियभूभारनिवृत्यै भार्गवोऽ भवत् ॥

"It was he who took the shape of Parasurama for ridding the earth of its evil Kings.

स एव जगतां नाथ इदानीं राघवतां गतः।
राक्षसादीनि रक्षांसि कोटिशो निहनिष्यति॥
मानुषेणैव मरणं तस्य दृष्टं दुरात्मनः।

"The same Lord of the Universe has taken the form of Rama for annihilating the demon Ravana and his kind in crores; for, his death has been ordained to be at the hands of a mortal.

राज्ञा दशरथेनापि तपसाऽऽराधितो हरिः॥
पुत्रत्वमाकाङ्क्षया विष्णोः तदा पुत्रो ऽ भवत् हरिः।

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स एव विष्णुः श्रीरामो रावणवधाय हि।
गन्ताद्यैव वनं रामो लक्ष्मणेन सहायवान्।

"King Dasaratha had prayed to Hari for the birth of a son. So Lord Vishnu desired to be born as his son to kill Ravana and his kind; he is going to the forest today (for that purpose) with Lakshmana for his help.

एषा सीता हरेर्माया सृष्टिस्थित्यन्तकारिणी॥

"This Sita is none else than Hari's Maya who actually does the creation, protects and finally dissolves the Universe.

राजा वा कैकेयी वापि नात्रकारणमण्वपि।

"Neither the King nor Kaikeyi is a whit to be blamed.

पूर्वेद्युर्नारदः प्राह भूभारहरणाय च॥
रामोप्याह स्वयं साक्षात् श्वो गमिष्याम्यहं वनम्।
अतो रामं समुद्दिश्य चिन्तां त्यजत बालिशाः।

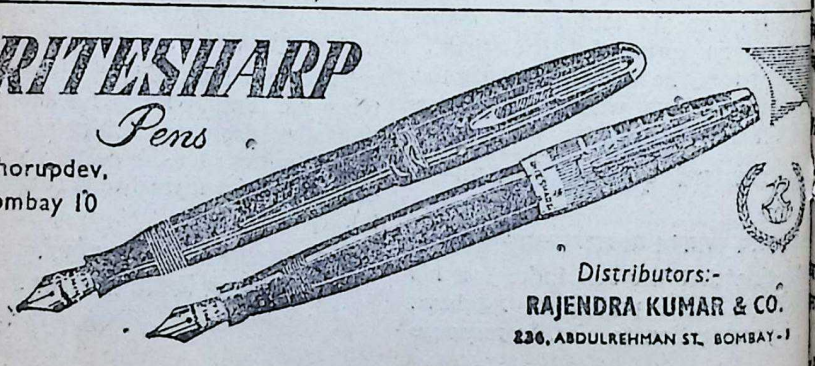
"Yesterday Sage Narada reminded Him of the need to lighten the burden of the earth and Rama himself said He would be proceeding to the forest on the morrow. Therefo children, do not worry on account Rama.

रामरामेति ये नित्यं जपन्ति मनुजाः भू
तेषांमृत्युभयादीनि न भवन्ति कदाच
का पुनः तस्य रामस्य दुःखशङ्का महात्म
रामनाम्नैव मुक्तिः स्यात् कलौ नान्
केनचित्

"When even those humans on earth who recite the Ramanam have never had to fear death, h can you fear any hardship to t great Rama Himself? In Kali a Ramanama alone will lead one Moksha, not others.

मायामानुषरूपेण विडम्बयति लोककृत्।
भक्तानां भजनार्थाय रावणस्य वधाय च
राज्ञश्चाभीष्टसिद्धयर्थं मानुषं वपुराश्रित
इत्युक्त्वा विररामाथ वामदेवो महामुनिः

"The great Creator mocks us by ta ing this deceptive human form whi is therefore in reality intended for worship of his devotees, for the d truction of Ravana and to satisfy wish of King Dasaratha." Saying th words the great Sage departed.



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K. BALASUBRAMANIYA AIYAR

(*Continued from issue dated Dec.* 25, 1960.)

IT is by the grace of God that a man gets his wife as his companion or partner. Hence it is man's duty to treat his wife well looking upon her as the gift of God to him. Manu says:

यत्र नार्यस्तु पूज्यन्ते रमन्ते तत्र देवताः

Where women are adored there the devatas are gratified. The rain is our chief aid for life as production of food depends chiefly upon rain. Charity is certainly the best resort of all good men.

Yaksha asked then

किंस्वित् एकपदं धर्म्यम्
किंस्वित् एकपदं दाक्ष्यम्
किंस्वित् एकपदं धनानांस्यात्
किंस्वित् एकपदं धनानामुत्तमम्
किंस्वित् एकपदं लाभानामुत्तमं किंस्यात् सुखानां
किंस्वित् एकपदं सुखानामुत्तमम् ॥

What is the best among laudable things?
What is the best among all assets?
What is the best of all gains?
What is the foremost happiness?

Dharmaputra answered:

एकपदं धर्म्यं दाक्ष्यं धनानामुत्तमं श्रुतम्।
एकपदं लाभानां श्रेय आरोग्यं सुखानां तुष्टिरुत्तमा ॥

Integrity is the best among laudable things.
Learning is the best asset.
Health is the foremost among gains.
Contentment is the best happiness.

We have already stated the exact meaning of the word दाक्ष्य namely, integrity, in answer to the question किंस्वित् एकपदं धर्म्यम् ?

Dharmaputra uses the word दाक्ष्यं in this sense. Therein we referred to two meanings of the word Dakshya, one given in Apte's Dictionary and the other suggested by the Amarakosa. Here the meaning suggested by Apte namely, honesty, is more appropriate.

It is the wisdom derived from learning that is the real wealth. In explaining the Upanishadvakya ततो मे श्रियमावह (Sikshavalli 4th Anuvaka) Sankara in his Bhashya says

तां, ततः मेधानिर्वर्तनात्परं आवह आनय;
अमेधसो हि श्रीरनर्थायैवेति।

'after the acquisition of *medha* or wisdom,' and he adds the wealth of those without wisdom is of no use. Hence the prayer in the Upanishad समेन्द्रो मेधया स्पृणोतु May Indra endow me with the power of wisdom,' and it is

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after that that the prayer is made for wealth. We realise, therefore, that Dharmaputra rightly emphasised that श्रुतम् meaning learning, by which wisdom is attained, is the best among one's assets.

The significances of the answers that 'health is the foremost among gains' and 'contentment is the best happiness' are so obvious that they do not need to be explained at length.

The Yaksha asked:

कश्च धर्मः परोलोके कश्च धर्मः सदाबलः।
किं नियम्य नशोचन्ति कैश्च. सन्धिर्न जीर्यते।

What is the highest Dharma in the world?

What is that Dharma which always bears fruit?

What is that by controlling which people never grieve?

With whom does an alliance never break?

Dharmaputra answered:

आनृशंस्यं परो धर्मः त्रयी धर्मः सदाबलः।
मनो यस्य न शोचन्ते सन्धिः सद्भिः न जीर्यते॥

The highest Dharma is kindness to all.

The Dharma ordained by the Vedas always bears fruit.

By controlling the mind, people never grieve.

Association with the good never breaks.

Neelakanta, the commentator, who in addition gives the philosophical meanings for these slokas, says "By आनृशंस्यं is meant non-injury to all beings and, that being the characteristic vow of the *sannyasa-srama*, he concludes that by आनृशं is meant here *sannyasa*. According to him, Yudhishthira says that *sannya* is the highest Dharma in the wor Pursuing the same line of interpre tion he explains त्रयीधर्म as P nava Upasana or the meditation the Pranava or Om. He refers to Sruti authority, namely, ओमित्ये त्रयी इति and thus says त्रयी means the meditation on the Om its parts of अ, उ and म्. The stands for Sthula or the material bo the उ stands for the Sukshma the subtle body, and म् stands the Karana sarira or causal body. the process of identifying the Sth the material body, with the Suksh (the subtle body) and with Kara sarira (causal body) and merging the three in the half *matra* or the h sound measure in the म sound, meditator attains the fourth p Brahma state, ब्रह्मण्य भाव।

When a person attains that stag meditation he attains Moksha, w is everlasting. Similarly, in regard the third answer of Dharmap namely, by controlling the min person never experiences sor Neelakanta says that Yudhish declares that the control of the m leads to the realisation of the A and the realisation of the Atman ables one to transcend sorrow. तं शोकमात्मवित् says the *Chando panishad* (he who realises the A transcends sorrow) (the *Sanatkur Narada Samvada* of the *Chando panishad*). This path to the re tion of the Atman one gets to k by association with a good man.

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will initiate him into the path.

The next four questions of the Yaksha are:

किं नु हित्वा प्रियो भवति किंनु हित्वा न शोचति
किं नु हित्वा अर्थवान् भवति किंनु हित्वा सुखी भवेत्

By renouncing which thing does one become lovable?

By renouncing which thing does one never suffer grief?

By renouncing which thing does one become wealthy?

By renouncing which thing does one become happy?

Yudhishthira answers as follows:

मानं हित्वा प्रियो भवति क्रोधं हित्वा न शोचते।
कामं हित्वा अर्थवान् भवति लोभं हित्वा सुखी भवेत्।

By renouncing pride one becomes lovable.

By renouncing anger one never experiences grief.

By renouncing desire one becomes wealthy.

By renouncing avarice one becomes happy.

Neelakanta's interpretation is that the renunciation of the four, namely, Pride, Anger, Desire and Avarice, enables one to control the mind and, as already pointed out by him in his commentary on the previous sloka, the control of the mind leads to realisation of the Atman.

Manas is otherwise called also ahamkara. The *Gita* declares:

विहाय सर्वान् कामान् यः पुमान् चरति निस्पृहः। निर्ममो निरहङ्कारः स शान्तिमधिगच्छति॥

एषा ब्राह्मी स्थितिः पार्थ नैनां प्राप्य विमुह्यति। स्थित्वाऽस्यामन्तकालेऽपि ब्रह्मनिर्वाणमृच्छति॥

He who renounces all desires and conducts himself without avarice and is devoid of selfishness and ahamkara attains peace. This is the Brahmic state, oh! Partha, and, on attaining it, nobody experiences delusion. Having remained in that state, at the end of his time he attains the absolute Brahman.

[*To be continued*]

Good family is the nucleus of man's morality. —Anon

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krishnavatara

PART II

13

ON THE WAY

KRISHNA went to take leave of Mother Devaki. Her voice was choked with tears as she raised him from the ground, where in loving salutation, he had prostrated himself.

'My son, am I never going to have you to myself? To be free from anxiety about you?' asked Devaki piteously.

'Mother, everything that happens to me has a purpose. But for Jarasandha's desire to kill me, I would never have gone on such a wonderful journey. And from what uncle Vikadru said today I know what a task awaits me', said Krishna.

'It is you who are wonderful, Govind. Nothing seems to worry you,' said Devaki.

'Why should anything worry me? Things only happen to me because I go to meet them half-way; I don't wait for them. And don't forget that we are going to be looked after by the great Bhargava, at whose command even the sea yielded land', Krishna said with a smile.

'Won't you take anyone else with you?' asked Devaki.

'No. If we are only two, we won't be noticed. Uddhava, however, is coming with us upto Kundinpur. There he will go before us to announce our arrival to the King of Karvirpur', said Krishna.

'My son, return to me as early as you can', Devaki said wiping her tears. 'And don't lose heart'.

'Mother mine, rest assured that whatever happens, I will try to be worthy of you. You think me a god but if I am one, it is only because I am born of a goddess'. His smile was heartening. 'I will never forget it. It is my greatest strength', he added.

After Krishna took leave, he found

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Trivakra, who had now attached herself to Devaki, talking confidentially to Uddhava. She fell at his feet and made an offering of flowers to him.

'Lord, remember me sometimes', Trivakra said with tears in her eyes. 'Wherever I scent flowers, there I will find you, Trivakra. I will never forget you, for you always think of me', he said, stroked her hands and left.

Before the dawn broke, Krishna, Balaram and Uddhava rode out on the best horses that Mathura could provide and speeded on their way.

●●●

Princess Rukmini bit her lips in anger. Her brother Rukmi had been summoned by Jarasandha to join him in his march on Mathura to demand the heads of Krishna and Balaram, Mother Devaki's sons.

She was now a young woman of flaming beauty and scintillating intelligence, every inch a queen. She had also a will of her own. She loved her grandfather Kaishik, had little respect for her good-natured father Bhishmaka, and hated her brother Rukmi, who, in fact, ruled the kingdom. And whenever she could, she made herself felt in the affairs of the royal family.

Rukmi had learnt the art of war in the hard school of Parasurama and was a formidable warrior. He was both headstrong and ambitious, and taking advantage of his father's weak nature, had joined Kamsa and accepted the hegemony of Jarasandha.

Kamsa's death, which, at the beginning, appeared to him as a setback to his fortunes, turned out a blessing in disguise, for it gave greater scope to his ambition. He went to Girivraja and placed himself at the disposal of the Emperor, who promptly accepted him as an important lieutenant. Now he was given a chance of not only helping the Emperor, but taking his revenge on Krishna, for, he had never forgotten nor forgiven the personal affront which that cowherd boy, now waxed important, had offered him.

Rukmini knew this very well. She too had not forgotten the cowherd boy, who had treated her brother like a naughty child and saved the Yadavas of Mathura from the tyrannical grip of Kamsa. And she always remembered how lovingly he had clung to his mother Devaki and how gracefully he had declined the throne of the Yadavas offered to him.

In Trivakra she had a great friend in Mathura. The common bond between them was Krishna, and Trivakra sometimes sent messages to her with Brahmans who travelled from one kingdom to another attending sacrificial sessions or religious ceremonies.

From the reports which her father and brother received from time to time, she had learnt, with a heart throbbing with pride, of Krishna's exploits in killing the Punyajana demon, in vanquishing the King of Vaivasvatpur and in bringing back Sandipani's son.

Whenever she heard of Krishna, she dreamt of the lovely face which she remembered so well, and invariably sighed. He was once a cowherd; his father was only a Yadava chief. She was on the other hand a royal princess destined for some king who would prove a formidable ally in her bro-

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ther's ambitious plan to conquer wide domains and some day establish an empire, when Jarasandha would have joined his forefathers.

❁ ❁ ❁

The latest news was terrifying. Jarasandha had decided to kill Krishna and his brother; her own brother was going to help him do it. Rukmini, wildly agitated, stormed into the presence of her father and brother.

'Rukmi, you shall not go to kill Krishna. What has he done to you? Why should you help Jarasandha in this vendetta?' asked Rukmini impatiently.

'You better keep to the *antahpur*.* Don't try to interfere in the affairs of state,' said Rukmi angrily.

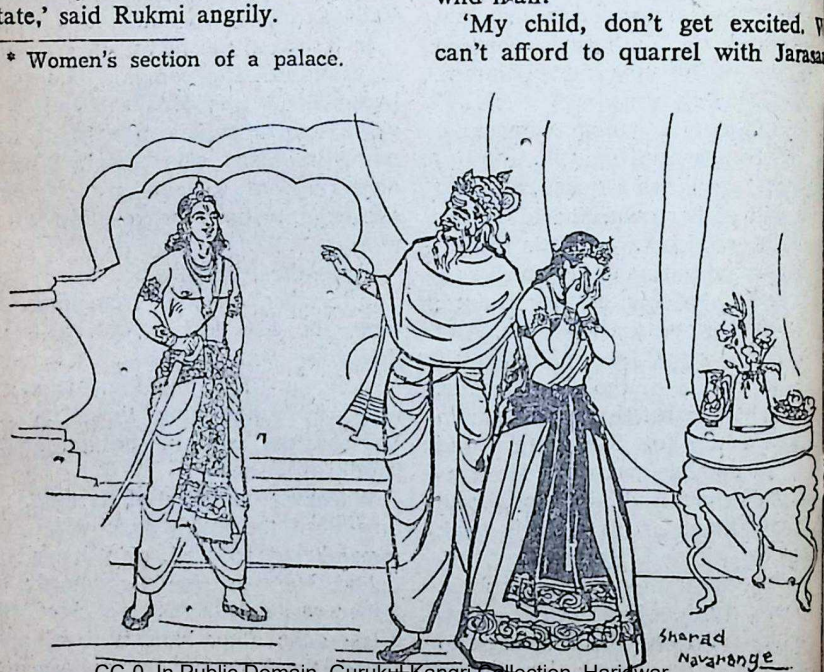
'Why not? It is *my* father's kingdo as much as *your* father's', repli Rukmini, her beautiful eyes flashi in anger. 'Father, why do you listen him? Do you know what he is goi to do? He wants you to be a vas of Jarasandha.'

'What do you understand of sta craft?' asked Rukmi. 'Kundinpur now a powerful State because of o alliance with the Emperor of Ma dha. And some day I want to see th you become an empress. And also t sister of an emperor', he added wi a smile.

'I don't want any of your favour retorted Rukmini. 'Father, fath why don't you say something to th wild man?'

'My child, don't get excited. W can't afford to quarrel with Jarasa

* Women's section of a palace.



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dha. If we are not his friends, he will destroy Vidarbha, as he did in the time of father Kaishik,' said King Bhishmaka.

'Cowards! Cowards!' exclaimed the irate young woman and stamped out of their presence. 'I wish I were a man'. Rukmi laughed contemptuously in reply.

Then she went to her grandfather Kaishik, a pious man, who, with his brother Kratha, had retired from the affairs of state when the power of Vidarbha was shattered by Jarasandha. She spent her anger by showering abuses on her brother and ended by shedding tears.

'My dear child, these are men's affairs. Leave them to be tackled by them. Your business is to think of the young man who will come to seek your hand', said the old man.

'I can't even do that. I am going to be sold to some henchman of Rukmi to secure some convenient alliance. He will be some fellow as idiotic as Rukmi himself', said Rukmini.

'My child, you are beautiful, intelligent and sensible. I am sure, in the *svayamvara* which will be held for you, you will choose the finest of men'.

'No fine men will ever be invited to my *svayamvara* if Rukmi has a hand in issuing invitations', said Rukmini sullenly. 'I know what it is to be born a princess—a chattel for barter', she added. 'I tell you I will not be a chattel for Rukmi to dispose of as he wills.'

●●●

Rukmi went to join Jarasandha's forces, and Rukmini, morning and night, thought of what would be happening to the dark-coloured son of Devaki whom they fondly called Govind, whose eyes and smile haunted her.

One day the family priest sent words through the old woman who had been a foster-mother to her and brought her up from infancy.

'Princess, Trivakra has sent you a message', said the old woman.

'Trivakra! Oh mother, tell me what is it'. Rukmini's heart was shot through with a premonitory pang. Had something happened to Krishna?

'A young man has brought a message from her. He says you know him. His name is Uddhava', said the woman.

'God of all gods, it's Uddhava, is it? What news has he brought?' asked Rukmini impatiently. She knew this inseparable friend of Krishna's. If he came in person, the news must be portentous.

'He won't tell Gurudeva. He says he wants to tell you personally', said the woman.

'Ask Gurudeva to bring him to Grandfather. I am just going to him', Rukmini said.

Forthwith she went to her grandfather and told him that a messenger had arrived for him from Mother Devaki. Old Kaishik knew from Rukmini's talks that she had come to look upon Devaki as a mother and agreed to receive the messenger secretly. Rukmini knew that her grandfather loved her dearly; in fact, he was the only one who doted upon the grand-daughter from her childhood since she had lost her mother.

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In the afternoon, Uddhava presented himself before Kaishik and Rukmini.

'I have come from Mathura with a message from the lord and Mother Devaki. The army of Jarasandha is marching on Mathura to capture Krishna and Balaram. As Mathura is not strong enough to face a siege, Krishna and Balaram have decided to leave the town', said Uddhava.

Rukmini could not resist a sigh of relief.

'They want to go to the Mahendra Mountains where the venerable Bhargava is likely to meet them. They will be passing through Vidarbha on foot in a few days. I came on horseback in advance to convey to the Princess a message from Mother Devaki', said Uddhava.

The old King looked at his granddaughter and saw her blush deeply. This girl was a wonder, the way she could win hearts.

'Yes?' he asked.

'Mother wanted me to enquire of the Princess whether she could contrive a safe passage for Krishna and Balaram through Vidarbha. Prince Rukmi, we know, has joined Jarasandha's forces', Uddhava added.

Rukmini looked at her grandfather anxiously. She had little power to provide safe conduct.

'Grandfather, we must provide safe conduct to Mother Devaki's sons', said Rukmini.

'My child, your father won't allow it. And your brother has gone to kill them', said Kaishik.

'My grandfather will do it and my brother's sister will save them', Rukmini said smilingly.

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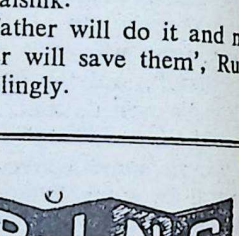

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'No, no, I can't do it. If Rukmi comes to know it, he would be very angry', Kaishik said.

Rukmini's face grew red and copious tears fell from her eyes. In a piteous voice she cried, 'No one in this world is mine—neither father, nor brother—not even grandfather. Oh mother, when you died, why did you not take me away with you?' She hid her face in her hands, sobbing.

This piteous outburst moved the old man's heart. He said: 'My child, don't cry! Don't! I will do as you wish. Are you happy now?' He patted her on the back affectionately. 'Uddhava, change your dress and come and stay with me as a Brahman. Also bring Vasudeva's sons here when they come. I will see that nothing happens to them in Vidarbha'.

❁ ❁ ❁

In a few days, two ascetics in bark clothes and matted locks, accompanied by Uddhava, who now looked very much a Brahman, came to the palace of Kaishik, who hospitably received them. When Rukmini was there to serve them food, as she insisted she would, her heart raced. Here, before her, was the handsome form, the loving smile and the flashing eyes and above all the way which made everyone feel that he was his very own—which she had never forgotten. And Krishna, having been told all that she had done for him, smiled his thanks.

Then Kaishik asked Krishna and Balaram about the affairs in Mathura and the former's exploits in Vaivasvatpur. As Krishna narrated the events which led to the rescue of Sandipani's son from Vaivasvatpur, Rukmini avidly heard the miraculous achievements and her indignation was roused when she heard how the Nagakanya preferred her mother to her husband—though with a sense of relief.

'Why did you not keep her back?' asked Kaishik.

'I can't make a Nagakanya happy. She will always be wrapped up in her mother', Krishna said.

'But if she had no mother?' asked Kaishik, slyly looking at Rukmini. He always loved to tease his granddaughter.

'Then perhaps she would be wrapped up in herself,' Krishna replied mockingly. 'All beautiful women are. Isn't it so?' he added as he turned to Kaishik who laughed indulgently.

'That is one for you,' the old King told his grand-daughter.

'You can never stop Krishna from making you look a fool', burst in Balaram with a loud laugh. 'He only wants a wife who is wrapped up in him.'

'Then Krishna will never get a good wife', said Kaishik wisely.

'Who knows? I may not', replied Krishna.

Kaishik had already made arrangements for a few Brahmans of Kundinpur to join a caravan which was going to Karvirpur on a pilgrimage. The two young ascetics also went with them.

[To be continued]

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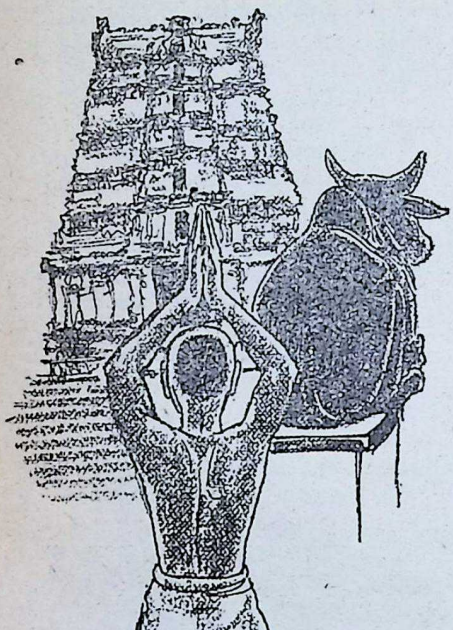
NANDA THE HARIJAN SAI



Prof. V. G. Ramakrishna Aiyer

NANDA was a Harijan by From his early days, he remarkably devout and shipped the deity in the neighbo village-temple from a distance.

As he grew to manhood his ginative fervour and piety also ened and he became anxious what he could for the service o Lord. He yearned to see what fic service could be rendered peor man like him to please the His low birth stood in the wa rendering divine service and this gan to torment him.

At last, one day while think seriously over the matter, the dawned on him that he could s to the temples leather for drums was so much taken up with this den thought that he thenceforth to devote himself ardently to pr ing and tanning leather for the purpose as a sacred pastime and ing the praise of God day in and out.

One day he went to the local ple and wanted to worship the Siva there from a distance, but found that Nandi (the sacred usually placed opposite to the tum in all Siva temples) stood i way of his having a full view o Lord Siva, but lo! Lord Siva took on his great *bhakta* and ordered Nandi to move a little to one s

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Even today in the great temple of anur (Tanjore District) and in the at temple of Chidambaram, one find the huge figure of the sac- bull a little leaning to one side. The story goes that after his first votional trance, Nanda came to ow of the glories of Chidambaram the holiest place and that he who orshipped in that temple but once ssed the ocean of birth and death. om that day onward, the Chidam- ram temple haunted him and dur- g day-time, while working in the lds and during night at sleep, he ualised the Great Dance of Siva Chidambaram temple—the un- sing dance of creation, mainten- ce and destruction.

Nanda from that time onward be- n to repeat passionately that he uld go to worship the Great Dan- in Chidambaram temple on the rrow and thereby earned the nick- me of "Tirunalaippovar" (i.e., one t goes on the morrow).

The further traditional account of s famous saint is that he acquired me miraculous powers by his great kti and reached the southern gate- y of the famous temple at Chi- mbaram. On that day, Nataraja, e patron deity of Chidambaram mple, appeared in the dream of the mple priests and directed them to ke Nanda, the purest of his *bhak* into their fold. The next morn- the priests appeared in a body be- re Nanda and after relating to him eir wonderful vision, took him to the rner of the southern side of the tem- e where the sacred fire had been epared for his purification.

Nanda, the pious devotee, sprang into the fire, and emerged from this ordeal not only unhurt but purer and the admiring priests of the temple took him inside the temple before the *sanctum sanctorum* of Lord Nataraja, the Great Dancer. Nanda stood there in a state of ecstatic devotion, and in a few minutes merged with the Lord.

As the great French critic Renan, observes, "faith demands the impossible, nothing else will satisfy it."

The philosophic truth underlying the Nanda legend is this. Nanda by his great *bhakti* irrespective of caste represents "Jivatman". The Harijan quarters where he lived represents ignorance. The temple which is visible at a distance signifies Hope that animates man. The sacred bull or Nandi which we see in every temple represents the four good qualities of the mind viz., cheerfulness, calmness patience and resignation, and it is through these qualities that man approaches God, or Paramatman.

When the great Harijan saint, Nanda, reaches the sanctum of the temple, he has reached the stage when he could find 'tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.' When a great devotee emerges from a great ordeal like the sacred fire, he becomes one with the Divine which ordinary minds cannot see.

In fact the Nanda story is an illustration of the great teaching, "whosoever will save his life, shall save it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it."

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[*Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II, born: April 21, 1926*]

....It is the golden circle of the Crown which alone embraces the loyalties of so many States and races all over the world. It is the symbol which gathers together and expresses those deep emotions and stirrings of the human heart....

—Winston Churchill

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[Justice Mahadev Govind Ranade: b. in 1842; d. January 16, 1901]

.... One of the saintliest men of our time—one, contact with whom was elevating and holy,... a patriot whose love of India overflowed all bounds,... a bright and shining example to the people of this land.

—Gopal Krishna Gokhale

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..Go on growing intellectually and morally and advance steadfast in your faith in the destiny of man..

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What Life has Taught me

R. P. Masani

I WONDER what interest free living, free loving, unconventional people of today can have in what life taught one who lived in the days of Queen Victoria when by her side sat Mrs. Grundy on the throne of Britain with her rigid code of etiquette and morals. However, in response to the invitation of Sri K. M. Munshi to co-operate with whom, in howsoever small a measure, in his stupendous effort to enrich our literature, is a real pleasure, I gladly take up my pen to relate how after passing through varying phases of scepticism, pessimism, doubt, despair and gloomy forebodings concerning the fate of human society I have learnt from life the lesson to have robust faith, despite set-backs and disappointments, in man's destiny and his progress, as he learns more and more to extricate himself from the wilderness of self and live comfortably on earth without treading on the toes of his neighbours.

"Live and learn" runs the adage the significance of which one realizes more and more the older one grows. Indeed, there is no end to what life teaches frail human beings day after day. Whether they profit by what they learn is another question. It was a pithy saying of Hegal that "men never learn from history". What seems largely true of the teaching of history is applicable also to the teaching of life. Its lessons cover all problems and aspects of existence from the sublime to the worldly. In the first category fall lessons concerning the aim and purpose of life, the things of the spirit, the ascent of man from the low level of his animal nature to the stature of his higher self, the moral values of life, the growth of individuals and nations, the evolution of society, its advancement in the knowledge of the arts and sciences conducive to the progress of the human race, in two words, "spiritual riches". In the second category are comprised lessons regarding the attainment of material riches and worldly wisdom, the art of attaining success in worldly affairs and the devices by which one can masquerade as a self-sacrificing servant of society while serving one's own self and remaining a slave to the animal instincts and passions persisting in man.

To indicate all that one has learnt throughout his life would need a volume which, coming from a humble citizen like myself, would be of little general interest. What might, perhaps, be of some interest is what I have learnt concerning the fundamental problems of human existence, the end of creation and the destiny of man. I

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shall, therefore, confine my observations to what I learnt, unlearnt and relearnt during my life concerning this vital problem.

It is surprising that it never occurred to me till this moment that what I have finally and definitely learnt from life regarding this problem had its prelude in the prayer I was taught during my childhood to recite early morning, praying for the defeat of *Ahriman* (the Evil Spirit bent on destroying everything good in creation) and the teaching of the Prophet of Iran that this earth is a battlefield and man the ally of God in routing the forces of evil and renovating the world. During my student days saints and sages, poets, philosophers and other great world teachers reinforced this optimistic message. Particularly, the thrilling verses of masters of Sufism such as Maulana Rumi and Attar, giving ecstatic expression to the doctrine of universal love and brotherhood, confirmed the hopes engendered for the perfection of human personality, human unity and world community.

Such was the morning dream. When, however, the sun was in the meridian, I found myself ushered in an altogether different world, a mad and murderous world in which *Ahriman* had let loose all his emissaries and created an order of society altogether repugnant to the ideal of the Kingdom of God on earth. Instead of fellow-feeling there was envy, jealousy, hatred and cut-throat competition. There was no lack of lip-service to the ideal of brotherhood, but the hard realities of life gave daily evidence of the animality inherent in man.

The author.

To be a teacher was then my only ambition, but as a Fellow of the Elphinstone College teaching Persian I discovered that no Indian had any chance of being a professor in a Government college. Journalism had also its attractions. While reading for the degree of Master of Arts I had already become joint editor and proprietor of the *Gup Sap* (*Gujarati Tit Bit*) so that when Principal Hathornthwaite said to me one day that in response to an enquiry from the Bombay Secretariat he proposed to submit my name for the post of an Assistant Superintendent, I requested him not to do so. "Why?" he asked, amazed. "Because, Sir," I replied, "Government servants are not free to write what they like." He simply smiled, I was then reading law—Hobson's choice for unemployed graduates of the day. Simultaneously, I was editing the English columns of the *Kaiser-i-Hind*. When there was not a single English daily in Bombay owned and

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edited by Indians, this weekly had introduced a few English columns. It was cent per cent pro-Congress as Dinsha Wacha, the previous editor of the columns, was the General Secretary to the Congress and the most intrepid critic of the British rule.

One day, in July 1899, the Secretary of the Parsi Girls School Association, Darasha Chichgar, with whom I was associated as Honorary Assistant Secretary, informed me that the Municipal Secretary of Bombay had invited applications for the post of an assistant to succeed the Office Manager about to retire and that the next step would be the Secretaryship. "You are reading for the LL.B. examination," he said, "without a liking for the legal profession. I would strongly advise you to apply for the post." I applied.

To my horror I found communalism rampant in the civic chamber and the different departments of the Municipality. The Parsis were the worst offenders. They appeared to have monopolised almost all the key positions open to Indians. There was a strong Parsi element in the Corporation voting, with a few honourable exceptions, on communal lines whenever a Parsi was concerned. The Municipal Secretary, the Executive Engineer, and the Chief Accountant were Parsis. Not a few Parsis were Assistants, Superintendents and Inspectors in various departments. There was seething discontent amongst the Hindus and the *Times of India* had thrown open its columns to those who came forward with facts and figures establishing nepotism in the departments presided over by Parsis, particularly in the Executive Engineer's department. In these circumstances the idea that the Parsi Secretary should have another Parsi as an understudy was revolting not only to the Hindu members of the Corporation but also to others who naturally did not like to see the Municipal departments converted into a close borough for Parsis.

The Standing Committee of the Corporation in whose gift it was to fill the vacancy referred the applications for the post to a Sub-Committee which commended three candidates in order of merit: (1) a Parsi, myself (2) a Hindu and (3) a Muslim. There was brisk canvassing on communal lines. The Parsi members of the Standing Committee asked me to see influential members of the Committee. I first went to Professor Muller of the Elphinstone College. "What is there in this petty post for you?" he exclaimed. "You are ruining your career. Withdraw your application. I won't vote for you." This was unexpected, but I knew he had my interest at heart.

I went straight to the Municipal Secretary and said I wished to withdraw my candidature. He, however, gave a roseate picture of the prospects and persuaded me not to withdraw at that late stage. I went thereupon to Dr. Bhalchandra Krishna. He repeated Professor Muller's advice. When I referred to the prospects of getting the Secretary's post, he muttered, "Impossible! Impossible!", shrugging his shoulders. I saw then a Muslim member, Dr. Janmuhammad. He was quite frank. "There is not a single Muslim in the office," he said, "and we are

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very anxious to have a Muslim." I agreed and suggested that the reason for the selection of the Muslim candidate should be stated publicly. He smiled and asked, "How can we say that openly?" The fourth and the last member I called upon was Dr. Viegas who was a friend of my brother. "My boy", said he, "You must withdraw your application. I am against the appointment of an outsider when it is open to the Secretary to select for the post any one he likes from the entire municipal staff."

I lost all interest in the appointment. The Sub-Committee's report went to the Standing Committee. Amendments moved in favour of the Hindu and Muslim candidates were thrown out. Having entered the Corporation office, I vainly tried, during the first two or three years, to get out. But I was soon appointed to act as Municipal Secretary and in due course confirmed in that appointment, though not without amazing tactics on the part of the then British Municipal Commissioner and the Accountant-General, who was a member of the Corporation, to oppose the appointment of a Parsi. They along with their satellites had formed a nefarious but victorious caucus to defeat Phirozeshah Mehta, the uncrowned King of the Corporation, at an election by the Justices. Phirozeshah, however, succeeded in having one of the successful candidates declared disqualified, and regained his seat. The two leaders of the caucus frankly declared that they had nothing against me but that they had "information" that, with the help of the previous Parsi Secretary, Phirozeshah used to contrive to thwart the Commissioner. Therein they were completely misled.

My relations with the members of the Corporation and the successive Municipal Commissioners were most cordial and the Government of Bombay did me the honour of appointing me Deputy Municipal Commissioner and then Commissioner, offices reserved ever since 1865 only for the British members of the Indian Civil Service. After reaching the top of the ladder I thought it was time I should retire from Municipal service to devote more time to literary pursuits and the work of various welfare organizations with which I had identified myself. I therefore applied, at the age of 47, for two years furlough preparatory to retirement.

Soon afterwards I was approached by the Managing Director and the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Central Bank of India to join the Bank. I said I had not retired from the Municipality to take up any appointment elsewhere. Besides, I knew nothing of banking. After some time the Chairman renewed the offer, giving me precedents of two I.C.S. officers who had joined banks as managers. Dinsha Wacha, who was a Director of the Bank, suggested that I should accept the offer, in the interests of Indian banking, provided it could be arranged that before I undertook the duties of a bank manager I should go to England to acquire practical knowledge of banking in an English bank. This was agreed to. Thus I drifted to banking business. When I returned from England, my experience of commercial morality was worse than that of public administration. I extricated

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THE MOST ABSORBING STORY EVER TOLD ON THE SCREEN...

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myself from that position within four years. It seemed to-me the world was absolutely out of joint. Everywhere there was deception and corruption, discord and strife. A few months afterwards I was invited by the Finance Member of the Government of India, Sir George Schuster, to be Secretary to the Bombay Provincial Banking Enquiry Committee and thereafter to be Joint Secretary to the Central Banking Enquiry Committee. Here was an opportunity to place my recently acquired knowledge and experience of banking at the disposal of Government in the task of reorganising the banking system of the country. I accepted the offer. But here, too, the pettiness and intrigues of individuals and the communalism and nepotism in the Delhi Secretariat deepened the gloom. If there was an all-wise Creator-Governor of the universe, how could the evil-minded flourish everywhere? I was perilously near the verge of agnosticism. In fact I had been drifting towards it for some time.

As Municipal Secretary, I had to see Sir Phirozeshah Mehta frequently in his chambers. The Secretary to the Bombay Presidency Association was to be seen there invariably, as Phirozeshah was the President of the Association. He had made it a mission of his life to make the rising generation rationalists and to demolish the beliefs and speculations fostered by the old time religion of emotion, forms and dogma. He used to place in my hands books coming out from the Rationalist Press. My study of Islamic mysticism was still a source of inspiration to me, but the rationalists had

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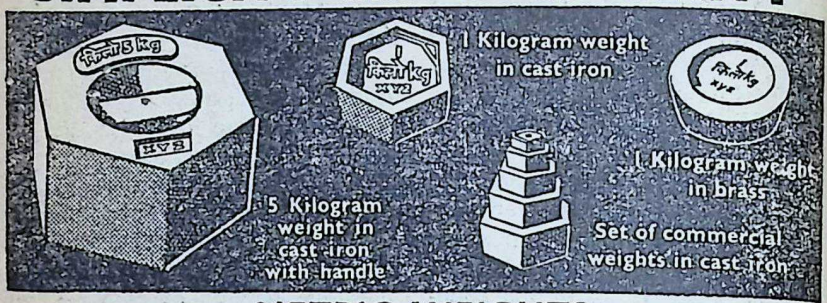

METRIC WEIGHTS
Conversion Table

KILOGRAM TO SEER

KILOGRAMS	MAUNDS	SEERS	TOLAS (to nearest tola)
1	—	1	6
2	—	2	11
5	—	5	29
10	—	10	57
20	—	21	35
50	1	13	47
1 QUINTAL (100 kg)	2	27	—

KILOGRAM TO LB.

KILOGRAMS	LB.	OZ.
1	2	3
2	4	7
5	11	0
10	22	1
20	44	1
50	110	4
1 QUINTAL (100 kg)	220	7

1 KILOGRAM = 1,000 GRAMS

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provided an antidote to metaphysical speculations so that on the whole my outlook on life remained gloomy and pessimistic until I turned to the works of recognised authors on human evolution and found that, despite the depressing lessons learnt from life concerning man's destiny, the teaching of religion and mystic philosophy could be reconciled with that of evolution.

The first vital lesson learnt from the story of evolution was that man was still in his infancy. In the words of the poet, he was merely an infant crying in the night, an infant crying for the light and with no language but a cry. In his life of about five hundred thousand years upon this earth the story of his intellectual and cultural progress barely covered ten thousand years. The animal in him therefore continued to get the better of him. The pendulum of progress during centuries was swinging backward and forward. There were, however, clear indications that in the course of social evolution man's anti-social instincts and tendencies and inhuman strife, intolerance and anarchy were gradually being eliminated and that humanity was advancing though slowly, towards the goal of human unity.

There appeared to be hope also in the evolution of religion and the religion of evolution. It had brought about slow and silent but radical changes in the attitude of followers of various faiths concerning problems of human relationship. In the past religion dealt, to a large extent, with the individual in his relations to the Creator of the Universe and his fellowmen. Its chief concern was the salvation of the individual soul. The religion of the future pointed to the salvation of human society. One could, therefore, look forward to a better association of individuals, to a rational organization of society in which poverty, disease, misery and anguish of the soul could be effectively diminished, the Sarvodaya Society of Gandhiji's and Vinobaji's dream. The League of Nations launched years ago its programme for the furtherance of this end. After it the United Nations Organization bent its energy on the evolution of the ideal order of society. What reverses it has sustained and is now sustaining is common knowledge. What is now happening in Congo is indeed a very tragic illustration of the imperfections of human society. The world to-day is more disordered than ever before, but the lesson life has taught me, despite such reverses, is:

"Go on growing intellectually and morally, and advance, steadfast in your faith in the destiny of man, towards the goal of creation, the Ascent of Man!"

As no true work since the world began was ever wasted, so no true life since the world began has ever failed.

—Emerson

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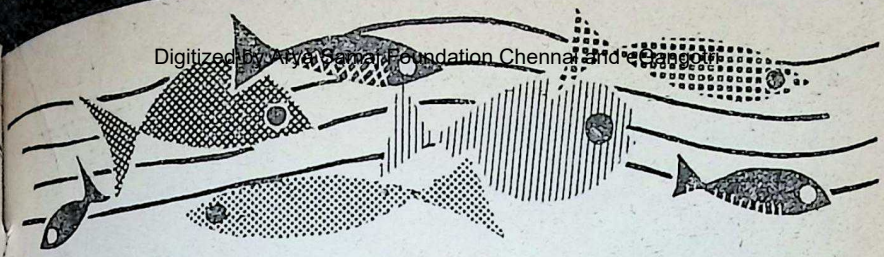

The Fish in Indian Lore

M. V. SRIDATTA SARMA

EVER since the dawn of civilisation, man has been closely associated with the fish, which answered part of his food problem. It served as a motif to the potter of the pre-historic times, who sketched out diagrams of the net as also the various types of fish on his wares, as is disclosed from the finds of ancient pre-historic sites like the Harappa and Mohenjo Daro, explored by scholars during the last three or four decades.

Ancient Indian literature, mythology and works of art are replete with interesting stories and anecdotes connected with the fish.

We have the story of the deluge during the reign of the seventh patriarch and law-giver of mankind, Manu (Vaivaswata), when an involution was caused by Brahma. A fiend Hayagriva had purloined the Vedas. The whole world, which was corrupt was swept away by a flood when all living beings with the exception of the pious Manu and the seven sages perished.

According to the account given in *Srimad Bhagavata* (VIII, 24), Vishnu in his first incarnation assumed the form of a tiny fish (Saphari) and approached the pious sage Satyavrata for rescue, who in turn placed it in a pitcher. This form gradually developed, when it was transferred into different storages of water in conformity with its size. Finally, when it was placed in the ocean, it assumed a huge golden form with a snout nine million miles long. The Lord foretold the sage-prince of the coming deluge within a week and directed him to prepare with every kind of seed, as also species of animal, with a view to prevent extinction. An ark was sent in which the sage placed the specimens. Accommodation was provided to the sages also. Manu fastened the horn of the huge fish to the ark with a mighty snake. In his sportive mood (*leela*), Vishnu in the fish form initiated the sage in the secret knowledge of the soul.

By His grace, the sage was elevated to the position of the Law-giver for an aeon. This story is hinted by Jayadeva also in his *Gita Govinda*.

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FESTIVE OCCASIONS

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Similar accounts appear in the *Agni* and *Matsya Puranas* as also in the *Mahabharata*.

In literature, the fish is classed among the righteous persons who bear no ill-will to others.* In the *Matsya Purana* it is laid down that whenever a lake or water reservoir is newly constructed and thrown open for the use of the community at large, aquatic creatures like the fish and the turtle should be placed in them (Ch. 59), so much so that the purity of water is always maintained.

The fish and the water, which serve as antecedents and concurrents on one another in the chain of cause and effect, are taken as examples of inter-dependence (*Pravartate yatha te tu yatha matsyodakavubhau*). One is the substratum of the other. Like the different forms sprung out of intelligence, in accordance with their inherent *gunas*, they act and react on one another.

According to *Samkara Samhita* the six sons of the sage Parasara (Vyasa's brothers), who were demented, indulged in undue teasing of the fish near a pond, by tying them with the end of a thread, the other end being held between the rows of teeth. Eventually Parasara inflicted on them a curse by which they were transformed into fish! Later Parvati removed the spell, while she was suckling Kumara. A few drops of the milk fell into water. The sons of the sage in fish form drank the water, when immediately they regained their human form.

The import of the story seems to be that by indiscriminate removal of fish from water storages, the purity of water would be put in jeopardy.

The life led by the fish is attractive. There is an interesting story in *Vishnu Purana* of a sage by name Saubhari. He practised penance under the waters for twelve years. He witnessed the growth of the family of a king-fish by name Sammata with innumerable children which surrounded and moved close to him underneath the waters. Being fascinated by that life, he went to King Mandhata and gave expression to a desire for marrying and leading the life of a householder. The King's daughters agreed to be his copartners in life, with the result that the number of his dependents (sons, daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, grand-and great-grand children) increased in no time. The sage later reflected while in a state of dispassion thus: "While sitting in meditation in the waters, this detraction from penance was caused by my association with the fish. There developed in me feelings of affection towards children. I have been completely bewildered!"

In the discourse relating to the path of splendour, Krishna says, "Among the fish, I am the shark" (*Jhasanam makarascasmi*).

In iconography, Vishnu is depicted as wearing ear-rings resembling in shape the shark (*Makarakundala*).

The image of Vishnu in the fish incarnation is described in semi-human form. The portion above the waist is

* *Mrgameenasajjanam trnajala santosha vihitavrttinam.*—Bhartrhari's *Niti Sataka.*

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human, while the lower part represents the tail of the fish.

In works of art, sea nymphs are also depicted in this form.

The eyes of the fish serve as specimens of beauty. Thus, Parvati is described as Meenakshi* (the one whose eyes resemble those of the fish).

The Pandya rulers of Madura had for their emblem the fish. Their coins bear the figure of fish, perhaps to denote Meenakshi, their tutelary deity. In some of the coins of the rulers of Vijayanagar (provincial types) are to be seen the figures of the fish as also the image of Vishnu in his fish incarnation.

The twelfth sign of the zodiac is indicated by the Pisces.

The fresco paintings in the rock cut cave temples at Sittannavasal (Pudukottah) exhibit the figures of fish moving in a pond.

Yaska in his *Nirukta* gives the etymological import of the term *Matsya*, thereby giving a hint to the life led by the fish which move in water and take delight in devouring one another. The maxim of the fish (*matsya nyaya*) is suggestive of the term. (*matsya madha udake syandante, madyante, anyonyam bhaksanayeti va*).

In *Naisadhiya* (canto, 11-10), a passing reference is made of these creatures, which devour their own kith and kin like the fish (*Abala swakulasino jhasan*). The *timi* is a kind of fish or whale of enormous size. This is devoured by another whale, Timingila, which in turn is swallowed by a shark (*Timingila gilo apyasti tadgilo apyasti raghava*). In a sense, this depicts the chain of destruction also.

In the Vanaparva of the *Mahabharata,* there is an anecdote according to which a small fish seeks refuge under Manu and says thus: "Oh, Lord, a tiny creature like me (weakling) is always afflicted with fear at the hands of oppressors viz. the strong members of my race. As such, oh pious man, you are competent to safeguard my interests against their attacks. The strong oppress the feeble and particularly among the fish class, it is so. It is their tendency—or as if it were an eternal law by which they devour the weaklings."

There is a story in the *Taittiriya Samhita* (kanda II), according to which the god of fire was assisted by his two brothers in carrying the offerings to gods during Vedic sacrifices. Due to the heavy responsibilities which devolved on them, they became weaklings and succumbed to death. The god of fire apprehended that he would meet with the same end by carrying the oblations single-handed. He was forced to hide himself under the waters. When the gods pursued him, the fish divulged the secret in their presence. The result was that Agni inflicted on them a curse thus: "Oh, ye, fish folk! In view of your having disclosed my secret in the presence of the gods, let the catchers set their nets on ye, with the express object of des-

* The legend is that the mother-fish rears her young ones by merely looking at them. Even so the Mother Goddess's mere look will bless us mortals. This is one more interpretation of describing the eyes as looking like the fish—Ed.

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troying without any consideration of time."

According to the *Samkara Samhita,* the Titan Surapadma, who seized power from the celestials ordained that they should procure for him the different species of fish for his dinner daily. Indra gave directions to Varuna to see that the fish were brought to the Titan's kitchen. The Sun dried up the water beds, while Yama snatched away their lives.

A fiend by name Hiranya with a view to escape from the attacks of Virabahu, a deputy of Skanda, is stated to have remained underneath the waters, assuming the form of a fish. Timidhwaja is another demon, who was vanquished by Indra with the assistance of Dasaratha. In *Ganesa Purana,* Gajanan is stated to have vanquished the shark demon Matsyasura.

In *Halasya Mahatmya,* a special chapter is devoted to the study of precious stones. While describing the special varieties of pearls, the author makes mention of those which take shape from out of the heads of fish, resembling in colour the trumpet-flower (*Sankhe matsya sirodese meghe kanthena ta bhruvam.... Tattu matsya sirojatam patali puspa sannibham*).

The Matsya Kingdom is mentioned in Puranas. This is Viraṭa kingdom. It is said that this territory was entered by the Pandavas from the bank of the Jumna through the land of the Rohitakas and Surasenas (towards the north of Dasarna). The capital of Virata was Vairata and it is identified with Bairat, forty miles north of Jaipur. According to *Manu Smriti* the Matsya Kingdom formed part of Brahmarshidesa.

The Panchalas had placed the Matsya-yantra in connection with the Swayamvara of Draupadi. The target consisted of a fish, which had been tied up to the top of a pole, which in turn had been placed in an oily plate. The archer had to exhibit his skill by directing the shafts from below viewing its shadow on the oil.

The fish is proverbial for its unclosed eyes; (*animilita lochana*) and even during sleep, its eyes remain unclosed. Yudhishtira makes mention of this feature in answer to one of the riddles put forth by the Yaksha.

The *Brihadaranyaka Upanishad* contains a passage, which refers to this feature: "As a great fish goes along both banks of a river, thither and farther, just so this person (the *Jiva*) goes along both these conditions—the condition of sleeping and the condition of waking." The fish is here compared to the *jiva* or individual soul who moves along the two states of sleep and waking. The movement of the *jiva* is thus rendered analogous to that of the fish.

An optimist sees an opportunity in every difficulty; a pessimist sees a difficulty in every opportunity.

—Anon

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

861

Sri N. Pandu Rangaiah, Wanaparthy P.O. Mahbubnagar Dist.

Q: *Is the practice of Yogic asanas like Sirshasana and Sarvangasana etc. suitable to married people?*

A: I think they are all suitable if the constitution and health of the practitioner does not come in the way.

862

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: *What is God and why is God?*

A: God is all pervading Reality, Consciousness and Bliss. Begin by praying and you will know the 'how' of It.

863

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

Q: *Are the Hindus a nation? If not, how?*

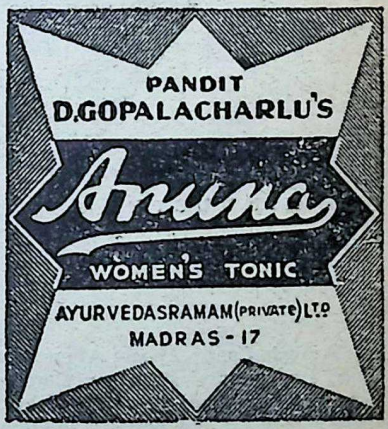
A: Nation means an aggregate of people living in a common land who, through tradition, will, and action, have a collective consciousness in relation to the land. Hindus are a religious aggregate, not a political one, and therefore not a nation in the modern sense of the word.

864

Sri T. R. Shama Bhat, Mangalore.

Q: *Our Scriptures declare 'go brahmanebyah subhamastu nityam'. Why this special mention of cows and Brahmins arose when the next stanza calls for blessings on all beings equally* (loka samasta sukhino bhavantu)?

A: The cow is the mother of plenty, and the teacher and man of learning shape the spirit of men in the community. Both are entitled to first place in all welfare schemes.



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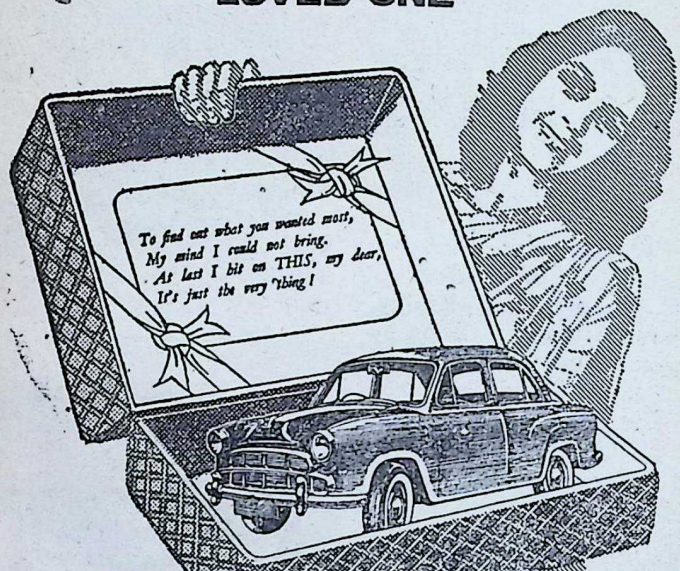

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Our Fortnightly Profile—148

Premier Keith J. Holyoake

NEW ZEALAND has the distinction of having been ruled by a Labour Government for seventeen years out of the twenty-five years of Democratic Rule in that country. Perhaps because of the smallness of the country and the compactness of the populated areas, the Labour Government had almost succeeded in setting up a womb-to-tomb socialist programme that provided baby bonuses, housing allowances and tax-paid medical care. The result of this programme has ensured full employment and no poverty, but there is little wealth in that country.

During these years, enjoying the benefits of the Welfare State, New Zealanders have been so cosseted that they became almost soporific. But as the socialist programme expanded, and the controls and restrictions on trade became stricter, the people began to feel that the cost of welfare benefits rose exorbitantly and that their freedom of initiative and enterprise was being slowly but steadily curtailed as was evident from the fact that nearly 25% of the labour force in the country was on Government payroll and nearly 50% of the population received some sort of Government pension.

The feelings of the people were reflected in the 1957 elections when the Labour Party slipped into power on a 2 vote majority and that too on the slogan of "reduced tax and tax rebates". But once in power, the Labour Government imposed fresh taxes on tobacco and petrol to meet the balance of payments. And the duty and restrictions on imports were such that the New Zealander had to pay 137% duty on U.S. cars. Above all this, the small farmers resented stricter and constant supervision of their title by the Government. This more than anything else tilted the scale against the Labour Party in the 1960 elections and the people voted to power the Conservatives led by the Rt. Hon. Keith Jacka

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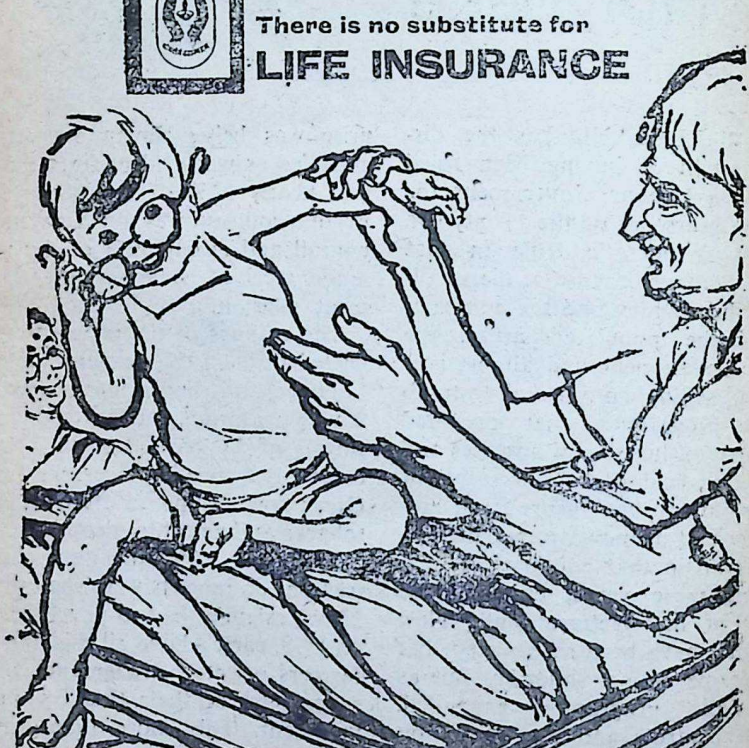

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Holyoake, with a ten-vote majority in the 80 seat one-chamber Parliament.

Keith Holyoake who led the National Party (Conservatives) to power is the New Premier, who has 28 years of parliamentary tradition and seven years of ministerial experience.

When the National Party held power between 1949-57 Keith Holyoake was Deputy Prime Minister, and for a short time at the close of 1957 succeeded Mr. Sidney Holland as Prime Minister of New Zealand.

Mr. Holyoake is by temperament and training essentially a conciliator rather than an innovator, and there is the general belief that during his tenure of office, he will, while retaining most of the welfare programmes, call a halt to further nationalisation in an effort to stimulate private enterprise So that, besides being a Welfare State, New Zealand should strive to become a wealthy State.

Holyoake was born on 11th February, 1904, at Mangamutu in the Pahiatua district. Jacka is a family name, and Mr. Holyoake is related to the Jacka family which produced the famous Australian V.C. of the first World War. His family had been engaged in farming at Riwaka from the days of their first settling in New Zealand, but his father's health had caused him to seek lighter employment, and at the time of Keith's birth his parents were running a small general store. Later Mr. Holyoake senior returned to agriculture, and farmed a small dairy-farm in the Tauranga district before returning to the old family home at Riwaka.

Keith Holyoake, one of a family of seven, was obliged to leave school at the age of twelve to work on the Riwaka farm. He helped to grow the principal crops of the neighbourhood, tobacco, hops and fruit, and to run a few dairy cows, and while still a boy in his teens was entrusted with much of the business management of the farm, hiring harvest hands, and so forth. He contrived at the same time to supplement his education, with the help of his mother, a former school teacher, and by means of correspondence courses which included a study of philosophy.

His father died in 1932, but the family farm was run by two of Mr. Holyoake's brothers. He himself later on took to sheep and cattle farming in hill country near Dannevirke.

He first stood for Parliament for the Motueka seat in the 1931 election, lost by 517 votes, and the following year won the seat in a three-cornered contest. As a Parliamentarian he got off to a flying start with an energetic maiden speech in defence of the tobacco-growers' industry. He has maintained and developed the reputation of a fluent and compelling speaker, who has always received the close attention of the House.

Between 1949-57 he was Minister of Agriculture—a portfolio which despite the fact that it was held by various earlier Prime Ministers at some time in their career, had latterly come to be regarded as a suicide post in New Zealand. Mr. Holyoake made an outstanding success of his tenure of that office. He achieved a big increase in farm production, and was responsible for important negotiations with U.K., which secured higher prices for New

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Zealand exports.

He has represented New Zealand on various international conferences. In 1946 he was one of his country's representatives at the joint conference, in Bermuda, of the Commonwealth and United States Parliamentary Associations. Ten years later he led the New Zealand delegation at the conference of the Colombo Powers in Wellington.

His popularity with the farmers in his own country has been based not only on his successes in trade talks overseas, but on the fact that he is himself a progressive farmer of high standing in the agricultural population. He has been President of the Nelson branch of the Farmers' Union and for ten years a member of the Union's national executive and has been associated with a number of other agricultural organisations.

He married, in 1935, Miss Norma Ingram; they have two sons and three daughters. He is a keen sportsman, who played club Rugby football both before and after becoming a Member of Parliament. He was President of the Golden Bay Rugby Union from 1930 to 1933, and is a former vice-president of the New Zealand Rugby Union. Nowadays his favourite recreations are tennis and gardening.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

—Thomas Carlyle

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[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES VI

Sri N. K. Krishnan, Madras.

1. *She is in every clime and country,*
She is the craving of many, but possessed by a few.
She stirs the senses, but she is not a disease,
She blooms and fades, but she is not a flower.
She has caused enough blood to shed,
Yet she is adored by all.
Who is she?

★

Sri N. Thothathri, Madras.

2. *If you disturb me, I show my hood, but I am not a cobra.*
I have inside me staff, but I am not an office-room.
If you see me with females, I look hornless; but I am not an animal.
My complexion is black, but in the company of damsels, I at times change colours.
Who am I?

★

Sri P. V. Sastry, New Delhi.

3. *I come from forest, but I am not a wild animal,*
I go to all places, but I am not a nomad.
I serve all, but I am not a servant.
I assume all shapes and colours, but I am not a politician.
Who am I?

★

Sri A. K. Sethuraman, New Delhi.

4. *I have no shape,*
I am yellow when calm, but red when fierce;
I never grudge but eat everything that comes within reach,
I serve the living as well as the dead,
But people dread to touch me.
Who am I?

★

Sri P. Thiruvengadam, Cuddalore.

5. *There are many leaves, but no branches,*
There is a flower, but it has no smell,
There are fruits, but no seeds,
There is a trunk, but not of wood,
There are calves, but no cow.
What is it?

RIDDLES Answers to Series V

(1) Tortoise (2) Mosquito (3) Snakehillock (4) Mind.

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K. M. MUNSHI'S
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Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

Who's Who in the Story

RADHARAMAN DALAL :—A leading Barrister of Bombay, thoroughly westernised, a truant husband.
SHEELA :—Educated, cultured, idealistic wife of Radharaman.
MAJIBA :—Widow of Kunwar Saheb, a cousin of the Maharaja of Manigadh.
UDAY SOLANKI :—Majiba's son, educated in England, a Barrister working with Radharaman.
RAJBA :—Sister of Uday Solanki.
POET MATTAMAYUR :—A well-known poet of Gujarat, an orthodox personality for whom poetry was a jugglery of words.
VIDWAN KALIDAS :—Editor of *Sanatan Yug*, an organ of orthodoxy.
SAMAR SINH :—The Prince of Premkot.
HANSKUNVERBA :—Widow of Maharaja of Manigadh.
BECKY :—One of the Eurasian ladies.

Uday concentrated more and more on his professional work undeterred by Radharaman's discouraging attitude. Alice, his wife, ultimately returned to England and wrote to Uday seeking divorce from him.

Knowing Samar Sinh's character well, Rajba decided not to marry him. She became almost hysterical. In order to have mental peace, Majiba and Rajba went on a pilgrimage. Now they were at Pondicherry seeking blessings and advice from Sri Aurobindo.

Meanwhile Uday went to Matheran and there met Poet Mattamayur and spent a few days in his company. They discussed *Tapasvini*, a novel, written by Piyush. Mattamayur thought that *Tapasvini* was just pornography and he asked his friend Vidwan Kalidas to condemn the book in the columns of his journal. Vidwan Kalidas found *Tapasvini*, though not to his taste, full of life and well-written, recalling memories of his youth.

When Radharaman and Sheela went to Matheran, Uday joined them and the three had a very happy time there.

Hanskunverba was getting tired of life in Manigadh, and she had planned to join Samar Sinh at Premkot. Under the guise of going on a pilgrimage she went to Premkot and was housed in Vihar Bhavan. There she as well as Samar Sinh found happiness in each other's company.

On New Year's Day, Samar Sinh went to Matheran to meet and consult Radharaman. With the coming of Samar Sinh troubles started. While Radharaman, Uday and Sheela were standing outside the railway station, two Eurasian ladies emerged from the railway station. They came close to where Radharaman and party stood and waited for a *rikshaw*. Sheela noticed the fleeting glances exchanged between the Eurasian ladies and Radharaman. That suddenly roused her suspicion and she became sad.

Samar Sinh came out of the platform and greeted Radharaman, Sheela and Uday. He told Radharaman to meet him at Pestonji Villa as he had to consult him on important matters. He also invited Uday to meet him there.

While Radharaman and Samar Sinh discussed matters of importance at Pestonji Villa, Sheela remained at her residence considerably worried about her husband. Now Uday who had nothing more to do with Samar Sinh, returned to keep Sheela's company and tried to console her as best as he could.

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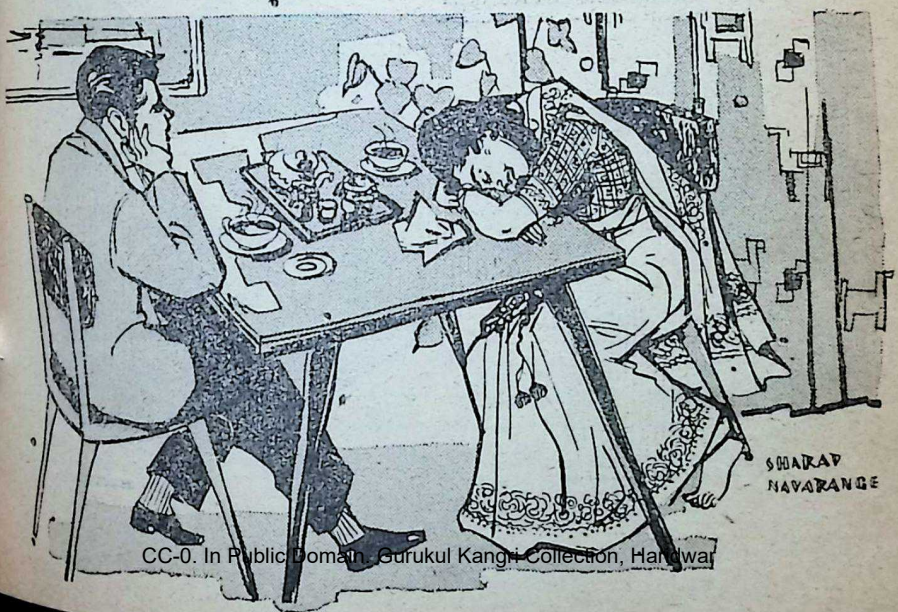
39. Emotional Outburst

UDAY spent a restless night. Various pictures were conjured up in his imagination: a 17-year-old girl, striving valiantly to become an ideal Hindu wife; then gradually finding her efforts frustrated, finding it impossible to maintain her self-respect, despairing of success when grown into a young woman, helpless and distraught, trying to hide her feeling of disgust towards her husband. What a shame that such should be the fate of such a fine, gentle, affectionate and cultured woman! What could he do to help her? How could he intervene and bring about a reconciliation between her and Radharaman? Or could he stand by her side and protect her from further affronts? Impossible.

Uday got out of his bed in the morning with a fearful headache. He felt slightly feverish also. Nevertheless he got ready to go to the station to bid goodbye to Radharaman and Sheela, who were due to leave that morning for Bombay.

As he was going out of the hotel he saw Kaviraj, and greeted him with a 'good morning.' Kaviraj did not even take the trouble of looking up but responded with a vague sound which with charity could be interpreted as an acknowledgment of his greeting. Uday guessed correctly that Mattamayur was very angry with him because he had deserted him and gone to stay with Radharaman.

When he arrived at the station he found His Highness and Radharaman standing in front of His Highness' special carriage. He wished them 'good morning'. He was however surprised not to find Sheela anywhere at the station. Fortunately Radharaman did not leave him in doubt for long.



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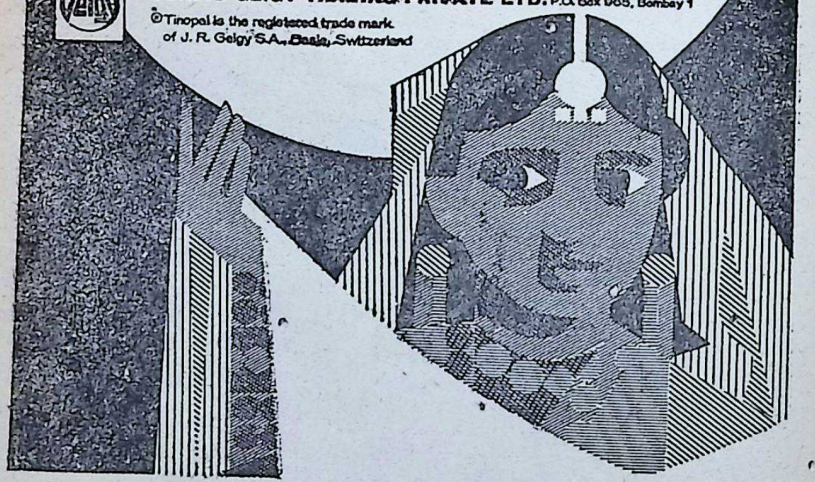

SISTA'S-SG-12A

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He took him aside and told him that Sheela had felt unwell since the previous evening, and had not been able to wake up early to go with them.

"Will you please go and tell her to follow us as soon as she felt better? Invitations have already been sent out and without Sheela it will be difficult to get everything ready for the party. As you know, the Governor is expected to attend it."

Uday was very upset and it was with some difficulty that he could bring himself to say that he would do as Radharaman desired. Fortunately for him, the train started moving out of the station almost immediately. Uday shook hands with His Highness and Radharaman. As he stood watching the coaches of the train go past, he saw in one of the first-class compartments the two Eurasian girls. The very sight made him furious. He felt he must immediately go to Sheela, and see if there was anything he could do to console her.

When he reached the bungalow, to his surprise, he found Sheela already up and doing; she was having her tea. She greeted him smilingly and with warmth appropriate to a much older friendship than theirs, asked him if he would have tea. And then without waiting for a reply she asked the servant to bring more tea.

Uday was surprised and delighted at the warmth of the welcome shown him and also at finding Sheela obviously in good spirits. Nevertheless he inquired: "How are you? Radharaman told me that you were not feeling very well."

"There is nothing the matter with me."

"When will you be going to Bombay?"

"I? Go to Bombay? What for? I wish to move immediately to your hotel," replied Sheela in a very determined voice.

"At the Parvatashram?"

"Yes. At the Parvatashram."

Uday could not help staring at Sheela, so surprised and shocked was he.

"Yes, with you," added Sheela. "If you do not like my company, it is a different matter."

"But Radharaman is anxious that you should go immediately to Bombay."

Sheela leaned backwards as if to sit more comfortably and went on sipping her tea as though she had not heard him.

After a while she remarked: "I shall have nothing whatever to do with your Radharaman. India will no doubt achieve her freedom some day: but so far as I am concerned I have achieved my freedom today."

"What exactly do you mean?" asked Uday, not quite able to follow what Sheela was driving at. "How can you talk like this? Do you realise what you are saying? Have you considered the consequences?"

"I do not care. I am prepared to face the worst."

"But what is the reason for coming to such a decision?"

For a moment Sheela looked at him and then in a composed and soft voice, said: "Uday, listen to me. Yesterday you saw something of my mental agony. Now please listen to what I have to tell, quietly. I am unhappy, but I do not ask for your sympathy.

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If I could speak out freely and frankly to someone about what I feel, I will feel relieved. I have reached a stage at which if I do not do so, I shall die. Let me assure you that I do not want you to do anything for me. Even if you say that I am being unfair to Radharaman, I shall not mind. You are after all his pupil and it will make no difference to me if you are biassed in his favour."

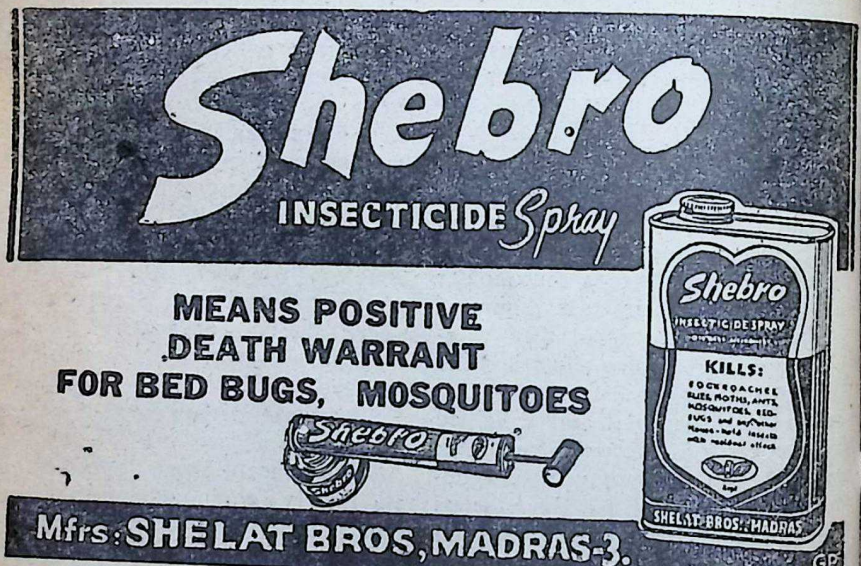
"Sheelaben, why are you talking in this strain? All I would beg of you is to treat me as your friend."

Sheela bit her lips, rather being impatient. "I shall be grateful if you will continue to be my friend, though I shall not blame you if you decide otherwise. But first of all, please, listen to me. Let me relieve my mind of the crushing burden it can no longer bear, and then by all means, you can forget whatever you have heard me say."

"Sheelaben, this is how you judge me after all this time," remarked Uday. "I realise the intensity of your suffering. By all means, tell me unhesitatingly whatever you wish to say. I am ready to listen. I know that I have no right to be your friend, but I shall consider it my great good fortune, if you give me the right to serve you."

"Well, then listen. Last night I spent weeping, and as I wept I thought. I had only very recently finished reading your book. Let me remind you of the words you put in the mouth of your 'Tapasvini'."

Sheela picked up the book which



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was lying by her side, and opening it at a marked page, started reading from it.

"'Acharya Dev, I have listened attentively to what you have said. Now you must listen to me. Do you think that I am getting ready to commit a sin and to fall irretrievably from grace, from the life of austerity which I have been leading for so many years? Forgive me if you think I am discourteous, but if that is what you think, you are wrong. It is only now that I shall be beginning my real *tapascharya*.

"'For twelve long years I have studied at your feet and under your guidance. By your grace, I have acquired some knowledge. It is you who ordained me as a Sanyasini. I have done everything I was asked to do, to say, to practise self-control and everything else that is proper for a Tapasvini to do. I did it all because it seemed to me that I was realising myself. Not for a moment did I deviate from the path laid down for me. Not a single pledge have I broken. You know, as the whole world knows, that mine has been a life of genuine devotion. And now, too, that is so, though in a different sense. The whole of my body vibrates to the name of the poet. There is not a moment when I do not long to be in his company. His image comes vividly before me the moment I think of him. I am anxious to forget myself in him and in such forgetfulness I am sure I will feel that I shall fully realise myself.

"'Acharya Dev, you may think that all this is nothing but passion and emotion. I do not seek to satisfy any physical urge. Indeed I only desire that all such urges should remain unfulfilled. I do not know if the poet longs to satisfy his passionate yearnings. He may ignore me. He may turn me away on to the streets. He may discard me completely. You may, if you so choose, wish that I may experience the worst consequences that your imagination can conjure up. The ruler may likewise, if that is his wish, banish me or even kill me. I am prepared to face everything, but what I am not prepared to do is to give up that longing for the poet.

"'I would like to die, longing for my Poet. I would like to acquire this readiness to die for him; that is, stern *tapascharya* I would practise. If I do not seek self-realisation in this way, then, I will be no different from those who serve at the altar of untruth, who are disloyal, who have no faith, and who pretend to lead a pure life. But I would like to be a Tapasvini free to be such as has been never seen before.'"

Sheela read these passages in a voice, full of emotion, and with an understanding. She placed due emphasis wherever a word or a sentence needed it. When she stopped reading, there was complete silence for a time. Uday was deeply moved by the way in which Sheela had read out what he had written, in a manner which did its significance full justice. Without quite realising what he was doing, he stared at Sheela's face, almost as if he was offering worship to some goddess, until she blushed. Soon however he became conscious of his rudeness, shook his head, and asked himself: "Where has disappeared the wo-

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man whose self-respect was so deeply wounded and who was so bitterly unhappy? Was this the same woman, who stood in front of him, the very prototype of Tapasvini, so composed, so grave, so single-minded in her devotion?"

"Listen. Even if you think that I am talking foolishly, please listen. Bear in mind also, however, that my mind is made up and that I shall not change it. I must warn you before I begin." Sheela firmly brought her lips together, as she finished speaking.

"I am all attention."

Sheela did not look Uday in the face but fixed her eyes upon the ground in front of her and began speaking very softly. "The story goes back many years now. I saw Radharaman for the first time, when I accompanied my mother to his chamber. I heard then for the first time his attractive and persuasive voice. I had already been deeply attracted by the stories of his wonderful achievements at the Bar and my mother had also been incessantly singing his praises."

Sheela stopped for a moment before resuming her story.

"I was then seventeen years old and my tender and immature mind was completely overwhelmed by his charm. We married soon afterwards. I did all I possibly could to be worthy of being the wife of such a fine husband and to preside over a household such as his. It seemed to me that like your Tapasvini I would be realising myself by winning over completely the affections of my husband."

Again for a moment Sheela remained silent before proceeding further.

"I was so proud of my husband that I almost lost my sense of proporti
There was nothing that I would n
do to please him, I was intoxicate
with arrogance at *his* achievemen
and I was completely happy. I h
realised even then that while he w
all in all to me, I was only a deco
tive wife, to add to his importan
But I was not unhappy on that
count. I had a fine house to live i
there was plenty of money and I h
a husband who was honoured
everybody. All my devoted effo
were designed to keep him happy.
my thoughts, day and night, were co
centrated on efforts to see that
was happy and that all his wishes w
fulfilled."

Then, after a pause, she resume

"Gradually I became aware of
incredible egoism. I discovered th
so far as he was concerned, I wa
nothing more than the means of sat
fying his lust. All the same I f
confident that I had won him and h
made him mine. As, however, I ga
ered more experience, I became co
scious of things which I had comp
tely overlooked at the beginning. I s
that if his egoism was offended,
would never forgive the offender. A
how was it possible to keep such
self-opinionated person happy a
contented, particularly when one h
to spend all one's time in his co
pany? Nevertheless, I forced mys
to do precisely that. I kept a smilin
face as I listened to his vainglorio
talk. I became an expert at hiding
own feelings, which were being c
tinuously trodden upon by his cr
and vulgar conduct. He was so v
and so selfish that he thought no
ing of how deeply and how often

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hurt my self-respect. And then....
and then...."

At this stage Sheela's face grew red with indignation and shame.

"I discovered that no self-respecting, cultured woman could satisfy his passion. His sexual hunger was insatiable. For its satisfaction, he went everywhere: nothing was too low, too soiled, too tawdry for him."

For quite sometime, Sheela stared silently at her feet and then continued her narrative further in a voice which she could scarcely control but which was now full of sadness: "I was a fool; I could not understand why he should leave me,—I who worshipped him—and go after all sorts of vulgar women. I could see, however, that after a time he always got tired of all that were decent and refined. He found it impossible to cut adrift of the companions of his bachelor days, and naturally many of his feminine companions stuck to him like leeches. I, for my part, could not get him out of my mind even for a minute. I suffered agonies. I knew that many a good wife put up with such conduct on the part of her husband. Alas! I was made differently. Very soon I was so disgusted at his promiscuous conduct that I could not bear his touch. If he touched me I would imagine that those friends of his polluted my body. I would tremble all over at the mere thought of my husband's friends. I went through a truly terrible time. I did my best to excercise control over myself. I thought of every possible way of weaning him away from his evil ways. Alas! All my efforts were and have been in vain.... Yesterday was the last straw that had broken the camel's back."

Sheela's voice broke as she sobbed

Photograph taken on the occasion of the Tea Party given to Sri R. M. Dave, Sheriff of Madras, by Sri S. Ho Shedat of Shalat Bros., Madras. Sri I. Ishaq Dadha presided.

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aloud. She remained silent for a while. Then she wiped her tears and, acquiring some composure, resumed her story. "Yesterday my eyes were opened. Your Tapasvini has at last shown me what I should do. She has made me realise that it is useless to live unless one is able to realise oneself. I found that I was destroying my soul in my effort to keep up appearances by continuing a relationship of this nature. Whatever happens, life must go on as it has always gone on. It is only I who am tired and am forced to give up my efforts to keep my head above water. But what does it matter to him whether I gave up my efforts at realising myself or not? Now it does matter even to me.

"Yesterday, a new light dawned upon me because of Tapasvini's remarks: Life is big and expansive. It is beyond and above the relationship of a husband and a wife. Although I feel defeated, I have not lost all hopes or the will to live. Why should I drown my aspirations and my zest for life in a sea of tears? Ganapatishastri gave up everything: he suffered all manner of things; but he never allowed himself to give up things in despair. I saw Gandhiji in Bardoli. I saw him wind up the entire course of his life up to that particular moment, but he kept alive his attitude of hopefulness.

"Yesterday my self-imposed task of providing Radharaman a means of satisfying his pleasure came to an end. The slave who was Sheela died. No longer would it be necessary for him to provide her either with ornaments, or with clothes or with anything else."

The tone in which Sheela uttered these words were full of bitterness.

For quite sometime Uday was not able to utter even one word. Sheela suddenly broke into laughter: "Well, if all this makes you feel contemptible for me, I cannot help it. I do not wish to be like the heroine in Ibson's *Doll's House*. I have decided to set out in search of the best way in which I could find myself. And the first step upon which I have decided is not to touch one single penny of his. Only then I am able to honour this one pledge of mine, will I feel that my dignity, my self-respect, is on the way to being restored.... I do not propose to remain a slave any longer."

Again she laughed aloud as she continued: "Why are you gaping at me? You look as if you have received a shock. Are you asking yourself which is the real Uday, the author of *Tapasvini* or the disciple of Radharaman? Uday, Radharaman is your teacher. On him depends your worldly prosperity. Forget everything that I have told you." Sheela concluded and looked towards Uday reproachfully.

"I am, of course, as a barrister-at-law, his pupil just as you are his wife," remarked Uday somewhat irritated. "I am also a poet as you are a Tapasvini."

Uday realised that he had said rather more than he had intended to. But what he had said seemed to have delighted Sheela, for her eyes lit up with joy. She asked Uday teasingly: "What if both come to the kind of end to which you brought your hero and heroine?"

"Well, then, like the poet, I shall

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go to the God of Death, singing with joy."

"But suppose the Tapasvini finds herself unable to make the ultimate sacrifice, would not your sacrifice have been in vain?"

"The nightingale sings for its own joy. It is a matter of indifference to the nightingale whether the tender blossoms of Spring listen to it or not."

Sheela stood up immediately as if finally to control all her thoughts. She said in a serious tone: "At the moment there is neither Spring nor does the nightingale want to sing. The immediate thing is that I am hungry and feel like tasting Parvatashram food. Please go and arrange to have a room ready for me. I shall come there within a couple of hours."

Uday for a moment felt that he would like to shake hands with Sheela. But he realised that she was after all a well brought up Hindu woman and might misunderstand his gesture. He did not want to spoil the friendly relationship that had only just been established between them by the slightest physical contact.

Uday realised that Sheela was no longer in a mood to talk and so he took leave of her. On the way to his hotel, he kept turning over in his mind all that had happened but he found that he was moved so deeply by emotions that he could neither think clearly nor work out how all this was going to affect the future. On one point, however, he had no doubt: the poet had found the Tapasvini; it did not matter what else the future had in store for him.

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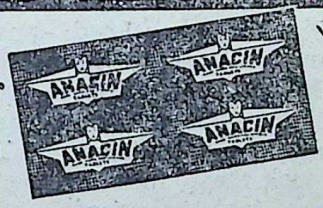

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Bhojarajeeyam—33

The Brahmin's Wife On Test

AFTER the departure of her husband to Kashi, the young brahmin's wife became all the more regular in her daily routine of worship of Hari and the feeding of *athithis*. She never defaulted.

It is said that God delights in putting his great devotee to severe test, if only to purify the dross in him or her. In the case of this lady too Lord Hari decided to intervene and put her on her mettle. He willed that her stock of rice and other cereals should dwindle. When her barn was almost empty, the Lord took the form of a decrepit old man and with the aid of a stick ascended her doorsteps panting for breath.

When the woman of the house saw him coming up, she ran up to him and holding him by the hand led him to the portico and made him sit on a chair. As she did so, she thought: "God knows how long since he has had his last meal and how far he had had to walk."

After seating him properly, she washed his feet with cool and fragrant water and started fanning him gently. As soon as the old man was in a position to speak, she asked: "Father, May I know where you hail from and to what place you are proceeding? Can I be of any help to you?"

The old man replied: "Daughter! I don't belong to any place in particular, for I wander all over. I have no one to support me. Indeed I am ever on the look-out for someone who would support me at this age with care and affection. The sun is very hot today and I am very much fa-

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gued by walking in this scorching heat. I do not myself know where to go, and God knows what will happen to this worn out body. I suppose I have no right to ask for anything, have I?"

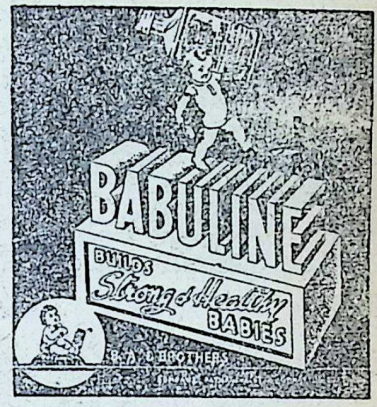
As he uttered these words he was constantly moistening his lips with his tongue which showed the acute state of his hunger and thirst.

Moved to pity by these statements and the state of the man, the woman said devotionally: "Deva! You are hungry. Please come in; have your food which is ready."

She seated him before a large plantain leaf which was soon filled by tasty dishes which were steaming hot. As the old man started circling the food with ceremonial water, a number of guests arrived there seeing whom the old man stayed his hand and addressed the woman of the home: "Daughter! Look! Here are some holy brahmins who are apparently very hungry. Please attend to them first before I start taking my meals. By the way, I must own to my sense of disappointment with you. I came to your house hearing of your great *annadana*, but what I find before me are these paltry dishes which are quite insufficient to appease my hunger. I know you have emptied all the food before me and naturally you would expect me to share these with these guests. Imagine my feelings. How do you propose to appease the hunger of all of us?"

Replied the woman: "Deva! Be free from fear. With your blessings I shall manage to satisfy all of you. Be pleased to partake of the food set before you!"

"Daughter! How can I do that? My



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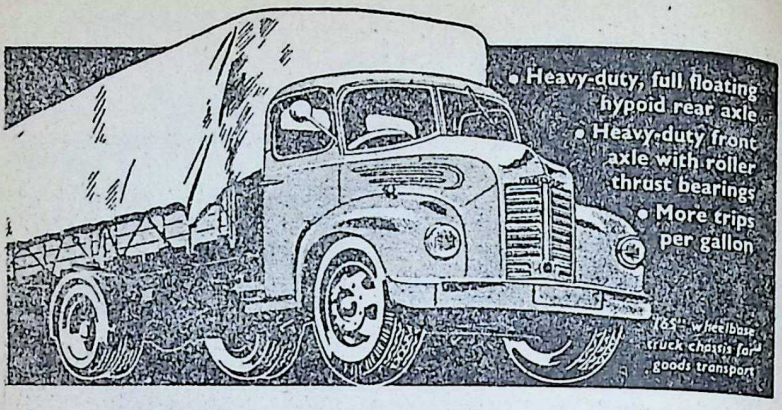

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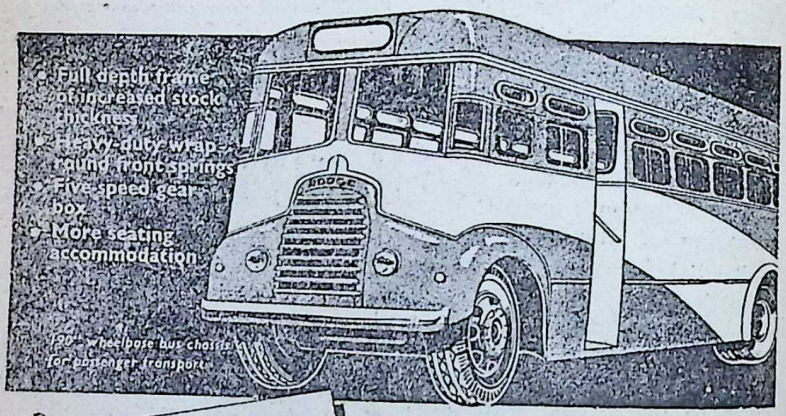

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hand refuses to touch this food, for you don't take me to be so selfish as to appease my own hunger, although in part, while so many other guests wait," replied he.

Finding that the old man was adamant, the woman went into the store room only to find that not a grain of rice was left in the granary.

Undaunted, she went to where the water-pot was kept and taking out handfuls of the sand kept underneath it for cooling, placed them on a sieve and contemplating on her far-away husband and his behest, winnowed them, when lo! all the particles of sand became sparkling cereals, with which she quickly cooked the food and fed all the new guests to their complete satisfaction, while the old man looked on without eating his food.

The power of chastity is so great that what this woman did is a flea-bite in the face of other astounding feats performed in the past. A woman in the past was able to stop the sun from his wonted course. Why, another lady turned the trinity of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva into babies! Still another lady by her devotion to her parents-in-law and husband brought back the departed life of her husband! One more lady shines in the company of her husband in the high skies as a Pole Star and whom people worship unto this day. In short, chaste women are the repositories of truth and purity as conceived by the Vedas. Indeed it is difficult for small minds to comprehend the greatness of chastity fully.

When she thus successfully fed all the brahmins, Lord Narayana who sat

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before her in the form of the old man, felt greatly pleased with her sense of devotion, and so revealing Himself to her, said: "I wanted to test your sincerity and I am happy to find you are faultless on that count. Your qualities are beyond praise. Ask me of any boon you require!"

Bowing before Him with clasped hands, the lady smiled and said: "First of all, be pleased to have your food and you can give me the boon later."

"Listen, I am not really the brahmin come to take food at your place; I repeat I am Lord Vishnu and so the question of my having to take my food does not arise," reminded the Lord.

Weeping profusely, she fell at His feet, and prayed: "Lord! I have all along been treating all my guests as Lord Vishnu Himself and been feeding them as such. They have all been taking my food. How is it, then, today, you refuse to take the food I offer you? I have heard great men say that he who offers food, he who partakes of it and food itself are all Vishnu incarnate. Isn't the statement सर्वं विष्णुमयं जगत् true?

"When, at the worst of my circumstance, you appeared as an old man asking food, I could guess as much as it was Your Maya; but how could I speak it out in your august presence? Now, the dishes are becoming cold and please be good enough to partake of them, for, without your doing so, I would not be deemed to have fed the brahmins at all. Pray, do not tarry!"

Lord Hari could not reply, and like Govinda at the home of Yashoda, Rama at Shabari's place and Krishna at Kunti's place, partook with relish of the food so affectionately offered by the lady.

Is it any wonder that, as a result of this event, the skies sent a rain of gold at her doors?

After eating the proffered food, Hari asked her: "Now that I have eaten, ask me your boon!"

"Deva! Bless me that I may always worship and feed *athithis* as Your form; bless my husband that he shall with his wife, children and wherewithal be devoted to the worship of *athithis* for long in this life and ultimately reach Your feet that are unattainable even for exalted yogis."

"So be it" said Hari and disappeared.

Following the behest of her husband, the lady continued to honour, worship and feed *athithis*. Again, on Parva days, she invited her relatives, her in-laws and their children to partake of food at her place.

Leading thus a life of utter purity and devotion, she awaited her husband's return patiently.

[*To be continued*

We must bear our cross, not because it is sweet to suffer. But we must do so, because the pain and the suffering are as nothing compared with the greatness of the object to be gained.

—Ranade

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TORTOISE-PRINCE UNRAVELS

IT was conventional for ancient poets to describe women as thoughtless, which only shows hat poets were themselves thought- ss in the distribution of epithets. Or as it that they were being merely hivalrous?

The tortoise-Prince too, in confor- ity with the then practice, mildly hided his wife when he learnt that was she who whisked away his shell nd destroyed it. Said he: "Fool that ou are! I should have liked to remain that shell for some more time. How ue that women have no patience?"

"My lord!" replied she in a voice at was reverberating with her un- ld joy, "you don't know the agony was going through all these days, hat with my sisters having all the n of married life while I, the eldest, ad to go without anything, not even human husband to boast of. O, lord! ow possibly could you be so un- ind as to shield this godly form from ven my eyes. Your heart must be ade of flint!" and smothered him ith kisses as she gave expression to er pent up feelings in undisguised words.

As he had just had his bath, the ortoise-Prince went into his room, ffered worship to the Almighty and te the food so lovingly served by his ife. As she sat on a sofa eating the fragrant *tambul* given by her, the latter took leave of him for a few seconds and rushed into the palace to inform her parents of her discovery about her husband. The aged Minis- ter in turn ran to inform the King who, followed by his Queen, hurried to the Minister's place where the tor- toise-Prince was seated. When the party entered the chamber, it was im-

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possible to tell who was the happiest among them.

As the King and Queen stood petrified on seeing their celestial looking son, the latter came forward and prostrated before them when the King raised him and hugged him while the Queen stood by watching with flowing tears and smoothened his lustrous hair.

"My child!" said the King in a choking voice, "How happy I am to see you in this form! I cannot tell you how agonising have all these years been to me! There were times when I wished I had no son at all, instead of a tortoise which, but for the fact it was begotten by me, would have been an object of contempt to all. Your mother was one with me in my sorrows. Again I had despised God for having cheated me by what I thought was a worthless gift. But I must tell you one thing; I have never ceased to admire your wife who kept her word or rather her father's word, for, he could well have refused to abide by the pledge and justifiably too. Well, I must say, it is all due to her luck—shall I say, pluck—that you have turned out to be what you are. All glory to her! But pray tell me all about yourself—how you got this divine form etc. Let us get seated —all of us."

By this time news got around that the tortoise-Prince had become a glorious human Prince and all the members of the royal and ministerial households had gathered round the room to have a glimpse at the Prince. Among them were, of course, the Princes-in-law. When they saw the Prince, they had the shock of their lives for it was no other than the "angel" who had saved them by winning the battle against the invading enemy! There could be no doubt of it, for, there were the two rings of insignia he had taken from them dangling from his belt! They didn't know exactly what to do but decided to wait and hear what the Prince had to relate.

At this stage the Queen intervened and addressing her husband, said: "Lord! Our child should be feeling tired now. Won't you let him rest tonight and relate his story tomorrow morning? Perhaps we can invite all the citizens to listen to him and we can celebrate the event in a fitting manner."

At this the Minister's daughter looked at the Queen gratefully seeing which the aged King smiled and said: "Yes! That is an excellent idea. Let my children take rest. All of you meet tomorrow morning at the durbar. Minister! Have the occasion fittingly celebrated, will you?"

Not being able to answer one way or the other, the Prince remained quiet. After the crowd had melted away, the Minister's daughter hustled her husband into the nuptial chamber when her two sisters nudged her at the ribs.

Once they were alone, both felt they had not missed much and during the course of their talk the Prince said: "My love! I have forgotten to tell you about one thing in my life. I have already one wife. Do not feel alarmed. That makes little difference to you. In fact she has vowed to see me married to you with her own hands. Speaking of her, she does not

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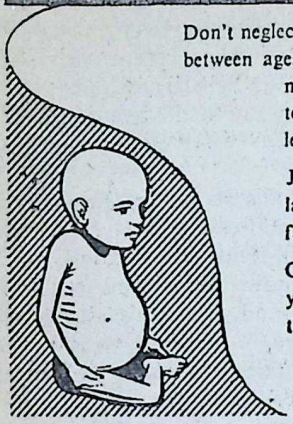
INDIGESTION, LACK OF APPETITE, ETC.



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belong to this world. Ah! There you ve. That makes it easy for you, doesn't it? Well, she really belongs to Indra Loka. She was the one who helped me, or rather brought me those parijata flowers by means of which I was able to marry you. You see?"

"I knew from the beginning, my lord!" said the Prince's wife, "that you were no ordinary tortoise. From the day you wrought that miracle, I was positive that you were superhuman and I patiently waited, without the least demur."

"And now you have your reward!" replied the Prince pinching her cheek. "Listen!" he continued. "Tomorrow, after the recital of my whole story, I shall call my celestial wife here who too will put her imprimatur on our marriage!"

On the following morning, the capital was gaily decorated and the temple gongs announced special *pujas* for the welfare of the heir-apparent. To the King and Queen, it was literally a second child-birth.

The durbar was full; while all the menfolk occupied one side, the womenfolk and the children occupied the other. The women of the royal household sat behind a silken curtain that decorated the rostrum. Some nearby Chiefs of State who had heard of the miracle, had hastened to attend the function.

After duly bowing before the august assembly, the Prince said: "How or why I was born as a tortoise I do not really know, nor can I explain. To me personally, excepting what others said, it made no difference, for I had all my faculties in full possession. Well, when I heard the contract between my father and the Minister, and when it came to the breaking point, I thought I should throw in my weight in the cause of the friendship between my father and the Minister. Well, I offered to and did fulfil the near impossible condition with the help of God."

The Prince narrated how he met the three ascetics on the way and how acting on their advice he contacted the angelic woman with whose help he managed to get the *parijata* flower; how he married the celestial damsel; her guitar; how he came into possession of the magic *kurta, danda* and the sandals of the ascetics after killing them; how he helped his brothers-in-law in defeating the enemies. In token of his having done so, he produced the rings of insignia which the two brothers-in-law identified as theirs.

Putting the latter at their ease, he said: "I did only a duty in helping them; it was on account of my father who was to gain. The fact still remains that they helped in the war."

He ended, how out of the thoughtless act of his wife, he had to lose the shell and come out prematurely.

The deafening cheers of the citizens rent the air. The Prince had already brought the magic implements and the guitar. So, he twanged the strings of the instrument whereupon the celestial damsel came gliding in the usual manner and embraced him.

The Prince thereafter called his wife, the Minister's daughter, who was seated behind the curtain. The nymph embraced her and placing the latter's

(Continued on page 94)

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Last month Kerala honoured her Grand Old Man, Mannath Padmanabhan on his 84th birthday (Satabhisheka) by celebrating it on a wide scale and presenting him with an Abhinandan Granth and a purse of Rs. 84 lakhs. The women of Kerala presented him with 1001 gold sovereigns.

As a part of the celebrations, a Women's Convention was held on December 25th. The following is the text of the address delivered by Smt. Lilavati Munshi at that Convention.

THE G.O.M. OF KERALA

LILAVATI MUNSHI

IT is my good fortune to be able to associate myself with the Satabhisheka celebrations of Sri Mannath Padmanabhan—the grand old man of Kerala. I came to know him personally only when he came to Bombay in connection with the liberation struggle of Kerala. I saw him only then and was much struck by his personality. I saw in him, a man of 83, having no sign of old age, with a robust constitution, a man who could undergo physical hardship by keeping awake till late at night, could travel from place to place addressing several mammoth public meetings every day, having late dinners, and eating hearty. Well, I thought he was a marvellous old young man. I did not understand his language but he had a captivating smile and a way of his own in dealing with people.

I was present at two meetings which he addressed when he came to rouse the public opinion of Bombay from its apathy and to gain support for the Kerala Movement. His speeches were translated into English from which I could get a glimpse of his power of speech and the aptness of the similies he used. Then I thought that when Kerala had the guidance of this man, she was bound to win. He was like the venerable Bhishma Pitamaha who protected and guided the grand-children of Santanu till they came of age. The Kauravas and Pandavas came to trouble only when they did not act up to his advice.

Sri Mannath Padmanabhan has many achievements to his credit. He is essentially an educationist and a social worker, selfless and unassuming. He is the founder and the leader of the Nair Service Society which runs 45 high schools, four first-grade colleges, three training colleges, a Polytechnic Institute, one Engineering College and a number of middle and primary schools. It is a wonder how he could achieve all these, being out-

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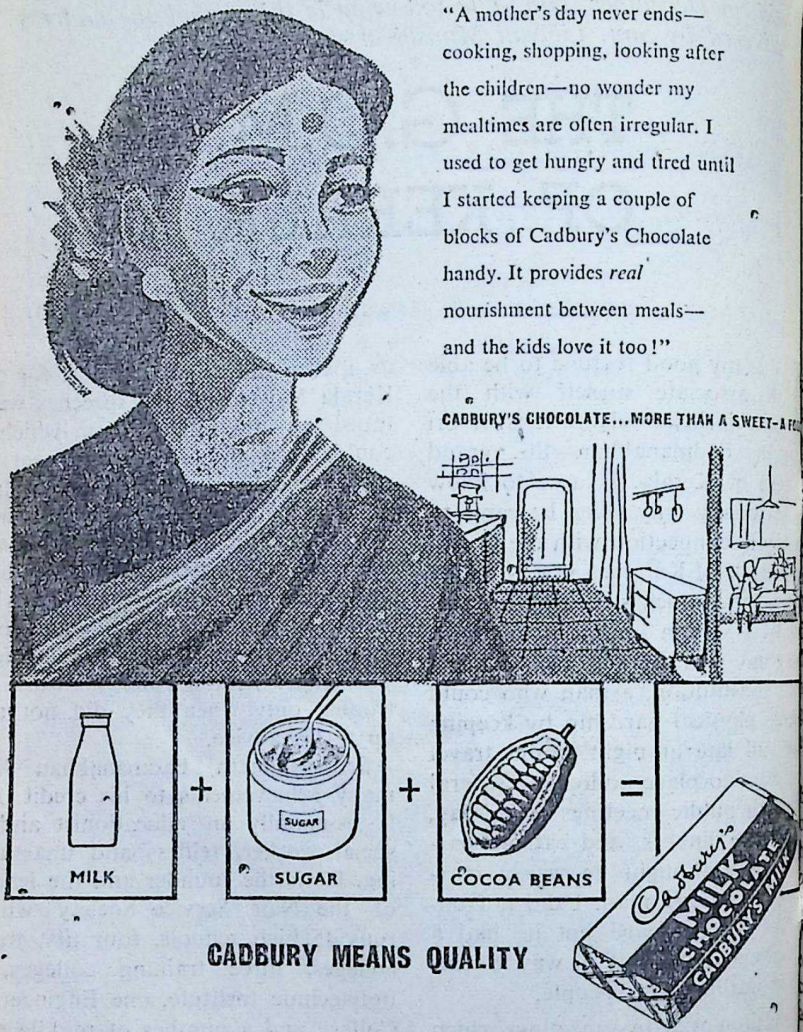

CADBURY MEANS QUALITY

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Mannath Padmanabhan

...te Government. Nowadays, people ...ve money only to those who are in ...fice. Charities to non-Governmental ...gencies are drying up. Even the big ...arities constituted by millionaires ...e largely directed in a way which ...n please some members of the Gov...rnment or some officials. But it seems ...e people of Kerala are an excep...on. They appreciate good and sel...ss service when they see it; that is ...ow Sri Mannath Padmanabhan has ...ained support and built so many ...ducational institutions here.

At the time of Sri Mannom's 70th ...irthday, Sri Munshi had come to ...pen one of the institutions built by ...m, the replica of which still adorns ...ur drawing room.

Sri Mannom's services to the women ...f Kerala are great and numerous. He ...ducated them, encouraged them, put ...ourage in them, and that is how they ...ll rose like one man—or shall I say ...ne woman?—when the crucial time ...ame. I am told that it is the women of Kerala who were in the forefront and whose influence won the victory in the recent struggle.

As I said before, Sri Mannom is essentially an educationist and a social worker. However, on crucial occasions he had come out from his chosen field, occupied the forefront and provided the necessary leadership to the people. For instance, during the historic Vaikom and Guruvayoor Satyagraha for temple entry for Harijans and recently of course, to save Kerala from misrule, he stepped out from his seclusion.

Because of his selfless nature and dedicated service for about three quarters of a century, his unassuming nature, providing example of high thinking and plain living, many in Kerala look up to him with great reverence. When I saw the names associated with the Citizens' Celebrations Committee—names of influential people from all over Kerala—I was struck by its universality. Members of all parties and shades of opinion are associated with it.

I am glad, as a part of this Satabhisheka Celebrations you are opening a new building of the College of Polytechnic and a medical mission having a T.B. Hospital for forty beds. Economic uplift also has been thought of and I see the Service Society is opening a sugar mill to be named after Sri Mannath Padmanabhan. An all-India Exhibition is organised. As it is befitting, a purse and an Abhinandan Granth are also being presented on this occasion and, last but not least, Kerala women are presenting him with 1001 sovereigns. The reverence and affection that women of Kerala

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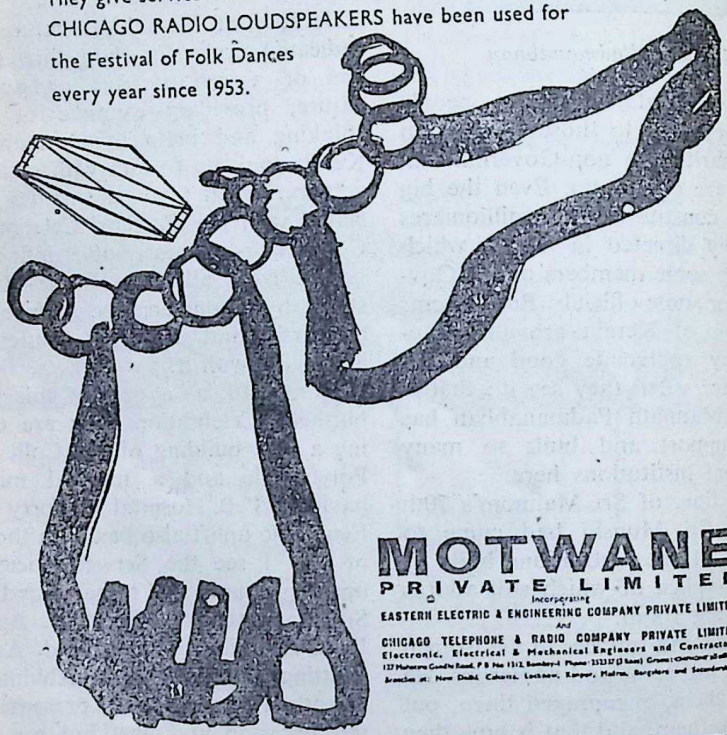

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ve for him, reminds one of the re-
rence and affection the women of
dia had for Mahatma Gandhi, the
pu of the Nation.

Sri Mannom has an amazing capa-
y to organise. He has organised the
ir Service Society with 3,000 Kara-
gams spread throughout the length
d breadth of Kerala as its branches,
master mind indeed! He is also the
holder of Dharma carrying the ban-
r of righteousness and fighting
ainst the forces of evil.

From being a village Vakil, with-
t English education he has risen to
s position by his selfless service and
rightedness. He is a patriot whom
must respect; he is a man of action
om all people must follow; he is a
ther whom all must love; he is the
and old man whom everybody must
ey.

Sri Mannom does not belong to any
litical party—a great feat of self-
straint indeed. He did not exploit
s recent victory and ask for any
sition or power. He neither fears
r favours. He favours only that
hich is right from his point of view.
He is an ideal householder being
rounded by a big family and hav-
g a devoted wife who herself is
aving a position of her own as a
cial worker.

Mannom has not forgotten litera-
re. His *Panchakalyani*—a book of
riticism—reveals him at his best where
defends religion. He has written
any other books too.

A man of learning, a man of wis-
om, a man of selflessness, may he
ve long—say 100 years—as the very
me of the Celebration suggests.

As I have come to inaugurate the Women's Convention, a word about woman's duty to the State will not be out of place. You, women of Kerala, helped tremendously to win freedom that your State enjoys to-day. But you should see that your sacrifice does not go in vain; that the unity that has been brought about endures and the politicians of the three component parties do not fall a prey to their personal, individual ambitions. Because that will break the unity and alliance and it will be a bad thing. It will break the morale of the people. The rumours of disagreement are already started by the opponents—started with a view to sow the seeds of distrust and destruction among the present members of the three parties and members of the government. You should see that such seeds of destruction are at once destroyed, that suspicion is not allowed to grow and flourish, that politicians behave properly and maintain a clean record of personal conduct. These are the things that you, women of Kerala, should ensure by keeping your men-folk away from party jealousies and personal ambitions. I am sure, with your help the men at the helm will find a new strength to strengthen the unity of purpose and action.

Such a pledge will be a fitting tribute to him who fought for you and with you, even greater than presenting him with 1001 sovereigns that you gave him a few days ago.

Again I would wish: 'May Mannom live for hundred years. May your State become a citadel of freedom and democracy.'

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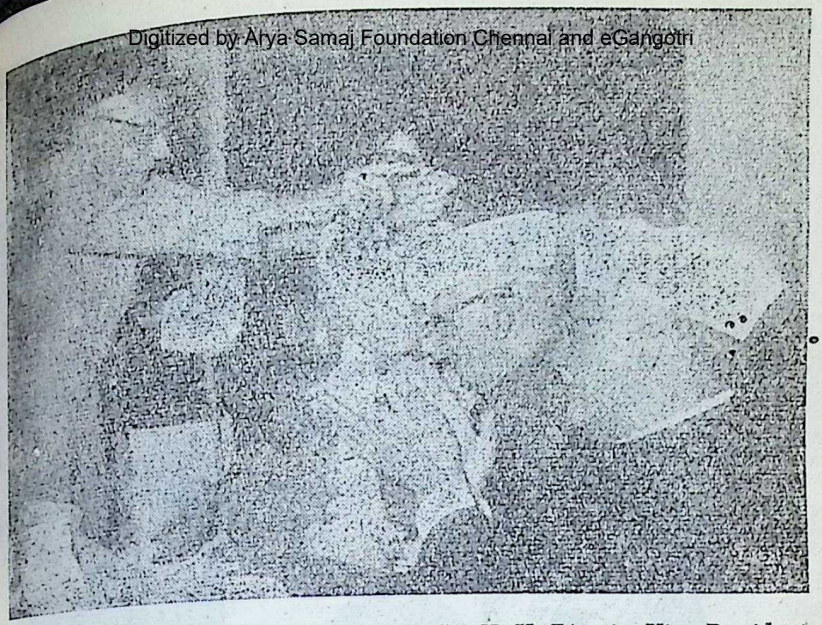

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NEWS & NOTES

KULAPATI'S BIRTHDAY

THE 74th birthday of Kulapati Munshiji was celebrated on Friday the 30th December, 1960.

From early morning there was a stream of visitors who called on him and offered their felicitations.

At 9.45 a.m. the members of the Bhavan's staff met at the Gita Mandir to offer their respects to Kulapati and Smt. Lilavati Munshi on the happy occasion. On behalf of the staff, Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar offered Vedic benediction and garlanded him.

Kulapati Munshiji replying to the felicitations referred to the great strides the Bhavan had made, the two new projects namely the Engineering College and the College of Journalism, Advertising & Printing. He called for suggestions for the effective canalization of the country-wide appreciation and goodwill the Bhavan had created so that the destructive tendencies of modern times could be effectively combated. Respective heads of departments outlined their views in the matter. The representatives of the Madras and Bangalore Kendras who took part in the function outlined their programme of action for the ensuing year.

Srimati Munshi speaking on the occasion said that the activities of the Bhavan had now spread all over the country and abroad and it was necessary for all workers in Bhavan's cause all over the country to meet on an occasion like that and exchange notes.

A dinner was held on Friday night in this connection which was attended by Governor Sri Sri Prakasa and many other leading citizens of Bombay numbering over 100. On Saturday night, there was another dinner in which over 300 members of the staff of the Bhavan participated.

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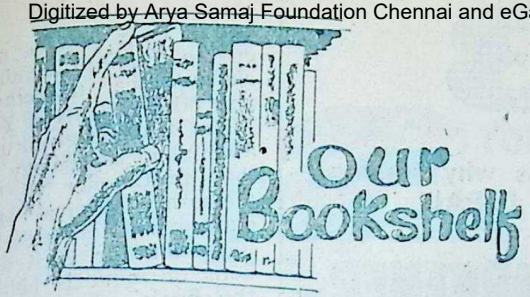

OGIC POWERS AND GOD REALI-SATION. By V. M. Bhat. Published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. pp. 308 + xviii. July, 1960. Price: Rs. 2.

THIS useful and compendious volume n Yoga is the English translation of r. Bhat's original work *Yoga Siddhi i Ishwara-Sakshatkar* in Marathi. r. Bhat with his varied and vivid xperiences in the field of politics, edicine, journalism and spiritual life as harvested his fruits in this book hich is the outcome of his labour of love for the last 45 years. He has put in the maximum information on the subject of Yoga and modern psychology between the two covers of this book. He takes his firm stand on the *Yoga-sutras* of Patanjali and surveys the entire world of modern psychology and specially the field of psychical research and parapsychology.

It is difficult to summarise all that he has said in 300 pages in a short review. He highlights certain important findings of the Yoga system. He holds that men are capable of deve-

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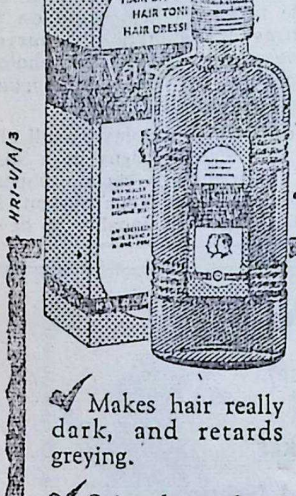

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loping their psychic powers, so as enable them to acquire the power *clairvoyance, telepathy, pre-cogniti* and other *siddhis* of Yoga.

Dr. Bhat has given us a very detail account of psychology and parapsych logy in Chapter VI. The accounts telepathy, survival after death, clairvoyance are clear and full of formation. Dr. Bhat with his spirit bent of mind is not slow to real the final purpose of Yoga, i.e., G union. He also pleads for a pro use of them.

He has related how Yoga and r gion together restored the integ of Indian thought. Yoga is not m psychology. The comparative meth adopted by the author has enhanc the value of the study. He has exam ed the psychology and the philosop of the Yoga in the modern conte Reading the book is an ample rewar ing experience. The volume car appreciative opinions from Prof. R. Ranade and others. Appendix II of volume carries a free and short E lish translation of Patanjali's Yo aphorisms. There is a very useful co prehensive bibliography on the Y system. The volume is a rich a valuable addition to the study of t Yoga system.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja R.*

PRINCIPLES & PRACTICE MEDICAL ASTROLOGY. By D Jagannath Rao. Published by As Medical Research Publications, Ra chur. Price: Rs. 4.

THE book deserves appreciation n only from medical practitioners a astrologers but also from the pub for the simple reason that it is writt in a comprehensible language w illustrative horoscopes for a few co mon diseases. The author has take much pains to go into a good lot Indian astrological literature to g combinations of planets giving rise such diseases even though the Ind Astrological lore treats only scantly this subject. The learned author spea very high of *dwadasamsa* for diseas Inspite of his illustrative horoscopes has given only the planetary posit

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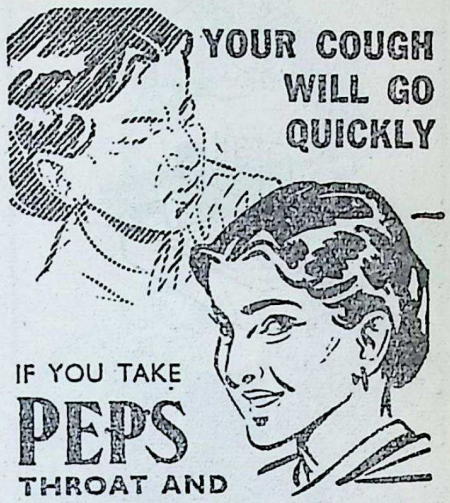
birth without even giving the important *navamsa* chart to help the reader even to judge the probable *dasa*. In this respect I would request the author to give, side by side, at least the *navamsa* chart also in future. Since the author has exhibited keen affinity to medical astrology, I would also request him to devote his time to write detailed and exhaustive books on medical astrology, covering all sorts of diseases showing combinations of planets, beginning from onset of a disease and ending with termination, taking particular care to point out combinations or aspects of planets giving rise to complications. As far as my knowledge about the subject goes, I would humbly refer the author to the book, *Encyclopedia of Medical Astrology* by Dr. Cornell of California, which contains more than 950 pages with the diseases arranged in the alphabetical order, giving combinations and aspects of planets for the onset, course, duration, complication, termination etc. Since the longivity plays a most important part in medical astrology, a chapter can be devoted to this aspect for the guidance of the readers.

—*Dr. K. S. Ramaswami Iyer*

REALITY OF RELIGION. By Jehangir M. Shapoorjee. Published by Ganesh and Co., Madras. pp. 136. Price: Rs. 6.

THE volume under review is an independent, excellent and readable account of the teachings of the great saint Pujya Baba Sai Mirchandani by his earnest and intelligent pupil Shapoorjee. The world to-day needs a religion. Man can hardly live in peace with one's own self, let alone with others, without a sound religion which satisfies him and gives meaning to all that he does and pursues. Modern man stands today at the cross-roads of life, bewildered about the future which he sees dimly. Man sees death staring him and sees a complete nothingness beyond death. He is appalled by it. The fear of *death* hangs like the sword of Democles when man is liv-



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ing his hectic life. It is only the re of religion and the eternal bliss of soul—*moksha*—that can give mea to life and allay the fear of death punctures the importance of death affirms eternal life. This restores sense and significance of life. P Mirchandani's message sounds note of an universal religion.

Shapoorjee's watchword is M.Y (Mind your own business). Spiri life is a tough job and one needs one's energy to make headway wit He has no time for other activities should not get himself mixed up the foibles of others. He must k clear of men's ingratitude, strifes jealousies (p. 61). For spiritual re sation man needs *moral rectitude* the indispensable preliminary step.

Shapoorjee gives us a clear acc of the religion of his master in short sections. His account of *'Law of Karma'*, *'Faith and Hope'*, *Master, Necessary'* and *'Religion Science'*, are very well written. He drawn most of his quotations from late Dr. Bhagvan Das's work *'Essent Unity of all Religions'*, published by Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

The second part of the book gives account of the life of the five mas of Shah Daraz. The appendix repri the letters of Sai Giani. Swami S nandji has given an excellent forew to the book. The printing and the up of the book is excellent.

—*Dr. P. Nagaraja R*

VIVEKACHUDAMANI OF SRI SA KARA BHAGAVATPADA, with commentary by Sri Jagadg Chandrasekhara Bharati Swami Sri Sringeri Mutt. Published for Sringeri Samsthana at the Banga Press, Bangalore.

IT is the foremost of the Prakara Granthas of the Bhagavatpada Ac rya. It has 581 slokas and takes up detailed exposition such subjects as definition of Brahman, the nature Maya and the world. It spotlights discipline of *sravana, manana* effective means

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ahman-realisation. It throws light on e different approaches to, and the and end of Advaidic philosophy, mely the identity of *Jiva* and *Brah-*

n.

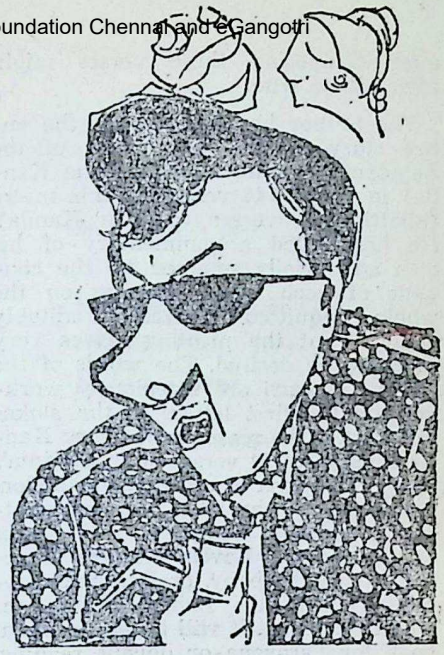
In the interest of service to the com-unity Sri Chandrasekhara Bharati of e Sringeri Mutt had brought out a mmentary on the work. The Swa-ji was the very embodiment of stric discipline. He was a *Jivan-kta*. In his lucid commentary he hts up many textual difficulties. ritten as it is by a sage of the intel-tual eminence and spiritual pro-mity as the great Swamiji was it of exceptional literary merit and fas-ating in its appeal.

The book carries an informative in-oduction by the present Head of the ngeri Mutt, and is a definite boon the students of Advaita philosophy.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Dikshitar.*

RI SITARAMAYANAM: (in 'Ashva-chastee' metres). By Lanka Sita-rama Sastri, Narasaraopet, Guntur. pp. 168. Price: Rs. 5.

ANSKRIT language is unique in pos-sing a kind of galloping metre mong its various poetical types. The nding of the verse in question would e exactly imitating the galloping und of a horse and highly gifted ets like Kalidasa, Vedanta Deshika nd the Madhva Saint Vadiraja are me of the master poets who have kilfully made use of the same. Sound choes sense in this and the Visishtad-itic Saint has skilfully introduced is metre in his epic *Yaadavaabhyu-daya* IV. 126 to describe the Kaliya-mardana of Sri Krishna. The Madhva aint has composed 34 verses describ-ng the ten Avataras of Vishnu in this etre. Whether Kalidasa's *Kaleestava* ten verses printed in Telugu charac-rs in the beginning here, perhaps s a model for him in such composi-ons, is genuine or not is a moot point; t the verses do breathe a religious ervour and make us sometimes even spect that the tradition that Kali-sa bloomed into a master poet only



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after composing these verses might after all be true.

The author has summarised the entire story of the six Kandas of the *Ramayana* (ending with Yuddha Kanda) in about 144 verses of this metre (allotting 24 verses to each Kanda). He has added a commentary of his own and briefly summed up the contents of each verse and has on the whole acquitted himself creditably enough, but the printing leaves very much to be desired. The words of the famous Gayatri are ingeniously worked into the first letters of the slokas and that is the reason why every Kanda should get 24 verses only. Bharata's prayer to Rama to accept the kingdom on p. 54 with the letter *Ksha* alliterating is skilfully composed and makes superb reading. Lovely pictures depicting Rama the baby, or Hanuman meeting Sita in the Ashoka Vana etc., adorn this book. It will be an excellent book for Parayana or devout reading.

—*Prof. U. Venkatakrishna Rao*

WHY AND WHAT OF SANDHYA (For Rationalist). By Dr. H. Janardhana Acharya (H. J. Achar), Karur, Trichy Dt. Printed by the Vani Vilas Press, Srirangam. Price. Rs. 2/-.

ADDRESSED primarily to the Rationalists by one who claims to be a rationalist himself, this very useful booklet probes deeply into the Sandhya literature. It is embellished with a wealth of quotations from the Ra*yana* and Kalidasa's Works. The m ing of Sandhya, the importance of environment in its effects on the former's mind, the appropriateness the dawn, noon and dusk, prescr for its performance and the sig cance of the Gayatri *mantra* these are very ably and succinctly cribed with relevant extracts from Tantric Works and *Vishnu Sahas nama*. The presentation is lucid done in a manner which will ap to the young and old.

May it prove a spur to the e Brahmacharins to apply themse with deligence and conviction to performance of this necessary daily rite.

—*Acharya T. A. V. Diksh*

BOGUS PATRIOTS AND OTH POEMS. By T. G. Narayanaswa Published by Sceptic Publicati Madras-8. pp. 32. Price: Re. 1.

IT is a collection of poems by Ta poets like Subramania Bharati, Mat ra Kavirayar, Pattinathar and Kur thogai, rendered into English. As author confesses, he has taken s liberties in translating, but it is certa ly for the good. The poems, while taining the sense and grace of original, have gained the poetic g deur of English poetry.

—*Sri H. R. Aiy*

TORTOISE-PRINCE UNRAVELS—*contd.*

hand on that of the Prince, said: "May you live happily".

Addressing the Prince, the celestial damsel said: "Now that you have your legally wedded wife, do not think of me too often, please for my sake" and left.

The Prince lived long and happily with the Minister's daughter.

When Chaturya had finished story, it was nearing daybreak. So asked the Princess: "Don't you th you should marry a Prince of calibre of the tortoise-Prince? Now is time you returned".

And she left with a heaving br

[*To be contin*

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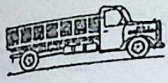

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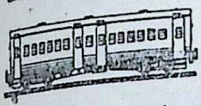

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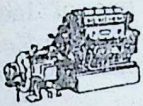

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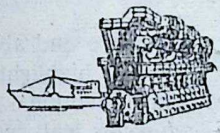

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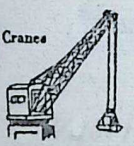

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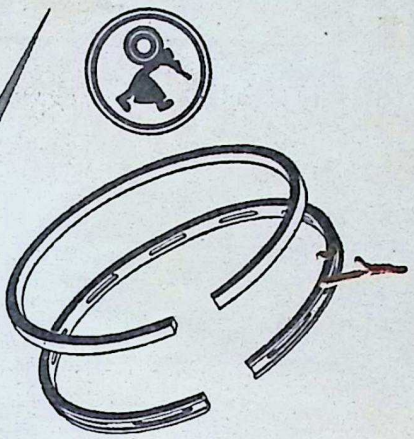

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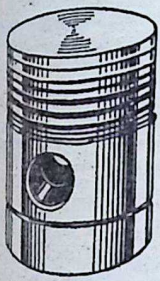

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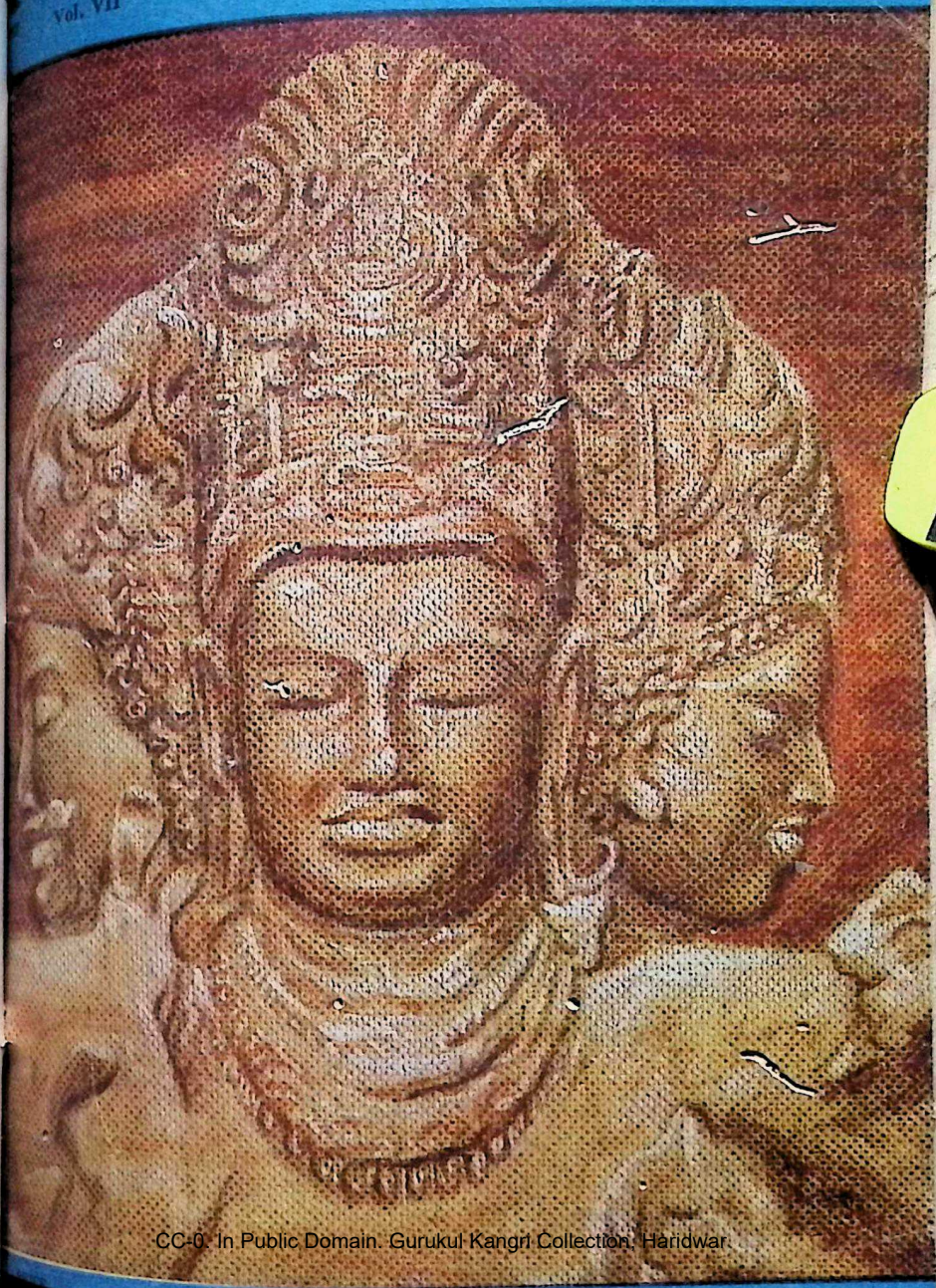

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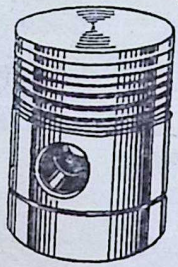

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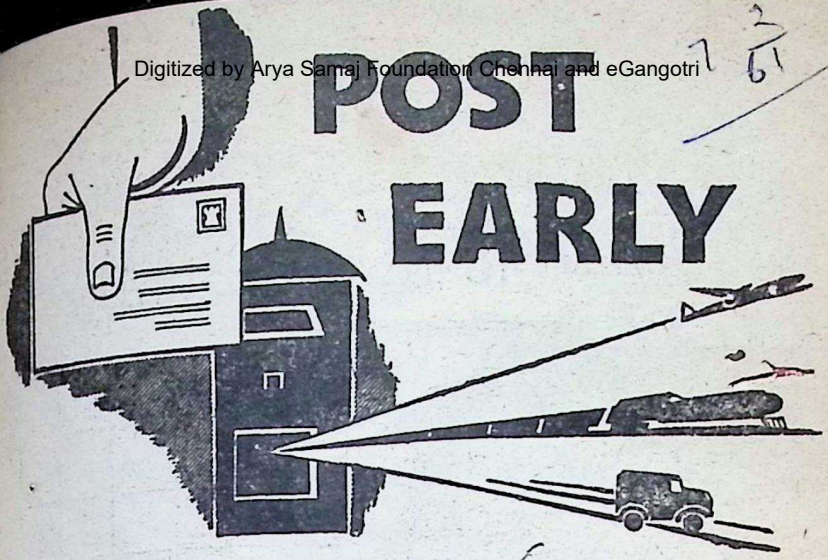

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FRONT COVER
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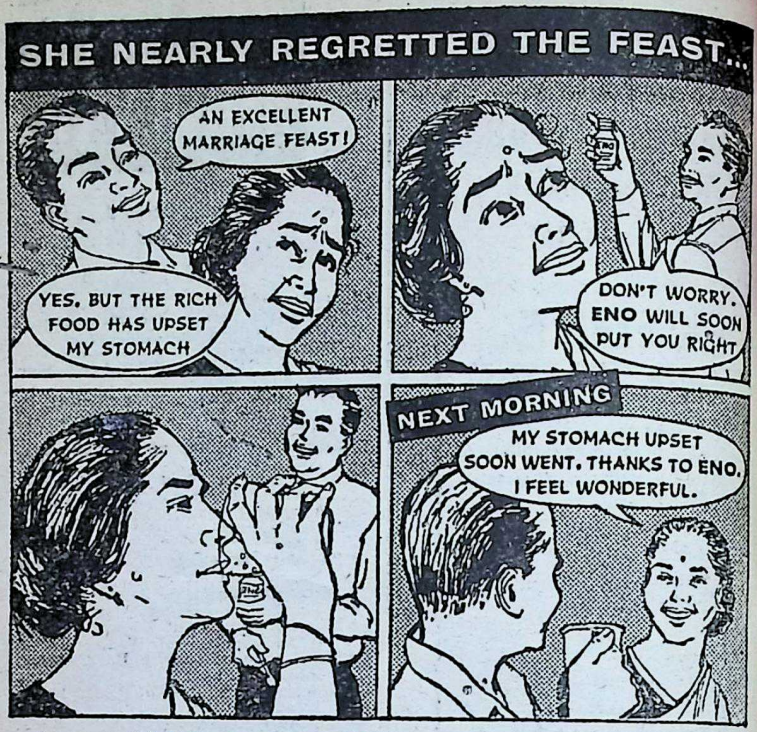

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

FEBRUARY 5, 1961 No. 14

Vol. VII

PRAYER TO LORD SIVA

समष्टिस्त्वं तथा व्यष्टिरात्मनात्मनायकः।
त्वं तत्वं तत्व विच्चासितत्वातीतः परात्परः॥
यदन्तरं सर्वमिदं यस्यान्तस्थितमद्भुतं।
यस्य वश्यानि भूतानि तेऽस्तु नित्यमिदं नमः॥

You are the whole; You are the part; You are Your own Master; You are truth; You are the Knower of Truth; You are beyond Truth; You are the Supreme Being.

You constitute all the elements; You are wonderfully present inside them all; all the elements are dependent upon You. My eternal prostrations unto You.

—Sankara-Samhita

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 224

★ QUEEN'S VISIT ★ ITS HISTORICAL SIGNIFICAN

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHA
BOMBAY.
FEBRUARY 5, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE Queen of England has come into our midst. She has been receiving a welcome from us more spectacular than ever her ancestors received during the British regime. The reception is more sincere and affectionate than was ever given in history to a foreign potentate in any free country. It has shown that the bond between India and England is something which goes deeper than political alliances and diplomatic relations.

In the first decade of this century, Surendranath Banerjea, one of our great patriots, was fond of remarking that the British rule in India was the work of a beneficent Providence. We, in our new-born enthusiasm for national freedom, then laughed at it. However, we can look back to the events of the last 100 years since the Great Revolt of 1857 and endorse, in truth, the favourite remark of Surendranath.

England conquered India and gave it an administrative and political structure. Any conquering, colonial power would have done it in its own interests, but it gave us unity and peace such as India never had fore.

In the middle of the 19th cent British statesmanship had a messi zeal to civilize the world. See conception of the civilizing role the British empire was an attemp infuse a prosaic conquest with a tic glamour, but the belief gave m a sensitive Britisher a genuine sense mission.

Under the inspiration which sense of mission gave, British adm trators gave us Western education English as a modern national med which created the dominant mino of the English-educated in In Aspiring for many things, w were inconceivable to the older g ration, this minority created the dern Indian Renaissance. Am them was the desire to break the old isolation of the country; to dernize its static social institutions; re-create the strength and vigour of languages; to transform its h bound intellectual and religious look; above all, to accept the c lenge of the West and generate strength and power to rescue the co

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ry from political subjection.

It was the impact of the West on ndia through English which, directly r indirectly, led to social reorganiations; to the emancipation of wo-men; to the birth of nationalism; to modern Indian scholarship fostered by early British scholars; to the birth of a creative national spirit; to a vigorous re-interpretation of religious dogmas.

It is true that Britain sapped India of its economic resources. But to achieve that purpose, she had to provide an efficient administration and to rear a new class of administrators, teachers, merchants and traders, who, in their turn, helped the growth of the renascent life.

In their zeal to modernize us, the British statesmen introduced us to the ways of modern democracy and won us over to English judicial system, which awakened in men the urge to vindicate just rights.

In all these respects, British imperialism was more broad-minded in the 19th century than some of the imperialisms both communist and non-communist of the year of grace 1960.

This character of the British imperialism was largely due to the British trait of claiming 'fairplay' or 'cricket' as their special virtue. Whatever be the validity of the claim, the Britisher has, more than any other people on earth, a horror of being charged that he is not playing fair. In addition, he has a keen sense of coming crisis and the gift of meeting it before it comes.

When the Indian national consciousness became articulate, British statesmen tried to stall it, but however to crush it, and whenever it grew powerful, they adjusted themselves to it with rare grace. In the result, it can be said with justification that, looking back at the history of imperialisms, the British variety has been the most humane of any. And in the struggle for Independence, when Indian leaders, without any mental reservation, adhered to non-violence, a mutual regard naturally sprang up between the antagonists.

Even in the worst days of their difficulty, British officers of high rank rarely departed from certain standards of decent behaviour. It is true that at times the British officers did indulge in naked terrorism; O'Dwyer's is a case in point; but such aberrant action soon produced a reaction to cover the lapse and return to decency.

I know of an incident in 1930. In the Satyagraha campaign of that year, Mummy had been leading a raid on the Wadala salt pans with a 2000-strong band of volunteers. Sir Earnest Hotson, then Home Minister of Bombay, with a large police force, was there to resist the raid. It was a large-scale, though non-violent, combat. Many arrests were made and the police even made *lathi* charges.

Even when the fray was at its height, Hotson walked up to Mummy, who was directing the raid, and said:

'Mrs. Munshi, you have been standing too long in the midday sun. You are red in the face. Please sit down'. And he ordered a police officer to give her a chair to sit. The conflict between non-violent satyagrahis and the police action was squeezed dry both of bitterness and hate.

Another instance in my personal

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experience was in 1937, when the Congress formed ministry in the Provinces under the Constitution of 1935. Then the Government of India gave them the word of honour that the Governors in the Provinces would not use their discretionary powers and overrule the decisions of the Congress ministries. During the 27 months that we were in office, though we were new in administering the Provinces and made quite a few mistakes, there was not one occasion when Sir Roger Lumley —now Lord Scarborough, the Governor of Bombay, ever departed from this word of honour, and that was the case throughout India.

The third instance in my experience is still more vividly illustrative of the character of the British imperialism in India. When the 'Quit India' movement of 1942/43 was at its height, the people from the village of Chimur offered forest-satyagraha. On their way back to the village, they murdered and burnt some officers in an outrageous fashion. A platoon of British soldiers was immediately stationed in that village to spread terror. During the military occupation of the village, several respectable women of the village were alleged to have been raped by the soldiers. That shocked the conscience of the nation, and of Britishers too.

The platoon was promptly transferred from Chimur. The Indian police were substituted overnight. The rigour of terrorism was softened.

With some of my friends I went to defend the hundred and odd accused of the offences arising from popular frenzy. No one in Chanda, where the trial was to be held, would give us a house to live in; we had, therefo to live in a grain-dealer's shop. the evenings when I took my wa flaunting my Gandhi cap, all that suffered was the angry stare of t policemen who lined the street nothing more. We fought the case b fore the District Judge, took it mo than once to the Nagpur High Co invoked every safeguard known English jurisprudence. Ultimately mo of the accused were acquitted at t hands of Judges both Indian a English.

This happened in 1943-44, wh Britain was waging a war for its ve existence and when our country-wi agitation had threatened the w supplies to the North African ca paign. It would be more than miracle if any of the imperial powe of 1960—Portugal, France, Russia China—would, under similar circum stances, ever behave with the self-re traint and decency which the Briti exhibited in those days.

Gandhiji's stupendous efforts organize Satyagraha on a nation-wi scale, I am convinced, could succee only against the British because, a I have stated, their imperialism wa humane in character and, with th unerring sense of reality with whic they were gifted, they perceived th after the World War II, imperialis simply could not exist in the worl except by employing Communist me thods which, be it said to their credit they would not adopt.

The offer of Cripps, the Mount batten episode, the easy transitio from colonial India to free India i 1947, India's remaining a member o of its free wi

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and the subsequent Indo-British amity in a world of hate and distrust—these would be possible only between a people like the British with their characteristic traits and their realism, and a people like the Indian who, with their ancient traditions vitalised by saints like Gandhiji, had been trained into maturity.

Perhaps historically it is not quite correct to claim that the freedom of India was won by the strength of Satyagraha. In reality, it came as a by-product of World War II and the attenuation of the British world power which resulted from it. But it would be correct to say that, but for the tradition of administrative and political unity which we developed during the British regime and but for Gandhiji's leadership of a competent group of statesmen and his hold over the people, the transfer of power would not have been so easy, so swift and so promising. But for these factors, perhaps we might have staged a Congo-esque performance on a magnified scale.

How the British traditions were woven into our collective consciousness became apparent when, for three years, the members of the Constituent Assembly, working day after day to frame our Constitution, relied upon British practice and precedents in politics and constitutional law, as if they were a part of their national tradition.

The British judicial system and jurisprudence is now as much Indian as British. And the bond of the English language, reflected even in the new literature in all Indian languages, is there, making us one in spirit and expression with the English-speaking world and particularly with Britain.

> *We need to retain our links with the past. The peoples of India and Britain share, among other things, a lively sense of historical continuity and a profound belief in the traditional values of the family and the home.*
>
> —Queen Elizabeth II

The reception of the Queen, therefore, is not a matter of expediency or policy, not even a diplomatic courtesy between one member of the Commonwealth and the other. It is the culmination of historic forces generated during the last two centuries which followed the Battle of Plassey in 1757. It is the high water-mark of international amity between two free peoples, born of a deeper understanding which comes of tradition and outlook shared, of struggles carried on and adjustments achieved in mutual regard and confidence. It is the symbol of a deep-seated emotional integration which has grown into the collective consciousness of two great peoples who, though parted in race and culture, have been bound together by history.

This understanding and integration are a miracle in a world of aggressive chauvinism divided by hate and intolerance, and it may open a new era for mankind if this unique relationship creates a tradition inducing increasing numbers of free nations to perform a similar miracle.

Yours sincerely,

Kiran Mansbri

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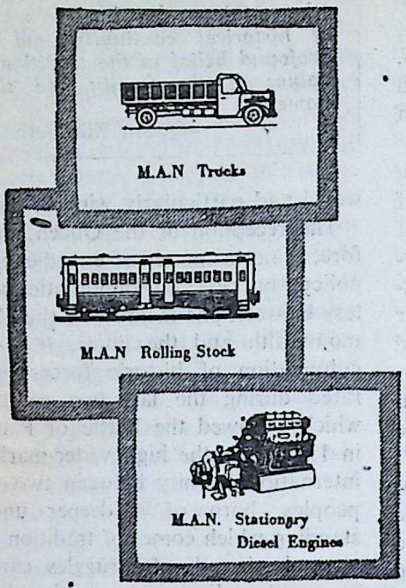

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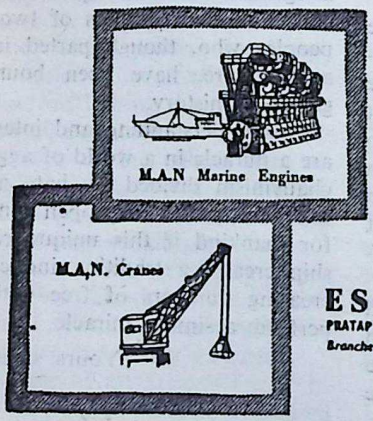

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nama-sankirtan

Let anyone accept any sadhana, *he is free to follow its pursuit.*

But to me Thy name is the granter of all boons.

The various paths outlined in the Vedas for the emancipation from karma, upasana *and* gyan *are all good,*

But I seek only one shelter and that is Thy Name, I seek nothing besides.

Has not Thy Name, O Lord, made the very stones swim in the ocean and also helped the monkeys to cross the waters?

—Tulsidas

Saints! I am vendor of the name of the Lord.

All manner of people visit me.

My goods appeal to all classes of people and of all castes, all seek it (Name).

Even in days of famine, my goods did not suffer by scantiness, and I did not suffer deficit or loss.

Neither can thieves steal it nor the King levy a tax on it.

The principal sum is of course infinite and our dealings and transactions are never in less than lacs and millions.

If you want to achieve it, strive for it.

My wealth is God's name, I can say that at the beat of drum.

The unstruck Word (shabda) *I always hear within my heart.*

The only business of Narsi is to write the Lord's name in the ledgers and in his correspondence. Thus he passes his days.

—Narsi Mehta.

Hear my last testament—when my last moment approaches I pray you pronounce the Lord's name in my ear.

That shall be the mantra—*the Name Krishna—and you shall inscribe it on my body also, O Lalita!*

—Vidyapati.

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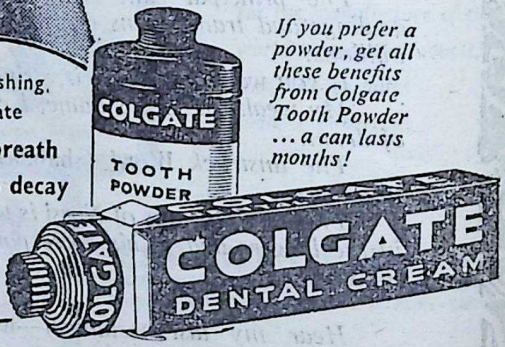

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GANDHI
The Man of All Ages

Sarojini Naidu

[On 30th of last month the country observed Gandhiji's 13th death anniversary.]

WHO is this Gandhi and why is it, today, that he represents the supreme moral force in the world?

Throughout history, age after age, in every country, there have been very distinguished men and great men—kings, warriors, lawgivers, poets—men whose fame had rang through the corridors of their own periods. Their names have survived, and they are fresh today in their radiance, as they were in their own times. Buddha, Jesus Christ and Mahomed, and a few others, whose gospel was an exaltation to the spirit of man.

Today, there is Gandhi, a tiny man, a fragile man, a man of no worldly importance, of no earthly possessions, and yet a man, greater than the emperors. The emperors have passed in processions, through the streets of their own cities and provinces, and crowds have applauded them out of duty, sometimes tinged with affection, and sometimes tinged with fear, but because it was a convention. But this man, with his crooked bones, his toothless mouth, his square yard of clothing, or of cloth rather, that just covers his nakedness, where nakedness must be covered, he passes meekly through the years, he faces embattled forces, he overthrows empires, he conquers death, but what is it in him that has given him this power, this magic, this authority, this prestige, this almost godlike quality of swaying the hearts and minds of men?

It is a quality he shares with that small band of great teachers of the world, who inaugurated great religions. He shares with them the quality of bringing hope to the hopeless, of bringing courage to those who are afraid, of uplifting those who have fallen, of soothing down the beastly passions of those, who have lost all the sense of sanity and humanity.

With Christ, he shares the great gospel, that love is the fulfilling of the law. With the great Mahomed, he shares the gospel of brotherhood of man, equality of man and oneness of man. With Lord Buddha, he shares the great evangel, that the duty of life is not self-seeking, but to seek the truth, no matter at what sacrifice. With the great poets of the world, he shares the ecstasy of the vision that the future of man is great, that the future of man can never be destroyed, that all sin will destroy itself, but that love and humanity must endure, grow and reach the stars.

From broadcast on Gandhiji's 78th birthday on October 2, 1947.

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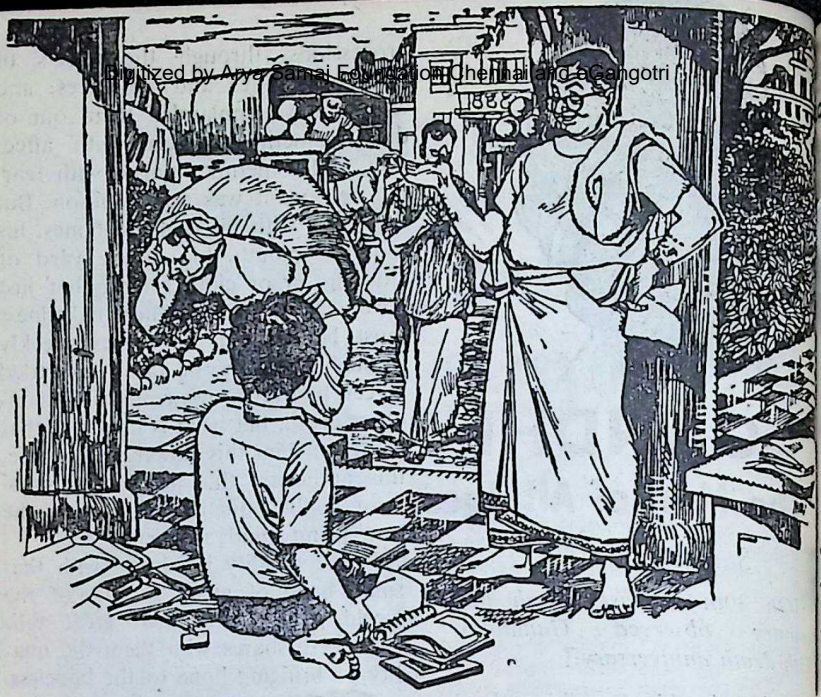

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God has created some souls to live for others only . . .

What Life has Taught me

H. H. JAGADGURU
SRI SANKARACHARYA OF KANCHI

DOCTOR MUNSHI'S call to express "What life has taught me", for which gratitude is due to him, has set me at least to think, if any lesson has been learnt by me in my span of life.

I feel, however, that though life is incessantly trying to teach me new lessons, I have learnt none. For, all my observations have been, by nature, only superficial which trait no amount of varied experiences in life has succeeded in correcting.

The first two experiences remembered as having occurred in the third or fourth year of my life, are dreadful to think as they were interwoven with temptation, greed, avarice, deceit, groaning, loss, lamentation and the like.

A *'mara naai'* as they call it in Tamil or teddy cat (an animal which generally climbs on trees and destroys the fruits during nights) somehow got into a room in the house and thrust its head into a small copper pot with a neck, which was kept in a sling and contained jaggery. The animal was not able to pull out its head and was running here and there in the room all through the night. People in the house and neighbours were aroused by the noise and thought that some thief was at his job. But, the incessant noise continued even till morning hours, and some bravados armed with sticks opened the door of the room and found the greedy animal. It was roped and tied to a pillar. Some experienced men were brought and after being engaged in a tug-of-war, they ultimately succeeded in removing the vessel from the head of the animal. The animal was struggling for life. It was at last removed to some spot to roam freely, I presume. The first experience of my life was this dreadful ocular demonstration born of greed causing all our neighbours to spend an anxious and sleepless night.

The next experience was a man in the street who entered into the house seeing me alone with tiny golden bangles upon which he began to lay his hands. I asked him to tighten the hooks of the bangles which had become loose and gave a peremptory and authoritative direction to him to bring it back repaired without delay. The man took my orders most obediently and took leave of me with the golden booty. In glee of having arranged for repairs to my ornament, I speeded to inform my people inside of the arrangement made by me with the man in the street who gave his name as Ponnusami. The people inside hurried to the street to find out

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the culprit. But the booty had become his property true to his assumed name, Ponnusami (master of gold).

These two experiences at a tender innocent age are recurring successively in some form or other even at this tottering age, nearing seventy, of being liable to be duped or eager to get by some short cut some material gain.

In attempting to judge the objective world with this rod of selfishness and superficiality of mine which has rightly earned me the reputation of being a clever Swami, I am prone to come to the conclusion that there lives none without predominantly selfish motives.

But with years rolling on, an impression, that too a superficial one true to my nature, is dawning upon me that there breathe on this globe some souls firmly rooted in morals and ethics who live exclusively for others voluntarily forsaking not only their material gains and comforts but also their own *sadhana* towards their spiritual improvements.

In the beginning of the year 1907, when I was studying in a Christian Mission School at Tindivanam, a town in the South Arcot District, I heard one day that the Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetha who was amidst us in our town in the previous year, attained siddhi at Kalavai, a village about 10 miles from Arcot and 25 miles from Kanchipuram. Information was received that a maternal cousin of mine who, after some study in *Rig Veda* had joined the camp of the Acharya offering his services to him, was installed on the Peetha.

He was the only son of the widowed and destitute sister of my mother and

The author

there was not a soul in the camp to console her. At this juncture, my father who was a supervisor of schools in the Tindivanam Taluk, planned to proceed with his family to Kalavai some 60 miles from Tindivanam in his own touring bullock cart. But on account of an educational conference at Trichinopoly, he cancelled the programme.

My mother with myself and other children started for Kalavai to console her sister on her only son assuming the sannyasa asrama. We travelled by rail to Kanchipuram, and halted at the Sankaracharya Mutt there. I had my ablution at the Kumara Koshta Tirtha. A carriage of the Mutt had come there from Kalavai with persons to buy articles for the Maha Pooja on 10th day after the passing away of the late Acharya Paramaguru. But one of them, a hereditary *maistry* of the Mutt, asked me to accompany him. A separate cart was

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arranged for the rest of the family to follow me.

During our journey, the *maistry* hinted to me that I might not return home and that the rest of my life might have to be spent in the Mutt itself! At first I thought that my elder cousin having become the Head of the Mutt, it might have been his wish that I was to live with him. I was then only thirteen years of age and so I wondered as to what use I might be to him in the institution.

But the *maistry* gradually began to clarify as miles rolled on, that the Acharya, my cousin in the poorvashrama, had fever which developed into delerium and that was why I was being separated from the family to be quickly taken to Kalavai. He told me that he was commissioned to go to Tindivanam itself and fetch me, but he was able to meet me at Kanchipuram itself. I was stunned with this unexpected turn of events. I lay in a kneeling posture in the cart itself, shocked as I was, repeating RAMA RAMA, the only spiritual prayer I knew, during the rest of the journey.

My mother and the other children came some time later only to find that instead of her mission of consoling her sister, she herself was placed in the state of having to be consoled by someone else!

My robes of sannyasa were not the result of any renunciation on my part, nor had I the advantage of living under a Guru for any length of time. I was surrounded from the very first day of sannyasa by all the comforts and responsibilities of a gorgeous court.

But, it so happened that Tummuluru Ramakrishnayya and Adayappalam Pasupati Iyer, both of them serving in the District Court of South Arcot and ardent disciples of my Guru's Guru, were there in Kalavai when I took sannyasa asrama. Later, it became clear that they were determined to help me to mould my life in my youth.

Ramakrishnayya being worried by a lot of family burdens, in spite of his detached mentality, it fell to the lot of Pasupati to shoulder the task. Pasupati devoted most of his leisure to solitary meditation and reading Vedanta Prakaranas or Treatises of Sri Sankaracharya.

Such a man retired from Government service soon after my ascending the Gadi and lived with me always, watching my every action, speech and twinkling of the eye. He even curtailed his meditation in order to devote some time to the supervision of the secular administration of the Mutt.

He would meet me in private periodically, point out every item of weakness he had observed during the intervening period and implore me to heed to his suggestions to overcome them. When he had sometimes to be very harsh, he would tell me that for all these *aparadhas* he was committing towards one of a higher asrama, he would make amends when I grew up as a full-fledged saint.

He used to persuade every day every friend of his to turn his mind to self-introspection and would argue with him freely as to what permanent values he had gained by being materialistic and would bluntly point out

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to every one of them his points of weakness and ask him to ponder whether the remedies contained in the Upanishads and Sankara's Prakaranas might not be given a trial.

He would meet even unacquainted persons in the street and enquire into their worries and woes and would succeed in transforming them into true devotees of God, true followers of Vedanta and true *shishyas* of Sankara.

He lived close by me partaking in my Sankara Bhashya Patha till 1926, for a period of 18 years. He lived for my sake in Kumbakonam famous for its mosquitoes and elephantiasis and became a victim to filariasis and fever. Nevertheless, he would not leave me.

When he was bed-ridden in his house at Cuddalore for some months, it so happened that I was received in Cuddalore in the course of my tour and when my procession was going on in the town, he patted the Mutt elephant. He breathed his last the same night.

His was a life lived with intense love for others without the least reaction of fear or favour.

When on tour in Trichinopoly District in 1923, I halted at a village when I heard a girl of about twelve admonishing her younger brother for his having uttered an untruth. Her advocacy of truth and her love for her brother which prompted her to see that he was not spoiled, far surpassed a saint's direction. I cannot forget this incident after the lapse of so many years.

When touring in Kerala, I happened to camp in a public halting place where in one room some elderly Namboodiri Brahmins were talking together. One of them opened his pu box in order to begin his *puja*, b nevertheless, took part in the gossi After some time he realized his mi take and turned his attention to th *puja*, but wound up the box and ex claimed that owing to his havin taken part in the gossip, his inne efforts to secure the mental equil brium required for God's *puja* ha failed and rather than making a sho of *puja* without inner equilibrium, h would not perform the *puja* that da

This incident which is fresh in m memory spells honesty of purpose i one's own religious pursuits.

In 1929, I met a Sannyasi in a bor der village of North Arcot. He knew neither Tamil nor Telugu. He knew only Marathi and Hindi. He told us that he travelled to Rameshwaram by rail and lost his danda during the journey. He probably fasted till the taking of a new danda. He was duly given a consecrated danda. From that time he regarded me as his Guru, because I saved his Asrama Dharma. He was then more than eighty years old. He refused to leave me till 1945 when he attained siddhi.

Soon after he joined us during the Chaturmasya of 1929, I was laid up with malarial fever for about 40 days. Till then none was in the habit of touching me. But then I was not able to stand or walk without help. This new old man, being a Sannyasi, took upon himself the duty of helping me.

He was a very hot-tempered man. His voice was very authoritative. He was a dread to all in the vicinity. He had been in the Revenue Department in the Dewas State in Central India.

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neither Nana Saheb nor Jhansi Rani could compete with him in his authoriveness.

On no day would he fail to do *puja* my feet and none could deter him om his purpose. Tears would roll own his face during this *puja*.

Once in Kanchi, a relative of his, who had been on *yatra*, came to me nd after talking to him, returned to e and took me to task. He expressed onder how I could be so cold with- ut the least reciprocity towards one, earing the 100th year, who regarded e as his sole spiritual refuge high bove any God. My natural superfiiality did not react even to this admonition.

Once we had been to Tirupati. The aged Swami was then in our camp. I went up the hill to worship Balaji. Just as I was returning from the temple after Balaji darsan, the aged Sannyasi who had managed to arrive at the top of the hill confronted us. The temple authorities, in deference to his old age, *ashrama* and connection with our Mutt, offered to arrange for his *darsan* of Balaji. He fell at my feet and exclaimed, "This is Balaji. Pardon me I cannot accept your offer". He returned without Balaji's darsan.

I came into contact with two other persons, both of them quite in contrast with this old man. They were not acquainted with each other and were removed by 30 years of time; but they thought and acted on the same lines.

They were full of ecstasy in the adoration of my feet, absorbed in thoughts of me all day and night, which, they told me, gave them immeasurable strength to bear any calamity or temptation very lightly. But, when they came to know of my shortcomings and natural unsteadiness, not only did they discontinue their worship of my feet but also did their best to prevent anyone from gaining access to my feet as they thought that adoration of my feet by devotees contributed in a degree to my limitation.

They too renounced all other responsibilities of their life and resolved to spend the rest of their life in either entreating and imploring me or being engaged in austerities and prayers for my correction.

Life has taught me only this, "God has created some souls to live for others only."

To God in reality none is dear and none repugnant, because He is above all attachments; to Him none is high or low or unequal, because He cares equally for all. He has neither father nor mother, neither wife nor sons nor daughters, neither kinsman nor stranger, neither body nor birth. And yet—since men, for their own sake, imagine themselves to be in certain relations with God—He is the Son, the Inner Spirit, the Father, and the Mother to every one of them.

—Srimad Bhagavata

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Adhyatma Ramayana

LAKSHMANA-GITA

Rama, Lakshmana and Sita depart to the forest. Sita walks between the two, like 'Maya stalking between Paramatman and Jivatman'. Guha meets them and offers athithya.

सुप्तं रामं समालोक्य गुहः सोऽश्रुपरिप्लुतः।
लक्ष्मणं प्राह विनयाद् भ्रातः पश्यसि राघवम्॥

Seeing Rama asleep, Guha, with tear-laden eyes, addressed Lakshmana respectfully: "Brother! Do you see Raghava?

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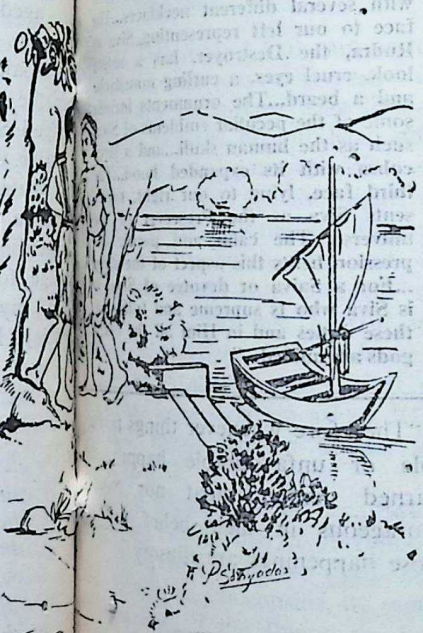
शयानं कुशपत्रौघसंस्तरे सीतया सह ।
यः शेते स्वर्णपर्यङ्के स्वास्तीर्णे भवनोत्तमे ।।

"He who used to sleep on well laid out beds on golden couches in his exalted mansion, today sleeps on a bed of Kusa-grass, in the company of Sita!

कैकेयी रामदुःखस्य कारणं विधिना कृता ।
मन्थराबुद्धिमास्थाय कैकेयी पापमाचरत् ।।

"Fate designed Kaikeyi as the instrument of Rama's sorrow. Listening to the evil mind of Manthara, she perpetrated the sin."

तच्छ्रुत्वा लक्ष्मणः प्राह सखे शृणु वचो मम ।
कः कस्य हेतुः दुःखस्य कश्च हेतुः सुखस्य वा ।।
स्वपूर्वार्जितकर्मैव कारणं सुखदुःखयोः ।।



Hearing him remark thus, Lakshmana replied: "Friend! Listen to my words. Who is responsible for whose grief or happiness? The Karma that one has acquired during past lives alone is responsible for his present happiness and sorrow.

सुखस्य दुःखस्य न कोऽपि दाता
परो ददातीति कुबुद्धिरेषा ।
अहं करोमीति वृथाभिमानः
स्वकर्मसूत्रग्रथितो हि लोकः ।।

"There is no one to award happiness or inflict sorrow. It is a false notion to think that any outsider does so. When people are tied up by the strings of (the fruits of) their actions, it is idle to claim 'I do this or that'.

सुहृन्मित्रार्युदासीनद्वेष्यमध्यस्थबान्धवाः।
स्वयमेवाचरन्कर्म तथा तत्र विभाव्यते ।।
सुखं वा यदि वा दुःखं स्वकर्मवशगो नरः ।
यद्यद्यथागतं तत्तद् भुक्त्वा स्वस्थमना
भवेत् ।।

"In the matters of confidants, friends, enemies, neutrals, hostiles, intermediaries and relatives, people by their own actions assume respective attitudes discriminatively. Even so, in the matter of happiness or sorrow, people should enjoy or suffer them as a matter of course and feel easy about them.

न मे भोगागमे वाञ्छा न मे भोगाविवर्जने ।
आगच्छत्वथ मागच्छत्व भोगवशो भवेत् ।।

"Not for me is to desire enjoyment, nor to abjure it. Whether it comes or not, I won't be its slave.

यस्मिन्देशे च काले च यस्माद्वा येन केन वा ।
कृतं शुभाशुभं कर्म भोज्यं तत्तत्र नान्यथा ।।

"At whatever place or time or by whatever cause an act good or bad

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be performed, its results must be enjoyed then and there; there is no alternative to it.

अलं हर्षविषादाभ्यां शुभाशुभफलोदये।
विधात्रा विहितं यद्यत् तदलङ्घ्यं सुरासुरैः॥

"No more happiness or sorrow for me when happy or unhappy results accrue. What is ordained by destiny cannot be transgressed even by angels and demons.

सर्वदा सुखदुःखाभ्यां नरः प्रत्यवरुध्यते।
शरीरं पुण्यपापाभ्यां उत्पन्नं सुखदुःखवत्॥

"Man is always bound by happiness and sorrow, for his body owes its emergence to his past virtues and sins, based upon his past good or evil actions.

सुखस्यानन्तरं दुःखं दुःखस्यानन्तरं सुखम्।
द्वयमेतद्धि जन्तूनां अलङ्घ्यं दिनरात्रिवत्॥

"After happiness, sorrow; after sorrow, happiness. These two, like the day and night, are inescapable results in the lives of human beings.

सुखमध्ये स्थितं दुःखं दुःख मध्येस्थितंसुखम्।
द्वयमन्योन्यसंयक्तं प्रोच्यते जलपङ्कवत्॥

"Indeed right in the midst of happiness appears sorrow and in the midst of sorrow appears joy. Well has it been said that their combination is like the water and the mire beneath it.

तस्माद् धैर्येण विद्वांसः इष्टानिष्टोपपत्तिषु।
न हृष्यन्ति न मुह्यन्ति सर्वं मायेति भावनात॥

"Therefore whenever things favourable or unfavourable happen, the learned neither gloat nor mourn courageous in their belief that all those happenings are illusory."

OUR FRONT COVER: MAHESA-MURTI

The front cover of this issue carries a coloured illustration of the colossal figure of Mahesa-Murti, often miscalled Trimurti, a most striking sculpture carved deep in a recess in the interior of a rock at the Elephanta Caves in Western India.

Describing it, Dr. Hirananda Sastri writes: "The well-proportioned three-faced bust represents Siva in the form of Mahesa or the Supreme Being. It is 17′ 10″ high from above the base which measures 2¾″ in height. Its three faces correspond to the three functions of God, namely creation, protection and destruction of the universe....The front or central face with a calm and dignified appearance represents Siva as the creator. The lower lip is thick and the breast adorned with several different necklaces...The face to our left representing Siva as Rudra, the Destroyer, has a severe look, cruel eyes, a curling moustache and a beard...The ornaments include some of the peculiar emblems of Siva, such as the human skull...and a large cobra with its expanded hood...The third face, lying to our right, represents Siva as the Preserver of the universe. The calm and pacific expression befits this aspect of the deity ...For a Saiva or devotee of Siva, it is Siva who is supreme and fulfils all these duties and in Him all the other gods are unified..."

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K.M. munshi

krishnavatara

14 : PART II

BHARGAVA RAMA of the BATTLE AXE

KRISHNA and Balaram parted from the caravan when the Sahya Mountains were in sight and went towards Mount Mahendra. It was a pleasant journey. Wherever they chose to stay for the night, the villagers offered hospitality. Balaram enjoyed the mountain air and the glory of the peaks bathed in the sunshine. Krishna was his cheerful self, talking of old days in Vrindavan.

'Krishna, you are clever. Tell me one thing,' once Balaram asked. 'How do these things happen to us, and not to others?'

'Things happen to us because we are born to relish life in its fullness,' replied Krishna. 'If we had been brought up like our cousins, we would have missed all the things we have seen and learnt.'

'Don't you ever regret having left Radha, whom you loved so much?' asked Balaram.

Krishna looked surprised. 'She is always with me—always. That is why I never feel unhappy.'

Balaram shook his head. 'You are very difficult to understand. I did not like your offering to flee from Mathura. I would have stayed there and fought to the last.'

'Brother, our mission is to establish *Dharma,* not merely to satisfy our vanity of being heroic. Sometimes, even the action which ordinarily men look upon as cowardice, becomes *Dharma,*' said Krishna. 'What I saw was the situation as it actually was. I placed it before Father and Uncle Akrura before even noble Vikadru spoke about it before King Ugrasena. And they both approved of it.'

Balaram gave up the effort to understand his younger brother.

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On the slope of Mount Mahendra, Krishna and Balaram saw a large hermitage. On enquiry from a goatherd, they found that the great sage Parashurama Bhargava of the Battle Axe, worshipped as Lord Shiva Himself, had come to stay there for some days. Evidently Gargacharya had already informed the sage of their coming.

Krishna felt his heart throb with anticipation. He was soon going to meet the mighty Parashurama who was living in vigour, even though his pupils, shrunk with age, were tottering to their end. He was a living embodiment of ancestral greatness, he thought. His name evoked reverence in eminent sages, generally reserved for the departed ancients of the race and it was never uttered by a seasoned warrior but in worshipful admiration; and they often called Bhargava, Bhagwan, the Lord Himself.

His was a strange life, Krishna thought. He had lived in times almost forgotten, when the banks of the sacred Saraswati echoed to the chants of the great sages of old—Vasishtha, Vishwamitra and Jamadagni. He had fought a host of rulers whose barbarian defiance of the Aryan code threatened to overwhelm *Dharma* in its very home. He had killed Kartavirya, who was said to possess the strength of a thousand arms, with his bare hands.

He had conquered the world; the land from the snow-clad Himalayas to the rolling Narmada had trembled at his name; then, at the height of his glory, he had given away the world to Sage Kashyapa to be ruled by kings pledged to *Dharma*.

He had then come to the west coast and demanded from the sea new land for him to live. The sea willingly yielded the region, where had sprung up the great port of Shurparaka, visited by a hundred ships from across the sea.

Still he was not of the past. He was a living shrine, to which people came from far off lands to gain solace, strength or wisdom. And all who came returned with the impression that he was God Himself.

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With a feeling of reverence, Krishna and Balaram approached the *ashram*. A boy showed them the way to the giant tree under which Bhargava sat, firm and unbent, in front of a sacrificial fire.

He was very tall and still sinewy, though his skin creased by a thousand wrinkles. A white long beard and a mane of beauty covered half his body, while a tiger skin was wrapped round his loins. A long battle axe —the terrific weapon famed in story and song—which had laid numberless crowned heads low, lay by his side and also a large *kamandalu*, the bowl, now his only possession.

At some distance, some old disciples were tending a few cows. A little away there were huts, in front of which some youngsters were chanting the *Vedas*.

As they saw Bhargava, Krishna and Balaram went with hurried steps and prostrated themselves before him.

'Lord of wisdom, Guru of all gurus, we, sons of Vasudeva, seek your blessings,' Krishna said, overwhelmed by the majestic presence.

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'My blessings, sons of Vasudeva. knew you were coming here to meet and so I came,' said Bhargava almost a childlike smile and in nes of sincere affection. The eyes, hich had flashed fire once and had spired awe in mighty kings, were now ols of affectionate understanding. have heard a lot about both of you. t first go and take your bath, per- m your *sandhya*, take your food d some rest. Then we shall talk out you.'

A disciple, who looked pretty old, me and took the brothers away to e huts.

When they were fully refreshed, Krishna and Balaram returned, sat at e feet of the Master and ld him as to how they d to leave Mathura and ow they travelled all the ay.

'What you have done right. Death should only e courted when *Dharma* mands it; otherwise, urting it is either vanity cowardice—a flight om *Dharma*.'

'The world is sure to ay that we fled out of wardice,' said Krishna.

'What the world thinks generally wrong. Some- mes action is heroic; but times, retreat from ction demands greater roism. You have done ell,' said Bhargava.

'We hope, with your essings, lord, to seek an sylum with King Shri- ava Vaasudeva of Kar- virpur. He is a Yadava, said Krishna.

'Shrigalava will never give you help,' said the Master. 'He is selfish, cruel and arrogant. He believes himself the God of gods. He has been persecuting all men of learning and has thrown all the venerable Acharyas into a pit. He will never give you an asylum unless you deny all the gods and accept him as the great God, Mahadeva. And even if he does so, it will only be to give you up to Jarasandha for a price,' said the sage. 'And if ever you have to deal with him, remember he is a *banavali*, a master bowman, and never forgets that he is one.'

'But if we don't go to Karvirpur,

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where shall we go?' asked Balaram.

'How do you think Jarasandha would react to your flight?' asked Bhargava.

'I don't think he will harass the Yadavas in Mathura, for he only wants them to surrender us to him. At the most he will extract a heavy tribute. But as I see it, he will not give us up. He will try to find out where we have gone and pursue us to the bitter end,' said Krishna.

'It is possible that he may find it a waste of effort to come all the way to find you here,' suggested the sage.

'Perhaps you are right, Master. But my killing Uncle Kamsa has been the greatest blow to his prestige. Uncle was his most powerful and loyal ally. His death has shaken his hold over other kings. Even the kings who are with him consider that Mathura led by us would be a potential danger to his imperial position,' said Krishna.

'I agree, you are in a difficult position. But if I were you, I would not seek safety with any prince however good he may be. He will sacrifice you to his self interest. You must grow powerful by yourself,' said the sage.

'I wish we could,' said Krishna.

After a little pause, Bhargava said, 'Farther away, I know of the Gomantak Hill on the shores of the sea. That will suit you.'

'Can it stand a siege?' Krishna asked.

'It is an inaccessible hill. Neither horses, nor chariots, nor elephants can climb it. It is also not difficult to defend it against odds, for the path to reach the top is steep and narrow,' said the sage and added, 'It is a beautiful hill. A very harmless and hospi-

...here. They are ca... the *garuds*, because they march ... battle with eagle faces. They are ... voted to me as once I saved th... from destruction. Their chief is a ... kind man. He will make you happy ... and never give up.'

So they went to Gomantak, led ... Jamadagni's mighty son, leaving K... virpur on one side. They crossed ... dense jungle, when they saw bef... them the most lovely hill imaginab... rich with trees and creepers and bl... of varied hue, but straight, steep a... inaccessible.

As they went on climbing the h... Balaram could not restrain his cur... sity.

'Lord, having conquered all kin... why did you give away the earth? ... you had not done so, all these tu... bulent kings would not have rais... their heads. And Jarasandha wou... never have dreamt of world conques... said Balaram.

'My boy, it has been an enigma ... many. But they don't know why ... took upon myself to fight Kartaviry... and his allies. He had waxed so power... ful that none could withstand him... He defied the Eternal Rita ; he defi... ed the Gods ; he mocked at our an... cient ways. Nothing was sacred ... him. He thought he was above a... things, and his will was the law fo... all. He burnt the *ashram* of the grea... test of *rishis*, Vasishtha ; he destroyed ... our *ashram* and killed my father, th... venerable Jamadagni. In fact he took ... delight in uprooting all that we, Ar... yans, cherish with our lives. The earth ... was calling for his destruction,' said ... the sage.

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'How did it happen? What were our men doing?' asked Krishna.

'They were too busy fighting among themselves to see the danger that was Kartavirya. For Kartavirya was not merely a king; he stood for all that was demoniac: fraud, force, egotism. From his very existence he poisoned life at its very source,' said the sage. 'For life is *tapas*, self-discipline, which conquers the weaknesses which make us men, such contemptible worms.'

'Ultimately you overcame them all.'

'When such *asuric* (demoniac) power establishes its sway, it listens to nothing; it then deserves to be destroyed. The Haihayas combined against me, as did the *Asuras* against the gods once. But I vanquished them. I made the world safe for those who want to pursue *rita, satya* and *tapas*. But I had never loved power, nor pomp. I never wanted to rule. My mission was to re-establish *Dharma*. That was ended, so I gave up everything,' said the sage.

'It was wonderful the way you stepped down from the power you held.'

'It was nothing wonderful. I had to bear arms; *adharma* had to be rooted out. *Kshatratej*, the might of valour, is necessary at times, but *Brahmatej*, the might of the spirit, is essential at all times, if the world has to live in conformity with eternal ordinances of *rita*—what you call *Dharma* now,' said the sage.

● ● ●

In the footsteps of the sage, Krishna and Balaram climbed the winding trail which ran on the steep incline to reach Gomantak. On the top was a fairly large plateau with running streams and groves of shady trees. When the people residing on the hill learnt of the arrival of Parashurama, they flocked to him—men, women and children—and fell at his feet, offered cocoanuts and flowers, and sought his blessings. The sage hailed them affectionately, many by their names.

Then the chief of the *garuds* came with his sons; they all wore masks which made their faces look like eagles—a mark of royal dignity, which they wore on important occasions. Their womenfolk also followed and offered worship to the Master. Then they took the guests under the shades of a tree, and offered them luscious fruits and cocoanut milk by way of refreshment.

After Krishna and Balaram were settled, the Master departed. While going, he told Krishna: 'Son of Vasudeva, I know all you have done and what you are. Don't forget, you have a mission; to secure the triumph of *dharma*—not the *dharma* which flies away from all that is life, but the *dharma* which affirms life and makes it godlike. Your people who call you a god are right. They have faith in you. But you must have faith in yourself. You can be a god only if you fill yourself with the faith to be one. I will now go. Perhaps I will not meet you again. But my blessings are with you both. And if you need me, send one of the *garuds*. He will find me out wherever I happen to be.'

So saying, the Master blessed them as also the worshipful crowd of the *garuds*, which had gathered to wish him an early return.

Then with the inseparable battle-axe in hand, he stepped down the hill with the agility of an youngster, a living symbol of unfading might.

[*To be continued*]

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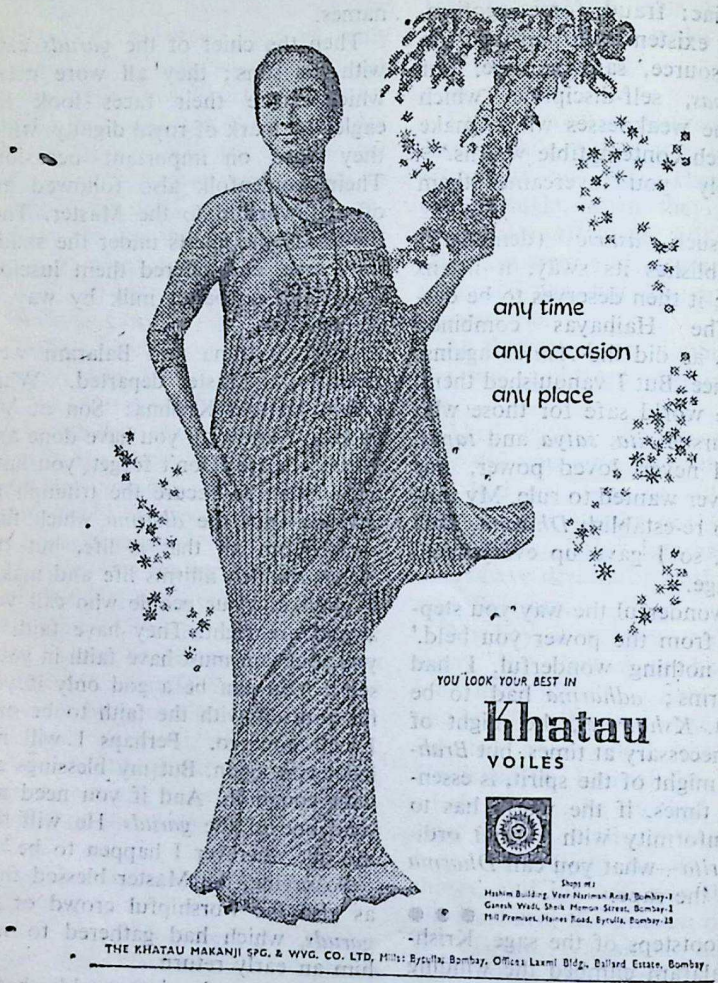

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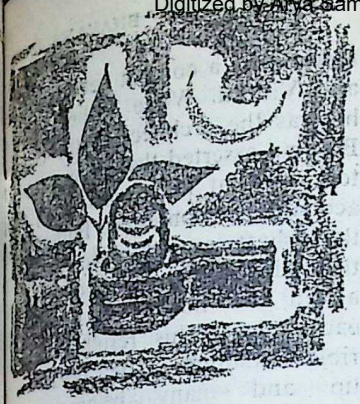

Mahasivaratri

M. V. Sridatta Sarma

MAHASIVARATRI (the great night of Siva) is a very popular festival.

In the *Siva-rahasyakhanda* of the *Skanda Purana*, four kinds of Sivaratri are mentioned: (*i*) a Monday which synchronises with the New Moon is known as Nitya Sivaratri; (*ii*) the day preceding the New Moon every month is known as Masasivaratri; (*iii*) Magha Sivaratri falls on the fourteenth day of the dark half of Magha and for observing this, certain austerities are laid down from the first day of the waxing moon till the day of Sivaratri; (*iv*) the Maha Sivaratri falls on the day which precedes the New Moon in the month of Magha.

Generally on such days which are held sacred to Siva, the observance of a fast followed by worship of Siva during the Yamas (four quarters of the night) is enjoined.

The conception is that on Sivaratri, Lord Siva manifests Himself in the form of a vast Linga. Says the *Suprabhedagama* thus: "The Lord by virtue of His power of Maya assumes a bodily form for the set purpose of meditation and devotion by the votaries: the ascetics, yogins and the wise, as also those well-versed in the sacred texts and formulae:

यतीनां मंत्रिणां चैव ज्ञानिनां योगिनां तथा।
ध्यानपूजा निमित्तं च तनुं गृह्णाति मायया॥

There are different accounts connected with the origin of Sivaratri in Puranic lore. According to one account in the *Samkara Samhita*, the groups of gods known as Rudras (manifestations of Siva) were awakened one night at the instance of Siva at Madhyarjuna-kshetra. They practised devotion to Siva during the four Yamas. The Lord who was pleased gave them audience and asked them as to what they wanted. These gods said thus: "Oh Lord of compassion! Let those persons who worship Thee on this night be bestowed with all the merits that accrue by the observance of Sivaratri" (*Dakshakhanda Ch. V.* 18-19).

The second account is as follows. Daksha as a result of his enmity with Rudra lost all his power and position. When he approached Brahma, the latter said to him thus: "Oh, child, this bewilderment as a result of Avidya was not experienced by you alone. Once I too was subjected to this state of superimposition. When I myself approached that auspicious

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THE BILVA LEAF

This leaf, which has three petals like the three eyes of Siva, is stated to be the seat of Lakshmi, Goddess of wealth. In *Sri Lakshmi Ashtottara*, the name 'Bilva-nilayayai' occurs. The *Shree Sukta* also mentions *bilva* as the tree of Lakshmi. She is believed to reside in the outer side of the leaf and so *bilva* has to be placed with the outer side touching the deity.

VIBHUTI

***Vibhuti* (sacred ash), as the ultimate end of everything, symbolises the white Siva, who is the ultimate Reality. *Vibhuti* is worn by Vaishnavas also, for the *prasada* of any *yagna* comprises the ashes of the sacrificial fire.**

PANCHAKSHARA

***Rudra* and *Chamaka* occur in the middle of the *Yajurveda*. In the middle of *Rudra* and *Chamaka* occur the *Panchakshara* "Namassivaya". The core of that *mantra* is Siva. This reference to Siva also occurs in *Srimad Bhagavata*, a *purana* entirely devoted to Vishnu. Thus Siva's *nama* is the central gem of a priceless jewel. Panchakshara-mantra has the capacity to wash off all our sins.**

—H. H. Jagadguru
Sri Sankaracharya
of Kanchi.

Lord, He released me from all distress. Therefore, it behoves you to offer worship to that Lord of celestials, who is the director of all that is good." On the advice of the Grandsire, Daksha observed Sivaratri with devotion by installing a Siva Linga at Banares in his own name, when he regained his former position.

A third account runs thus: Once there arose a combat between Brah and Vishnu. While Vishnu said he was the architect of the Univer Brahma asserted that he was the cre tor and that his claims could on account be contested. Both direc their shafts against each other and the end of a long drawn out duel, t aimed the missile of Siva aga each other. This resulted in a rible calamity. The oceans dr up and many beings perish At this juncture, the celesti sage Narada intervened and dir ted them to lay down their m siles and foretold the coming of S in the form of a radiant beam spre ing light before them. That day s chronised with Sivaratri, when at m night, the Lord gave them audien in the form of a *Linga* resembling pillar of cosmic fire. The light prod ed from the shafts sent by Brah and Vishnu against each other b united.

An unknown voice directed the "Oh, ye gods, you are still under t spell of nescience. There is nothi greater than the splendour of Mah deva. I tell thee that before Him y are powerless. Between yourselves, t person who is able to trace the en of this fiery pillar is decidedly powe ful."

So, Brahma assumed the form of swan and flew up to the spacial re gions, while Vishnu embodied hi self as a boar and burrowed down i to the earth. All attempts at discover ing the reality on the part of Brahm and Vishnu proved futile. Vishnu a mitted that he was unable to perceive

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lower end. Brahma brought forth false witness in the form of a *ketaki* (flower) petal, which decorated Siva's head and descended down and said that he had discovered the peak-portion of that beacon of light (fiery *linga*).

Later, both the gods offered prayers to Lord Siva when He sprang forth with Uma from the Linga. This body consisted of pure intelligence (*Visuddha jnana*). The mountain-like form of *tejas* disappeared and it was later known as Analagiri. This version of the story appears in the *Linga, Kurma, Vayu* and *Siva Puranas* also.

According to another account appearing in the *Samkara Samhita*, the story goes that at the time of the great dissolution of the Universe aeons ago, darkness prevailed everywhere. There was total annihilation when all the lokas (spheres) with their inhabitants perished. There was neither Reality (सत्) nor Unreality (असत्). Uma bore witness to this and she was offering supplications to the Lord by meditation in the lotus cavity of her heart with the sixty-four *kalas*. Then ensued the hour of creation of the Universe. She appealed to the Lord thus: "By virtue of my having offered worship to Thee in the lotus cavity of my heart, let those who offer adorations during the four divisions of time on this sacred night (Sivaratri) obtain for themselves their desired ends, by Thy grace, besides Apavarga (final beatitude). May the aspirant be blessed with endless merit."

Thus the Puranas enumerate many instances of devotees who observed the Sivaratri with devotion. Here is one: While Sankara was engaged in a conversation with Parvati on Mount Kailas, a monkey ascended a bael tree and dropped down a few leaves with prostrations. Siva directed that the monkey should be born an emperor! This was Muchukunda, who was later raised to the overlordship of the *ganas*.

Brahma and Vishnu observed Sivaratri. The celestials obtained positions and attainments. By the Lord's grace, Kubera became the possessor of great treasures. Varuna and Vayu acquired great prowess. Kalmashapada released himself of all taints. A fowler who was pursued by a man-eater climbed a bael (*bilva*) tree unknowingly on the dark night of Sivaratri. He spent the whole night without sleep and a few leaves from the tree dropped down on a *Linga*. The Siva-ganas (emissaries of Siva) carried him to the planes of Siva where he died the next morning. A wicked old woman who suffered from a foul disease observed a fast on the night of Sivaratri and succumbed to death at daybreak. She was subsequently taken to the abode of Siva.

In the *Halasya Mahatmya* it is said that Lord Siva gave audience to His *bhaktas* and exhibited the celestial dance on a Sivaratri, when they were transported to the other shores of darkness. They landed on the zone of bliss, being cleansed from all sins.

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Pageant of Great Lives—16

SAROJINI NAIDU

G. K. RAO

A PEERLESS poet, a devoted wife and loving mother, a thrilling speaker, a cultural ambassador, a dauntless fighter for freedom and a great national leader —such was Sarojini Naidu whose 82nd birthday comes off in February 1961. She was so warm-hearted that to almost every one in her vast circle of friends all over the country she was *Akka*—the big sister.

Sarojini Devi, eldest child of Dr. Aghorenath Chattopadhyaya and Varada Sundari Devi, was born at Hyderabad on 13th February, 1879. Dr. Chattopadhyaya was a learned man, having taken his degree of Doctor of Science at the Universities of Edinburgh and Bonn. Her mother, a woman of great purity of life and sympathetic understanding, was a poet who had written beautiful songs in Bengali. She could also sing well. Dr. Chattopadhyaya took special interest in Sorojini's education. She describes how he had a great white beard and the profile of Homer and a laugh that brought the roof down and how he used to hold court every day in his garden of learned men of all the religions. She thus met all kinds of persons and soon came to have a knowledge of the big and varied world.

Sarojini was sent to school rather early. Soon she could speak and write English well. One day when she was nine years old, her father shut her up in a room because she could not study her English lessons. She herself says that she came out of that room a full-blown linguist and an interested student of English and other langu-

ages.

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Though a Brahmin by birth, she was brought up in a city where Muslim culture had flourished for many years. As a child, she had Muslim playmates and her early associations were with Muslim men and women of Hyderabad. All these things convinced her that there was no real antagonism between Hindus and Muslims. In later years she used to say that she was half Hindu and half Muslim, and that the first sounds which left a deep impression on her mind were those of the Muezzin from the mosque calling people to prayer. All this made her one of the strongest influences in India working for Hindu-Muslim unity.

One day, when she was 11, she was sighing over a problem in Algebra: no solution came, but instead a whole poem which she wrote down. 'From that day my poetic career began' she says. When she was 12, she thrilled the whole of India by topping the list in the Matriculation examination of the Madras University. She, however, believed that her real work was writing poetry and not passing examinations. At 13, she wrote a long poem entitled 'Lady of the Lake'—1300 lines in six days. After passing Matriculation, she spent the next four years in extensive reading, especially literature, history and philosophy.

At the age of 16 she fell in love with the palace physician, Dr. Govindaraju Naidu, who reciprocated it. But how could she, a high class Brahmin, marry a non-Brahmin, however well-connected and cultured? Her father tried to put an end to the love affair by despatching her to England for higher studies.

For the next three years she was in England, studying first at King's College in London, and afterwards at Girton College, Cambridge. The Edinburgh University awarded her a Doctorate and other Universities too honoured her. She also acquired the friendship of distinguished men of letters like Sir Edmund Gosse and Arthur Symons.

In spite of her father's opposition to her marriage with Dr. Naidu, she showed determination and courage in remaining true to her choice, and after her return from England in 1898 the marriage was celebrated. She thus became a pioneer of inter-caste marriages. Later she showed the same courage and determination in fighting for political and social causes, whether for the country's freedom under Mahatma Gandhi's leadership, or for Hindu-Muslim unity, or for emancipation of women from all restricting influences. How aptly Mahatma Gandhi described her once as the 'Mira Bai of today!' Like Mira she courageously broke through the walls of convention and as Mira surrendered her life at the feet of Lord Krishna, she dedicated hers to the service of the Motherland.

After her marriage she had, as she herself says, the happiest period of her life. She called her home the dwelling place of "the very spirit of Delight." The Naidus had four children —two boys and two girls, one of whom—Smt. Padmaja Naidu—is the Governor of West Bengal.

There were three books of poems by her—*The Golden Threshold, The Bird of Time* and *The Broken Wing.* In a remarkable portrayal of the

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young poet in his introduction to the first of these books, Arthur Symons refers to her deep and expressive eyes as if they were always looking for beauty, her voice pleasing as gentle music, her mind which was ever calm and noble and her keen sense of humour. Age did not dim these qualities, and years later when she was in the thick of battle for the country's freedom, she remained the same self endearing herself to all who came in contact with her. The vivid pen-pictures in her poems of unforgettable Indian scenes, revealing as in the short poem 'Bells' the very soul of the country, are as charming as the lilt and rhythm of the verses. Other memorable poems such as 'Bangle Sellers', 'Coromandel Fishers', 'The Palanquin Bearers', 'Guerdon', 'The Dance of Love' and above all, her panegyric 'To a Buddha seated on a lotus' show what a great lyric poet she was.

She was always quick to see the funny side of life and could laugh at it without difficulty. She was a fount of bubbling humour wherever she was—in a Conference or Committee room, in a circle of friends or even in jail. 'Of all things that life, or perhaps my temperament, has given me' she says, 'I prize the gift of laughter as beyond price'. When Mahatma Gandhi met Chiang Kai-shek, she compared the meeting to Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck conferring with each other.

In 1914-18 when there was the cry for freedom everywhere in the country, she gave up the 'rapture of song' for devoted service under the banner of freedom. About a year ago, President Rajendra Prasad in unveiling her portrait in the Central Hall of Parliament testified to the indelible impression left on his mind by her address he had heard at Calcutta in 1906. Prime Minister Nehru also recalled on the occasion that the first time he heard her speak, he was swept away and that that was one of the very few speeches that had left a lasting and deep impression on his mind. All over the country during the freedom struggle her audiences listened to her spellbound. She fought by the side of Mahatma Gandhi, took part in all non-co-operation movements and satyagraha campaigns and was often jailed. Soon after the Jallianwala Bagh shooting in 1919, she had to go to England for a change of air as she had heart trouble. She, however, did not miss the opportunity to expose effectively the enormity of General O'Dwyer's crime. In 1924 she toured the East and South Africa in order to study and alleviate, if possible, the conditions of our countrymen there. She was the first Indian woman to be the Congress President at Kanpur in 1925. Sri Pattabhi Sitaramayya in his book *The History of the Congress* says that her Presidential address was the shortest and sweetest ever delivered. For many years she was an important member of the Congress Working Committee. In 1928 the country selected her to visit America to correct the wrong impression made by Miss Mayo's book *Mother India*. With her charm of manner and great eloquence she completely undid the mischief done by Miss Mayo and the Americans learnt

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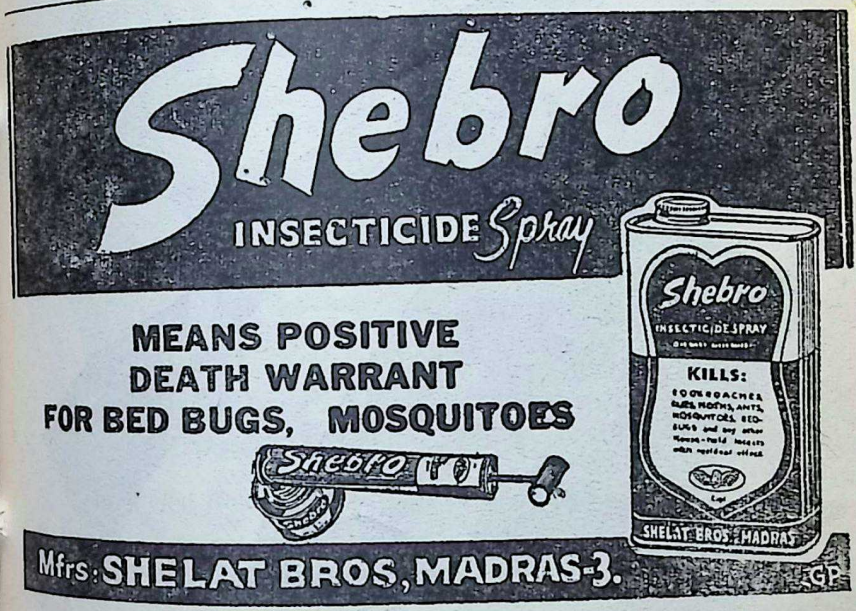
the truth about us and our fight for freedom. In 1930 after Gandhiji's arrest at Dandi, she led to the Dharasana Salt Works twenty-five thousand volunteers who thrilled the world by their courageous and scrupulously non-violent raid in batches on the Salt Works in spite of ruthless attacks with batons and rifle butts by police officers. She was, of course, jailed. In 1931 she was a delegate to the Round Table Conference in London as a representative of the women of India. In 1942 at the beginning of 'Quit India' movement she was again jailed in the Aga Khan Palace at Yeravda along with Mahatma Gandhi.

On the 15th of August, 1947 when India became independent, she was appointed Governor of U.P. Though she was not quite happy about it, she was one of the most popular Governors. In February, 1949 she became ill and passed away on 3rd March—deeply mourned by the whole nation.

In her passing away India lost a great daughter who attained rare distinction in so many fields and who served her so devotedly and so well.



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Many Happy Returns
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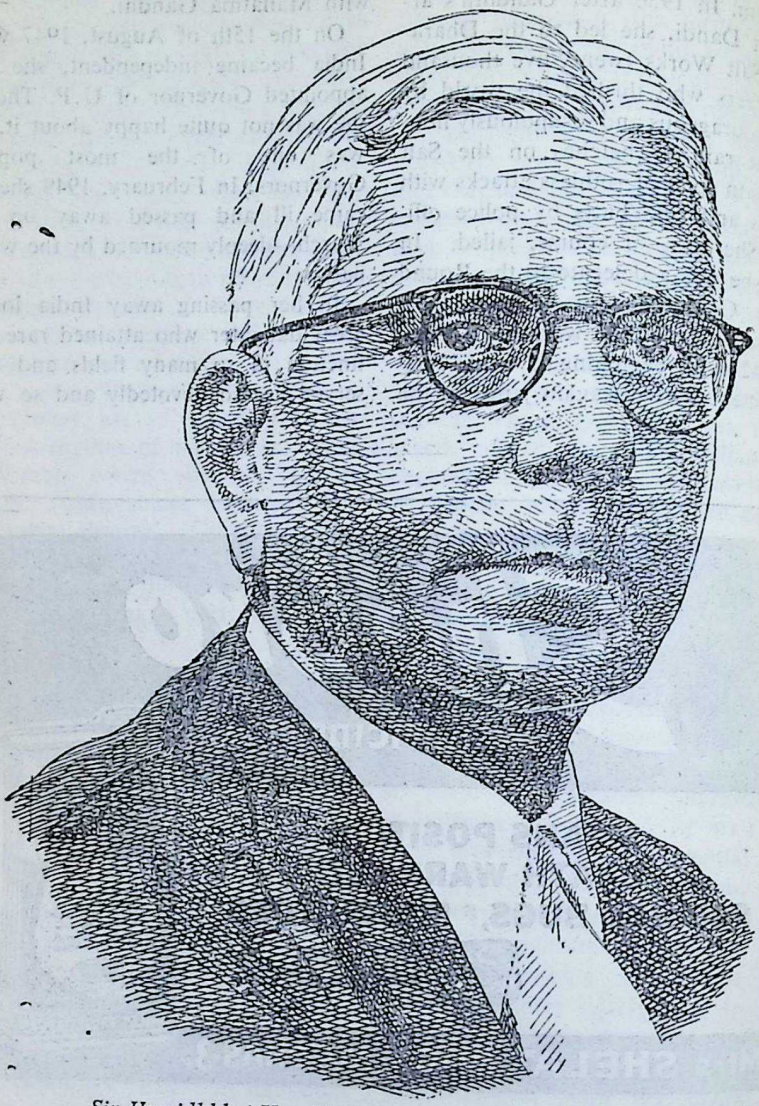

Sir Harsidhbhai Vajubhai Divatia, Born: Feb. 17, 1886

[Vice-President of Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan from 1938; former Chief Justice of Saurashtra and Vice-Chancellor of Gujarat University].

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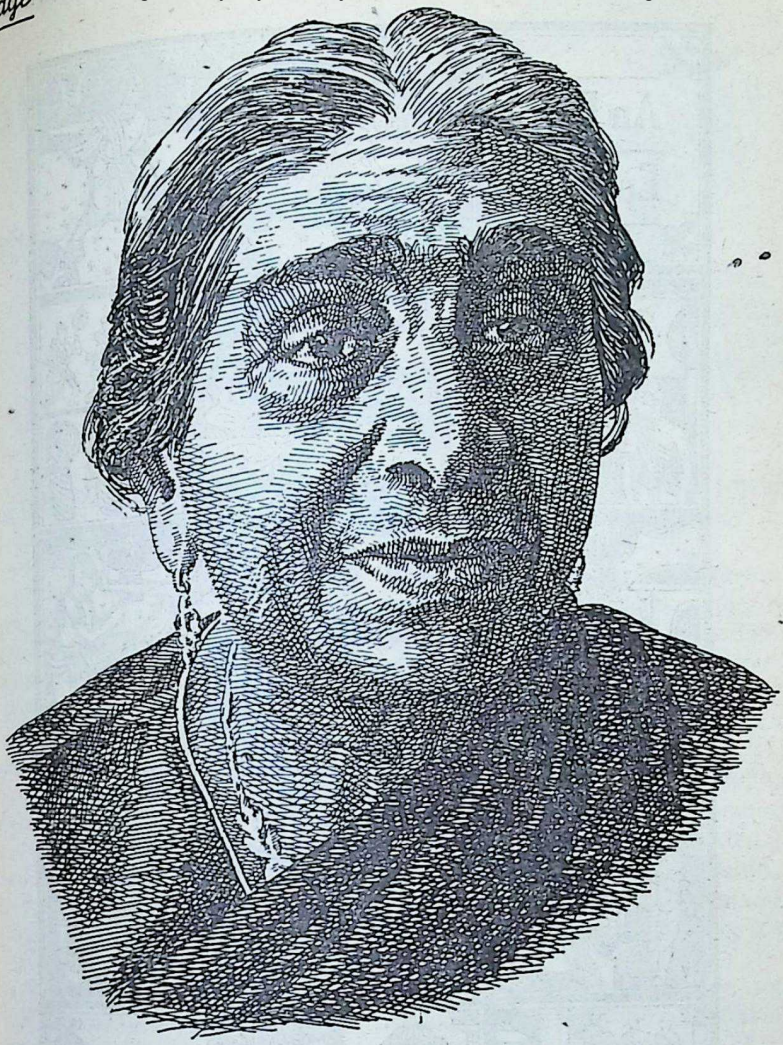

[*Sarojini Naidu, b. Feb. 13, 1879; d. March 3, 1949*]

In a letter to Sarojini Naidu, Gandhiji wrote adopting the epithet "Spinner of Destiny" which she had applied to him:

"I do not know whether to love you best as a poetess, philosopher or mother? Tell me."

Spinner (M. K. Gandhi).

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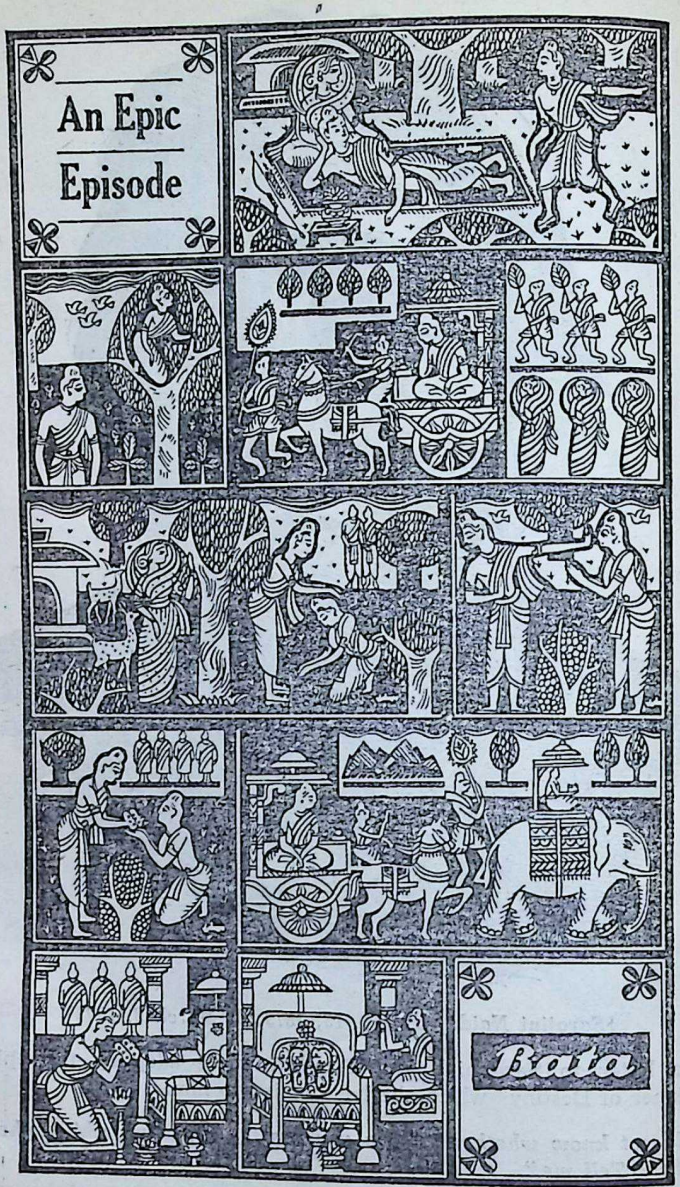

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DISINTEGRATION:

How to Avert It ?

Dr. C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar

THE subject of the symposium, this evening, is Disintegration —How to avert it. This postulates that there is disintegration. And the question that has first to be answered relates to this phenomenon, its magnitude, and the method by which that phenomenon can be confronted and dealt with.

It has been said that the present era is one characterised by a crisis of the soul. One of the symptoms of that crisis is a disintegration which is not confined to this country but is practically world-wide. The events that have been taking place and the attitude of people towards them in the Congo, in the Middle-East and the Far-East and many other places bear testimony to the existence of that disintegration.

One of the symptoms of this disintegration is a loss of equilibrium, a loss of what the *Bhagavat Gita* wisely terms '*Samata*', and the most distressing aspect of this disequilibrium and loss of *samata* is what I venture to call the loss of personality, complete or partial.

I am reminded here of a great saying by the American philosopher Emerson, who said "Most people are other people ; their talks are some one else's opinion, their lives are a mimicry and even their fashions are a quotation."

Now, it is perfectly true that today on account of the modern methods of propaganda and of accelerated mass communication, this dragooning of men's mind, and this regimentation of men's soul are taking place at a great rate.

Our country calls itself a secular state. Nevertheless, the elections of today, the ministerial crises of today and the many other events that are projecting themselves before us are intrinsically based on caste or community.

Furthermore, the old and obsolete weapons of civil disobedience, fasts

Speech at Bhavan's symposium.

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> From my very school days, I have a firm conviction in the unity of India.
> Who lives if India dies?
> *Mahatma Gandhi*

unto death, picketing and what is miscalled *satyagraha* are now brandished or used for irrelevant purposes and in a manner not contemplated by their creators.

Group or individual violence of thought or action is often the result of crowd mentality arising from a loss of older, moral and spiritual values.

People dare not act for themselves or think for themselves but follow others and what is much more, to be deplored, follow outworn slogans and dogmas, which now have lost their validity and are outworn. So, it is that nobody acts for or by himself. One becomes a divided and disintegrated personality. The result, we see all around in the form of regional, linguistic, communal and other group rivalries and conflicts.

If this be granted, what should be the manner of approach to this phenomenon that we see around us? There is nothing more important to an individual or a country than to realise that there should be unity only in necessary things, liberty in most other things but charity in all things.

Now one of the baneful effects of this mass mentality, this crowd psychology, this dragooned way of thinking and acting, is the annihilation of many human values. People insist on and crave for unity in unessential things. They crave for uniformity rather than for unity. In other words, opposition or difference of opinion is regarded as something which has to be deprecated at all costs. This attitude follows from the mass psychology and mass propaganda which America and other countries have pushed to logical or illogical conclusions but which also are finding their way in our country.

The remedy for this state of things is the complete remodelling of the system of education. It is an incontrovertible fact that some people are ready now-a-days to talk on any subject, even if they are completely unequipped to deal with it. The topic of education is one of their frequent obsessions. The education that I refer to is not the mere primary, secondary, university or technical education but the education of the citizen from childhood up to the adult stage in human values and such an education can be imported into the country only as a result and not otherwise of a spiritual and psychological revival.

Such a revival needs very careful preparation because at this moment it is not so important really to tinker partially at the ordinary means and process of education as to make those processes spiritually comprehensive and even creative in a secular state.

We must think of utilising the tremendous instrument of propaganda which is now, owing to the march of science, available to us. We must use that propaganda machinery for inculcating the fundamental human values of courage, of loyalty, of truth and tolerance. That seems to me as a task which needs missionaries and which needs Government initiative. Every-

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one has to harness himself to that task.

I have talked to you about cultural disintegration. But to my mind there is also an accompaniment of that cultural disintegration, another phenomenon viz., economic disintegration. Not long ago I was reading a book, entitled "Inflation and Society" by Graham Hutton. I trust you will bear with me when I read a paragraph from that book which seems to have a particular applicability to many things happening in our own country and in our own time. "In the establishment of an omnipotent and omnicompetent state authority in the modern world, there is more danger to personal freedom and to personal initiative than in any period that has gone before. Man's supremacy over the blind forces of technical achievement which appeared unimaginable a little lifetime or more ago, is now a *fait accompli* and such supremacy enables the rulers of today aptly and easily to exercise centralised state authority to the further extreme local bureaucracy. The individual man and woman as a producer, as a consumer, as a citizen is reduced to a non-entity by reason of the new regulations of centralised authority and the consequent minimising of the sacredness of human personality.

> We must act as one nation, not united by extraneous circumstances, but united by a greater force, that is, our own determined will.
>
> *Mahatma Gandhi*

In Mr. Hutton's view, practically all the ills of the modern world are due to inflation and he considers that the mounting spiral of prices and wages unaccompanied by any increase in productivity and conducted without reference to that productivity is the main cause, whether in England, in the United States or in Russia, of the present imbalance in many directions. In other words, the progress of planning should be a function of productivity, wage rise and wage increase should depend on productivity and a false idea of prosperity should not be fostered by the printing of new notes and making money cheaper at a terrible future cost.

These are the two aspects which I desire to emphasise.

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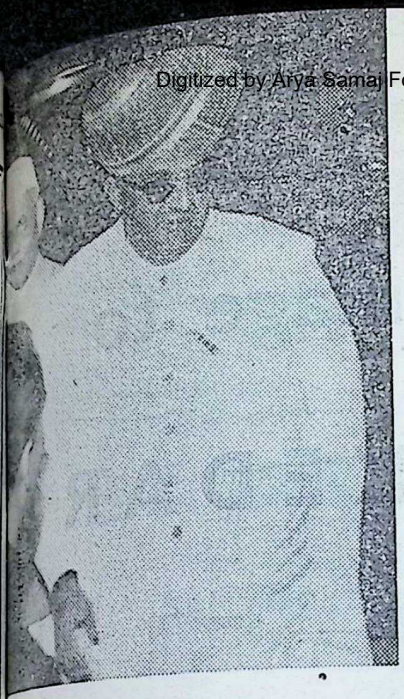

Morality Should Rule Human Conduct

Jayachamaraja Wadiyar

MY idea of Moral Re-Armament is that of the building up of a world in which ethical principles transcend all other considerations in the determination of social conduct and the behaviour of both individuals and nations.

In our country all the great teachers from the Vedic seers and the Buddha to Mahatma Gandhi have laid the greatest emphasis on the vital importance of an unshakable moral foundation for human life and conduct. The forces of evil in human nature can only be suppressed by the employment of moral weapons, and this teaching has been illustrated by many legends contained in our sacred books and epics.

We can learn from the *Bhagavad Gita* that human nature as a whole, and every individual personality as well, is a veritable battlefield on which a struggle is constantly going on between the forces of *Dharma* and *Adharma,* and that the only hope for mankind is to uphold the right on every occasion and give no quarter to the powers of evil, internal or external.

At the present day, scientific discovery and technological advance have given practically unlimited power into the hands of man. It is therefore an absolute necessity now that moral considerations should alone rule human conduct.

It is not enough if some men, or some nations, are guided by moral principles, or even if a majority of them are so guided. It is now more than ever necessary that *all* men and *all* nations should be guided and controlled by morality, for even a small number of perverse or misguided men can involve the whole of humanity in ruin.

It is therefore of the utmost importance that we must carry on this task of Moral Re-Armament and Moral Maintenance with ceaseless vigilance. Human nature is so constituted that even good things require propaganda and it cannot be taken for granted that good will automatically prevail over evil in an indolent or uninterested world.

The armament of morality is invisible but it is of matchless power, and

(Contd. on page 81)

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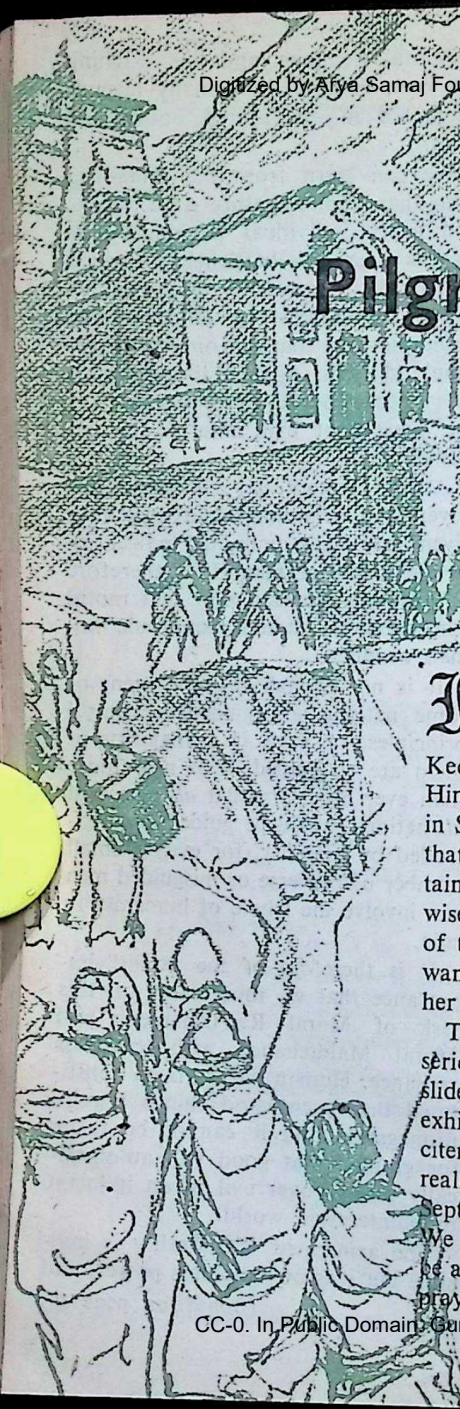

Pilgrimage to KEDAR

IT was a long-cherished but a long-d
desire of mine to perform the time-ho
age-old pilgrimage to the sacred shrin
Kedarnath and Badrinarayan embedded i
Himalayas. I am happy that I was able to f
in September last. As I throw my mind back
that I have seen, I realise that our ancients d
tainly conceive most magnificently and enjoi
wisely so that the stay-at-home Hindu might g
of the narrow grooves of his life and thoug
wander about his country seeing her hills and
her mountains and oceans, her rivers and fo

The journey despite all the risks involved
serious breaches in the roads and dangerous
slides from place to place, was most interesti
exhilarating. There were many thrills and ma
citements. The journey for me and my large
really began from Hardwar on the morni
September 1 where we arrived the evening b
We had hired some cars in the hope that we
be able to make a journey on them right upto R
prayag. We, however, met with our first o

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BADRI

SRI PRAKASA

a long-d... time-hor... ered shri... bedded ... able to ... ind back ... ncients d... nd enjoi... u might ... d thoug... hills and ... s and fo... nvolved ... angerous ... interestin... and ma... ny large ... e morni... evening b... that we ... ht upto R... first ob...

ikesh itself, at a distance of only about 15 from Hardwar. I had first gone to Hardwar my father as far back as 1904. Then we had on bullock carts from Hardwar to Rishikesh g across many streams on the way. Now there good motorable road between the two places, g through beautiful forests, and there are fine s over all the mountain torrents on the way.

en we got to esh, it was rain- We were told that oad to Deoprayag ent was breached badly, and we al- feared that we come to our jour- end abruptly at very start! After three hours of us waiting which spent in paying a to the well-known ama of Swami

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Shivananda, we were informed that the roads were just jeepable and that we could try our luck. We left our cars and proceeded on jeeps instead. Passing Deoprayag late in the afternoon at a distance of 44 miles from Rishikesh, we reached Rudraprayag (elevation 2,000 feet) at a further distance of another 44 miles late in the evening. We encountered heavy rain

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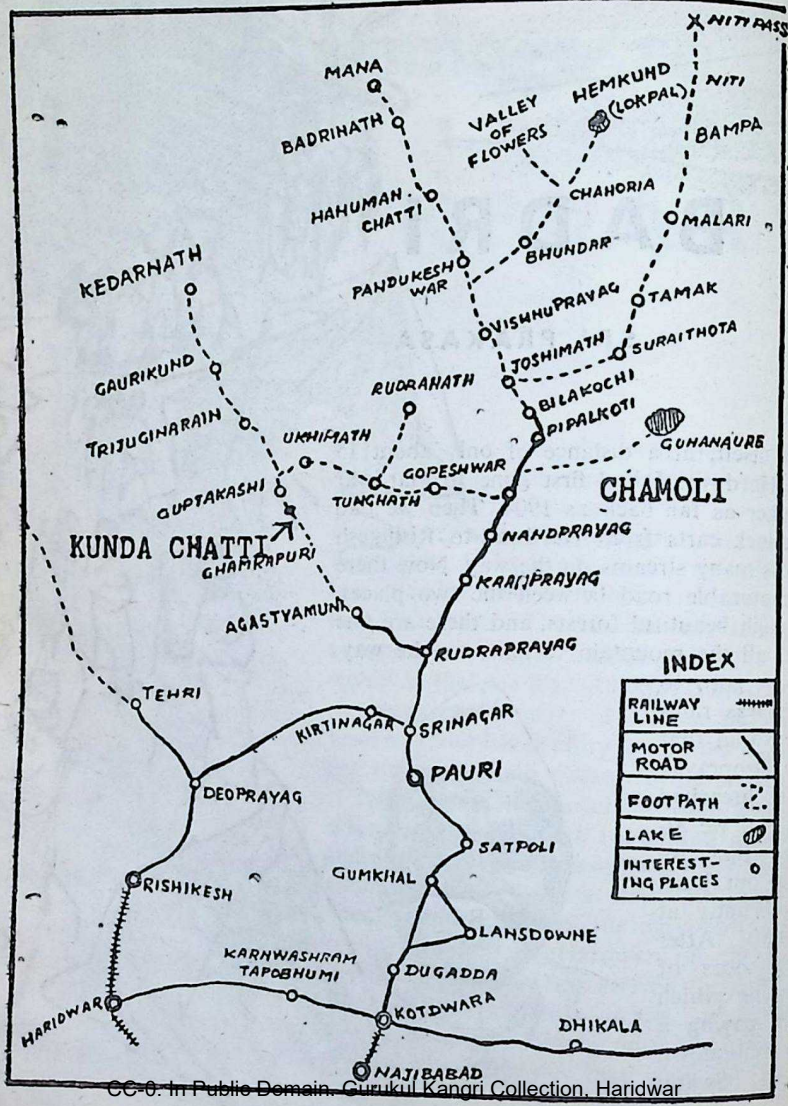
ROUTE MAP



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but managed to reach Rudraprayag in safety with the help of these powerful vehicles. We were thus able to cover quite 103 miles in a single day. At Rudraprayag there is a decent P.W.D. inspection house in which we passed the night.

Despite all the troubles that my party and I underwent, I still feel that September which I chose for the journey, is the best month for the pilgrimage. The temples of Kedar and Badri nestling as they do in the heart of the Himalayas, are open for pilgrims roughly only from May to October. During the rest of the year the places are snow-bound, and the temples are naturally closed. May and June which are the most popular months for the pilgrimage, are really very dry and sultry. July and August are uncomfortable because of heavy rains. The sun of October is very strong and very unpleasant. Therefore I feel September, though not very popular, is the best month for the pilgrims. Unfortunately it did so happen this year that there were late, untimely and heavy rains in that month also. That is unusual as is proved by the records of the Meteorological observatory in Poona which I had studied for the last fifty years. They show only an average of about 2 to 3 inches in that month while this year the actual rainfall must have been very much more.

Going from Rishikesh to Rudraprayag, one passes Deoprayag, as already mentioned, where the Bhagirathi meets the Alakananda, and thence forward the two together form the Ganga as she flows down to the plains and the sea; and the river is actually known as such. Etymologically speaking, "prayag" means the place of some great sacrifice. It so happens that Prayag, the old name of modern Allahabad, is a great place for the confluence of the holy and mighty Ganga and Yamuna; and so it seems that they thought it best to name all confluences as "prayag". I cannot find another explanation for the various Prayagas, the points of confluence of rivers, that I met on my way during this journey. My mother went on this pilgrimage 32 years back in 1928. There were no motorable or jeepable roads then; and she followed the old and narrow pilgrim track that had been coming down through the centuries. My brother who had accompanied her, took her on a *dandi* (a sort of sedanchair carried on shoulders of men) right from Rishikesh, while he himself and all other members of the party walked all the distance. I should myself have liked to do the same as that is the best and most interesting way for performing the pilgrimage, if I had had the necessary time at my disposal which unfortunately I had not. I therefore did my journey as fast as I could; and it took me exactly 17 days from Hardwar to Hardwar. Starting thence on the morning of the 1st of September, I was back there on the evening of the 17th.

At Rudraprayag (2,000 feet) the river Mandakini joins Alakananda, and thence till Deoprayag the entire stream is known as Alakananda. At Rudraprayag itself as at Allahabad, one can mark the difference in the colour of the waters of the two rivers as they join. Mandakini is clear and

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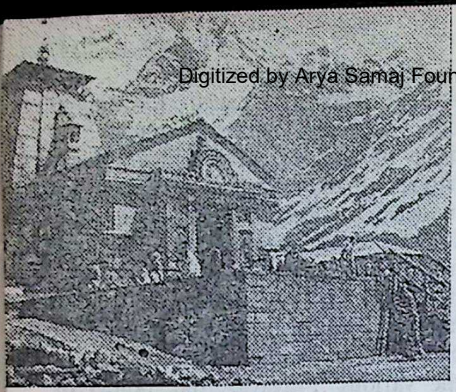

Kedarnath temple

bluish, while Alakananda is comparatively dark and turbid. They do make a beautiful confluence. Rudraprayag is the common base; and one follows the valley of Mandakini as one goes up to Kedarnath, while the valley of Alakananda leads one to Badrinarayan. The climb to Kedarnath being more difficult, many persons satisfy themselves by only visiting Badri Narayan. The pilgrimage is generally known as one to Badri Narayan, but Kedarnath has great importance; and it is said that a visit to Badri without a visit to Kedar is devoid of merit. The old verse reads: *A-kritva darshanam yastu, kedarasya aghanashinah; prayati badarim tasya, yatra bhavati nishphala.* "He who goes to Badri without obtaining the *darshana* (sight) of the sin-eradicating Kedar, renders his pilgrimage devoid of merit." I do not know why that should be so, but still it is a fact that if one can manage it, one first goes to Kedar and then to Badri. The Mandakini valley that leads to Kedar, is ever so much more beautiful than the Alakananda one that goes to Badri.

The radial distance between Kedar and Badri is only 5 miles or 2½ *kos*; but since one has to come down to Rudraprayag and then go on to Badri, one has to trudge along for quite 9 days, and that is how we have the saying in Hindi: *"nau din chale dhai kos"* (one takes quite nine days to traverse only five miles) used as a satire against lazy folk! Since I felt I should follow convention, I turned my face to Kedar from Rudraprayag on the morning of September 2. We were still able to use our jeeps. We should ordinarily have done so for 16 miles up to Guptakashi, but three miles earlier at Kund Chatti we had to leave them as the roads started getting very bad, and we took to trudging on foot or getting on *dandis* or horses. We passed the night at Guptakashi (4,500 feet) in the temple committee's guest house. It is an unfortunate fact that even when there are more or less adequate arrangements for pilgrims to cook their food and sleep at nights at these resting places, the sanitary arrangements are most inadequate. The latrines attached to these houses are in an awful condition. In fact, in most places they just do not exist. With our habits of life, we only make even holy places dirty; and so Government are now prohibiting people to sit about anywhere as they used to do before. They have also erected public latrines at various places; but the pilgrim route is a long one, and one cannot expect to have these conveniences everywhere. From place to place we saw many enclosures which are meant for urinals and latrines. I had occasion to use these at one or two places, and found them very foul smelling. It did seem better to utilise open spaces outside than these en-

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closures for the purpose. Still law is law; and I did not like to break it myself. The experience, however, was very unpleasant.

There are temples galore everywhere; and priests at all corners call pilgrims to offer their homage to gods and goddesses in their shrines by the roadside. It is, however, best in the interests alike of time, money and temper, to keep to the main temples and neglect the rest. After reposing at Guptakashi on the night of September 2, we started for a place called Phata, 12 miles away, again on foot or horse or *dandi*. Usually the ladies of the party were on *dandis*, "gentlemen" on horses, and the rest of the staff on foot. Both my daughters were with me. The elder rode a horse, but the younger, 42 years of age, made the whole of the journey not only on foot but bare foot. I was amazed and could only protest; but she would not listen. She came through safely, and I was glad for her sake when the pilgrimage was at last over. She is married in Bhagalpur in Bihar, and she spoke with a really superior air of the courage and endurance of Bihari women to other women of our party who came from other States! I must confess I myself felt rather small after her performance. The next morning (September 4) we started from Phata (5,250 feet) and got to Gaurikund (6,500 feet) in the afternoon at a distance of 10 miles where too we stayed at the P.W.D. inspection bungalow which is reached after a very stiff climb from the main road.

Between Phata and Gaurikund, the pilgrim can make a six mile detour to Tirjugi Narayan, which this intrepid daughter of mine did, but which the rest of us wisely avoided. On the way, 7 miles from Phata, we passed through Sonaprayag. Here we have the confluence of Mandakini with Son. It is a lovely spot where we rested for a while looking at the scenery around before proceeding to Gaurikund. At Gaurikund, besides the cold water tank (*kund*) we have also a *tapta kund* (tank of hot water). The water there is really burning hot, and I could not get into it, but some others managed to do so. I satisfied myself by pulling out some buckets of water from the *kund*, and after allowing it to cool a little, bathed with it. Even so the bath was hot enough but very exhilarating. It kept cloudy all these days of our journey making the trek a little less irksome; but we could not see, in consequence, the snow-capped mountains till we got to Kedarnath itself (11,750 feet), seven miles from Gaurikund, the following day, September 5. That was the night of the full moon. The clouds had lifted; and we had a magnificent sight of the snows on the distant mountains all round shimmering in the bright moonlight. Kedarnath which is 11,750 feet high, presents a more magnificent sight of snow and mountain than Badrinath which is 10,230 feet, quite 1,500 feet less. It was intensely cold at Kedarnath, and it was difficult to prevent our fingers and toes from freezing.

Both Kedar and Badri were established by the Adi Shankaracharya who lived any time between the 2nd century and the 7th century A.D. Born in distant Kerala somewhere not

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far from the present Ernakulam, it is surprising how in those days of complete absence of all communications, he was able to wander round the country, and establish these great centres of pilgrimage at all the four corners of the land—north, south, east and west—proclaiming its cultural unity even if the country may not have been politically one, practically at any time. When we find that Shankaracharya lived for only 32 years, we cannot help wondering how he was able to do all that he did in such a short time. Thirty-two or so has been the prescribed age for many other great figures also in religion, history and literature like Jesus Christ, Rama Tirtha, Alexander, Haris Chandra, Toru Datt and V.S. Apte. Some people are able to do much more in their short life than millions in a much longer one. Bacon was right when he said that "a man may be young in years but old in hours".

The story goes that the great Pandavas after their victory in the Mahabharata war, came away to these Himalayas and got melted in the snows just beyond Kedarnath. The great God Shiva who rules the Himalayas, did not want to see these brothers who had been responsible for the destruction of their race being killers of their own *gotrajas*—men of their own *gotra* or roughly clan. So the good Lord started disappearing underground. The powerful Bhima pulled him up not wanting him to go out of sight and so at Kedar one worships the back of Shiva in the form of a rock. On the night I arrived, we saw the *arati-puja* when the Lord is worshipped in full panoply. The next morning, however, we worshipped him in his pristine form when there are no clothes or ornaments on him. My party and I were privileged to worship in both attitudes in the evening and the morning respectively before starting back on our return journey in the afternoon of the following day (September 6). My own idea is that Shankaracharya must have started, out of curiosity, to trace the source of the great rivers—Ganga and Yamuna—with their life-giving waters, and established these great centres of pilgrimage in such inaccessible places.

All these centres of pilgrimage have the institution of the Panda, the hereditary priest attached to different families. It seems that members of my family have always been great travellers and pilgrimagers. Except at Kamakhya in Assam where I was privileged to start the line, I have not been to any sacred place, however small, which had not been visited before by one or more of my ancestors, who have dutifully put down their signatures in the Panda's book. I was shown the signatures of my forefathers by the family Panda at Kedar, and here I came across the oldest that I had yet seen, namely, that of my great grandfather Shri Vishveshwar Das alias Sarju Das, and was made in 1900 (Vikram Era). We are in 2017 now of that era; and so he must have gone there in 1843. I was very pleased to see it. The ink is quite clear even though the paper is crumbling. The art of manufacturing such ink has evidently been lost, for the best that we use today dries up as quickly as it disappears. Not so the ink used by those who lived in 1843.

[To be continued]

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. . . There is no enemy worse than anger . . .

B. R. Rajam Iyer

THE renowned philosopher, Sree Vidyaranya Swami, gives in his Jivanmukti "Prakarana" the following advice to the Mumukshu (aspirant for salvation) as to how anger may gradually be overcome:

When you are tempted to get angry with others, you should address your mind and say: "Oh, mind! If you would get angry with those who do mischief to you, then why do you not get angry with anger itself? For it does the greatest mischief; it prevents a man from attaining the four great ends of life—duty, wealth, happiness and salvation—and throws him into hell (even before his death): therefore there is no enemy worse than anger". The meaning of this truth should be repeatedly thought upon, and you should get angry with anger. By doing this you will attain peace and salvation. When anger grows so far as to give birth to abuse and blows, it at once destroys all charity and fame: when it does not develop to this full extent it scorches the mind at least.

Other vices affect our judgment, anger affects our sanity; others come in mild attack and grow unnoticed, but men's minds plunge abruptly into anger. There is no passion that is more frantic, more destructive to its own self; it is arrogant if successful and frantic if it fails. Even when defeated it does not grow weary, but if chance places its foes beyond its reach, it turns its teeth against itself. Its intensity is in no way regulated by its origin: for it rises to the greatest heights from the most trivial beginnings.

Anger is worse than luxury, because luxury enjoys its own pleasure, while anger enjoys another's pain. It is worse than either spitefulness or envy: for they wish that some one may become unhappy, while anger wishes to make him so: they are pleased when evil befalls one by accident, but anger cannot wait upon Fortune; it desires to injure its victim personally, and is not satisfied merely with his being injured.

Anger pays a penalty at the same moment that it exacts one: it forswears human feelings. The latter urge us to love, anger urges us to hatred; the latter bid us do men good, anger bids us do them harm.

We shall succeed in avoiding anger, if from time to time we lay before our minds all the vices connected with anger and estimate it at its real value: it must be prosecuted before us and convicted: its evils must be thoroughly investigated with the worst vice.

He who has hurt you must be either stronger or weaker than yourself. If he be weaker, spare him; if he be stronger, spare yourself.

—Seneca

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You'll sing for joy—when you bathe with LIFEBUOY! What a lively, bracing feeling of freshness! And that rich LIFEBUOY lather protects your health. It washes away the germs in dirt—everyday dirt that you cannot avoid picking up. The whole family stays healthy with LIFEBUOY!

L 17-X29

A HINDUSTAN LEVER PRODUCT

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Q: What is that abandoning which, man becomes loved by all?

A: *Pride*—for abandoning that, we will be loved by all.

Q: What is the loss which yields joy and not sorrow?

A: *Anger*—giving it up, we will no longer be subject to sorrow.

—*Mahabharata.*

Therefore how could anger, which gives rise to so much mischief here and hereafter, ever spring in the minds of the sages? To think as above is the best means of killing out anger. When others get angry with you, you should not think "I have done no wrong. Why do these people get angry with me who am innocent," and get angry with them in return. You are not really innocent, for is it not a great wrong that you have not yet crossed beyond the three bodies (*Sthula, Sukshma* and *Karana*) and attained the bliss of wisdom? The attainment of *jnana* is the true innocence ; and until you have attained that, how could you think that you are innocent?

There is yet another means by which we may avoid being provoked by others' anger towards us ; and that is that we should regard those that get angry with us as our benefactors and feel thankful to them for their anger; for by getting angry with us, they reveal to us our faults and strengthen our *Vairagya* (non-attachment). To do us this service, they sacrifice their own peace of mind and therefore we should feel all the more thankful to them. Thinking in this way is a great help to us.

BHAVAN'S CONVENTION

A convention of the workers and sympathisers of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan was held on the occasion of Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi's 74th birthday, on December 30, 1960.

At the outset, Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi and Smt. Lilavati Munshi addressed the gathering and emphasised that the Bhavan is not a mere institution, but a Movement, a Cause.

The progress of the Bhavan and its various constituent institutions, centres and branches were reviewed, and ways and means of expanding the activities and channelising and consolidating the considerable country-wide goodwill which the Bhavan enjoys, were discussed.

The Convention appointed a Subjects Committee which held two sittings, first one on the afternoon of the 30th December and the second one on the forenoon of 31st December.

Several directions in which the Bhavan's departments can expand their activities were discussed. After considering the matter in all its aspects, the Subjects Committee came to the conclusion that a phased programme should be chalked out towards this end.

The Convention also adopted the following declaration:

(See overleaf)

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DECLARATION

OBJECTIVE

The OBJECTIVES for which the Bhavan stand are: the re-integration of Indian Culture in the ligh of modern knowledge to suit our present-day need and the resuscitation of its fundamental values i their pristine vigour.

GOAL

The Goal of the Bhavan is:

To seek the dignity of man, which necessarily im plies the creation of social conditions that allow him freedom to evolve along the lines of h own temperament and capacities;

To seek the harmony of individual efforts an social relations within the framework of th Moral Order;

To seek the creative art of life by the alchemy o which human limitations can be progressively transmuted, so that man may become the instru ment of God and be able to see Him in all an all in Him.

THE CALL

This Convention believes that this goal can b achieved only by a self-educative movement which develops a spirit of dedication to higher purpose i life. This Convention, therefore, calls upon thos willing to participate in the movement—

(a) PRAYER: To offer a daily prayer to God and induce others to do so.

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DECLARATION—Contd.

(b) SWADHYAYA: To recite or study some part of one of the scriptures at least once every week and encourage others to do so.

(c) SANSKRIT: To learn and teach Sanskrit, which is the storehouse of unfailing inspiration for developing the creative art of life and encourage others to do so.

(d) MOTHERLAND: To strive to think and live in terms of a united, integrated and independent India as the Motherland of the Spirit, and to undertake to counteract all disintegrating forces.

(e) BHARATIYA VIDYA: To study and encourage the study of Bharatiya Vidya which is based on the faith that God is and informs all existence; and

To work to combat the neglect of, indifference to or denial of the religious spirit.

(f) DHARMA-TRAYA: To make every effort to acquire the creative art of life in daily conduct by humbly striving to live in the Presence of God; and

To strive to rise above attachment, wrath and fear in daily life so as to live—

in TRUTH, which is the unity of thought, word and deed;

in LOVE, which transcending egoistic impulses, strives to see God in all and all in Him by progressively expanding the scope of one's affections;

in BEAUTY, which, rising above material considerations, sublimates all individual and social relations.

(g) SAHAYOGA: To co-operate wholeheartedly with those striving to fulfil the goal and the objectives of the Bhavan.

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Effect of Films on Character

LILAVATI MUNSHI

ARE our films a blot on the dignity of our motherland? I think my reply to such a question will be of general interest. Here it is:

At the outset, I must say that I am not a regular film goer and lately I hardly go to pictures just for the pleasure of seeing it. Frankly speaking, I am not in a position to give my opinion on all the films that are being shown at present. But at the same time I must say that I am aware of the unhealthy trends not only in the Indian films, but in foreign films as well and so I am endeavouring to fight against such trends wherever they are prevalent.

Forty crores of people of India went to see pictures during the year 1959, because it is an entertainment which is not only alluring, but within their means. Generally speaking, either the main theme or treatment of the majority of the pictures is based on sex and crime. In each of them, the ratio of crime and sex may vary; it may be more in some and in others it may be less. But there is no doubt that the present trend is in that direction, not only in India, but in most parts of the world.

Cinema is a Western art, and our pictures at present are produced in pale imitation of the Western pictures. When we started producing pictures, we started with mythological and social themes, gradually falling in l with the West. We began to introd themes of sex and crime, add more and more glamour. It is like troducing slow poison in the bo thereby making it insensitive to stronger dosage later. In the sam way, the slow poison of sex and cri enters the minds of young people a gradually makes them insensiti Some of the young people now do think in terms about a woman as mother, a sister, or a wife, but object of enjoyment, an object whi tickles him, which can appease his hunger. The argument is that any o who is hungry can go and eat an where one likes; in the same mann if one is hungry for sex, there is no ing wrong in satisfying it where one gets it.

In our society, women were the ject of respect, but the new psych logy teaches the young men who co sider them as objects of pleasure, be used and discarded at their con venience. In the name of new psych logy, everything is permissible. It permissible even to make love to one daughter as it is in *Lolita*, or murde ing a person and considering the mur derer a hero, or stealing somebody property in the name of social ju tice or removing inequality. Honesty and purity are at a discount. In, look ing at the brutality shown in the for eign pictures, and there are many

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such pictures—people take a sadistic delight.

Every time one sees an unhealthy picture, some inhibition in the corner of one's mind is broken—specially in the minds of the young and the immature. The beginning of such an effect may be small, but after seeing such pictures often, one gets a taste for it. Then consciously or often unconsciously one begins to imitate it. In the beginning the imitation may be confined only to dress, or mannerism, but slowly it creeps into the behaviour. It may be that all people are not affected, but there is no doubt that it affects many people, specially the youth. In this way dents in the protective armour of norms of behaviour are produced.

Cinema affects almost every one. After seeing a picture, if it is an effective one, a scene, a song, a dialogue lingers in the mind, at least for some time, if not for a long time. If one goes to a respectable house today, the common stock of songs are cinema songs. Even very young children go on singing songs of love and imitate the villains in the pictures.

Such is the effect of the cinema, maybe for good or bad, but it is a powerful medium. What a tremendous power it has, if properly utilised, and what an amount of good it can do to the country which has newly won its freedom! It can build up the character of young men and women; it can inspire them to heroic deeds; it can bring out all good qualities that are in each one of them and make them good sons or daughters, good husbands or wives, and good parents and good citizens.

But alas, instead it is helping in ruining the minds and character of the young people. Even a person like Dr. Rajendra Prasad, our beloved President, has been obliged to come out with a warning against the bad effects of cinema and a saint like Vinoba Bhave has started a crusade against indecent cinema posters which are displayed in every nook and corner of our cities with a view to alluring the people to enter the cinema houses. Whether the cinema is a blot or not, at present it is doing incalculable harm by undermining the character of our people. And as the old adage says, 'when character is lost, everything is lost.'

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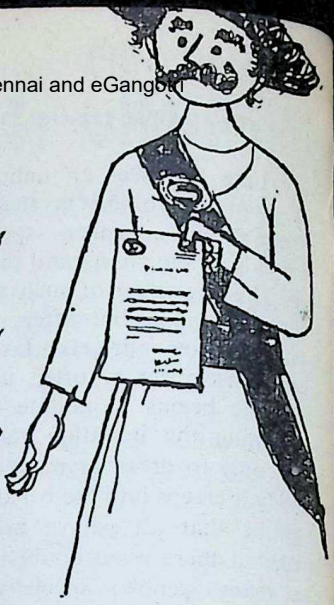
Humorous Sidelights on TAXATION



TAXATION is the art of plucking the goose to secure the greatest amount of feathers with the least amount of squawking or squeaking.

Taxation is thus a serious proposition, in fact too serious these days of dwindling incomes and soaring expenses, yet it is not without its humorous sidelights.

For instance, an Anglo-Indian lady advertised in *The Times of India* some years ago for selling high breed dogs. She expected it to bring in a bumperful of customers, but it brought in next morning instead a buff envelope from the Income-Tax Department reminding her that she had not made her tax return for the year. She had half a mind to set her Alsatian dog on the peon who brought the notice, but she thought it better to let sleeping dog lie—it had already stirred—it might as well bite!

'To love and be wise is rarely given to man.' Similarly, to pay your taxes and smile is never given to the tax-payer. At the most he can sit back and grin—smile never.

Let me start here with some foreign sidelights on Taxation.

George Bernard Shaw

Do you know what the greatest dramatist, George Bernard Shaw, felt when one of his plays turned a record-breaking success, and when he had paid a flattering amount by way of income-tax on it? The bearded saint said: "One more success like this and I am ruined."

A. P. Herbert

You know the well-known British Humorist, known widely by his humorous sketches in the famous *Punch*, and himself a lawyer and a Member of Parliament. Let him ex-

R. K. DALAL

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plain his reaction to taxation in his own inimitable way.

"Well, fancy giving money to the Government!
Might as well have put it down the drain.
Fancy giving money to the Government!
Nobody will see the stuff again.
Well, they have no idea what money's for—
Ten to one they will start another war.
I've heard a lot of silly things, but Lor'
Fancy giving money to the Government!

Joseph Conrad

A renowned British novelist of Polish birth was sent a long blue envelope bearing the legend, "On His Majesty's Service", containing an offer of a Knighthood. For weeks this lay untouched on Conrad's desk. At last the Prime Minister sent a messenger to see what had happened. Conrad, it transpired, had been afraid to open it. He was afraid it was income-tax return!

King of England

The King of England was quite upset over the way the British election turned out in favour of Labour movement. He sent for an American tax expert to advise him. "Tell me," King George said, "what would be the first and most important thing you would do today if you were in my place?"

After thoroughly going through the King's accounts, the American expert replied. "Your Majesty, if I were in your place, positively the first thing I would do would be to put Canada in my wife's name!"

If these anecdotes give you a tip to go and do likewise with one of your large estates, my advice, after the manner of *Punch's* advice to those about to marry, is "Don't". In India you have Sec. 16(3) which nullifies and neutralizes such monkey business!

Tax Computation

Tax computation all over the world is always a complicated business, fit only for accountants to compute and lawyers to dispute.

Let me read to you a newspaper report. "The Evening News of England" writes:

"That hundreds of European teachers residing in Japan find that though the 8-page tax-return in that country makes the British tax-form look as simple as 'Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes', a simple paragraph from the return reads thus:

> "Take the appraised value of your house, multiply it by the floor space you occupy, divide it by the total floor space, multiply the result by the number of days during 1955 in which you were a resident tax-payer, divide the answer by 365, multiply that by 108 and divide the answer by 100."

I bet even the sharpest mathematical brain would not be able to make either head or tail of this. What to say about the poor, average tax-payer?

They say that in U.K. nobody understood Income-Tax. There were only two persons who did. One of them, they say, is dead and the other

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is in the lunatic asylum—possibly trying to unravel the mysteries of returns like the one I quoted above.

Gilbert and Sullivan's Opera

You all are aware, I take it, of the world renowned 'Gilbert and Sullivan's Operas'. There is a sidelight on taxation in one of its operas called, "Ruddigore". Those of you who have poetic leanings may well peruse the whole opera, full of scintillating wit and witticism.

'The stage darkens for a moment. The pictures of the previous deceased baronets on the wall become animated, nay their ghosts actually step out from their frame and march round the stage, now talking to the young baronet who recently had succeeded to the baronetcy.

Young Baronet: "I recognise you now. You are the picture that hangs at the end of the gallery."

Ghost Ancestor: "In a bad light I am."

Baronet: "Are you considered a good likeness?"

Ghost: "Pretty well, flattering."

Baronet: "Because as a work of art you are poor."

Ghost: "I am crude in colour, but I have been painted ten years. In a couple of centuries, I shall be an old Master, and then you will be sorry you spoke lightly of me."

Baronet: "And may I ask why you have left your frame?"

Ghost: "It is our duty to see that our successors commit their daily crimes in a conscientious and workmanlike fashion. It is our duty to remind you that you are evading the conditions under which you are permitted to exist."

Baronet: "Really, I don't know what you'd have. I've only been a bad baronet a week, and I have committed a crime punctually every day."

Ghost: "Let us inquire into this Monday."

Baronet: "Monday was a Bank Holiday."

Ghost: "True, Tuesday?"

Baronet: "On Tuesday I made a false income-tax return."

Other Ghosts: "Ha! Ha!"

First Ghost: "That's nothing!"

Second Ghost: "Nothing at all."

Third Ghost: "Everybody does that."

Fourth Ghost: "It's expected of you."

So you see, making false returns from a high state of baronetcy was a duty expected of a baronet by his ancestors. The case of the tax evaders, it seems, is not at all so bad, if they sin in company of personages like the above.

Indian Sidelights

These are all sidelights from abroad. Let me come nearer home and tell you some anecdotes culled from the old Legislative Assembly debates, way back in 1939, when the first important Income-tax Bill was on the anvil.

Sir James Grigg, a man with brilliant intellect and sharp tongue, was piloting the Bill. Our present Governor, Sri Sri Prakasa, asked: "Will the Honourable Member of Finance tell the House if it is not a fact that the best schemes of tax avoidance and evasion originate in U.K., the coun-

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ey from where the Honourable Mem- her hails?"

Sir James, after the laughter that the home-thrust had raised had subsided, coolly retorted:

"Yes, in my country, tax avoidance is an art. In India, it has become a business!"

A well-known surgeon of Bombay, Dr. Deshmukh, was then one of the Congress Members. I was advising the Indian Federation of Chambers of Commerce on the Bill. One day the doctor phoned me and asked me briefly to explain over the phone the mechanics of Double Income Tax Relief. I did as best as I could. On the scanty and slender understanding he spoke from the floor of the Assembly on this subject, with the result he made a woeful mess of the whole thing. Sir James replying to the debate sarcastically observed:

"I believe the doctor is a distinguished surgeon, but I am bound to say, that if he is not more accurate in the use of the knife, than he is in debates in this House, he will not need to have any contact with the Income Tax Officer and certainly his patients won't!"

You can, from the above, imagine what a tart tongue Sir James wielded in the House.

Sri Sri Prakasa speaking again on the subject of Double Income Tax Relief said that this provision should be scrapped, for, under it the main beneficiaries are the Englishmen who have enormous investments in India against only a small investment of Indians abroad. He illustrated this unfair arrangement with a lively anecdote. He said:

"There was a young bride who came to her husband's house for the first time. Amongst us Hindus there is a custom, especially in those families which observe *purdah*, that a bride when she first comes to the house is unveiled, friends and relatives come and see her face for the first and, perhaps, the last time. On that occasion they make a present to the bride. So, this new bride came, and the Deputy Commissioner of the District, an Englishman, wanted to be very friendly and came with his wife to see the face of the new bride and gave her Rs. 4/- as a present. At this the father-in-law was very much touched, and said to himself and everyone else, 'the Commissioner is a paragon of perfection; he keeps good relations with Indian friends.'

He was wondering how he could pay back the gratitude to the Commissioner, and so he asked him, 'What can we do for you, Sir?'

The Commissioner said 'Oh, is that your trouble? Why not see the face of my own wife for the first time and make a present to her?'

And not only did the father-in-law, but the whole of the bridal procession made a present of Rs. 4/- each for the pleasure of casting their eyes for the first time on the beautiful face of the Commissioner's wife. So, instead of Rs. 4/- he got many a four-rupees. So, if in this double income-tax relief, we are going to pay a crore and a half for a lakh and a half, I think we had better not show the face of our bride."

This sent the otherwise dull House into gales of laughter, the Govern-

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ment benches joining in the side-splitting jubilation.

Let me now give one anecdote—a real happening many years ago in this city.

A Military Colonel had recently retired and finding, perhaps, the pension too small or time hanging too heavy on his hands, he decided to start a small Import-Export business of his own from his own residence. His wife acted as his steno-typist, personal assistant and an accountant to boot. He carried on thus for two years, but since prospects of profit were remote, he closed down. He had submitted two years' return and was duly assessed. In the third year naturally, there was no return. The I.T.O. feeling suspicious sent his Inspector to make on-the-spot inquiries.

He called one afernoon at Colaba barracks and knocked at the Colonel's simple bungalow. The Colonel was about to sit for lunch. He boomed out, "Come in."

The Inspector hesitatingly slipped in and said, "Excuse me, Sir, I am from the Tax Department, and have to make a few inquiries."

"What? Go on, fire away. What is it?"

"Last year and the year before last, you ran a business in sole proprietorship, under the style of 'Gunboat & Co.'"

"Yes, that is right."

"You had on your staff only your Missus whom you paid a salary of Rs. 300/- for helping you."

"Yes, that is right."

"This year you have no business. You have closed down."

"That's right too."

"May I now ask one last question?"

"Yes, go on."

"If your wife is not serving you this year, in whose keeping is she now?"

At these words the Colonel sprang to his feet and lifted the Inspector bodily in the air and flung him out and the poor Inspector came down with a thud. Caressing his bruises he was heard to utter, "Ah! my idiom seems to have gone wrong, is it?"

Let me now close this with this last anecdote.

A businessman was being assessed by the Inland Revenue.

"How many men do you employ?" asked an Official.

"Eight and a half-wit," was the reply.

"How much do the men earn?"

"About £10 for a forty-hour week."

"What about the half-wit?"

"Oh, him. He works about twenty hours a day for five shillings a week, and a new suit every year."

"Where is the poor man?" cried the Official.

"Pleased to meet you," said the businessman.

* * *

In the modern welfare state taxes pursue you wherever you go, whatever you do—even if you commit suicide! If you doubt, listen to this cutting from a Weekly:

"Psalm of Life's Woes

(With apologies to Longfellow).

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Welfare States are but a dream;
Well he fares who snugly slumbers,

(Contd. on page 65)

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[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES VII

Sri V. Ramakrishnaiah, Cuddappa.

1. *It is a place with many rooms,*
but it is not a palace,
It provides a soldier to every room, but it is not a military camp,
Every soldier has a gun emplacement, but it is not a fort.
It is filled with liquid, sweet and sour, but there is no liquor.
What is it?

★

Sri R. Rajan, Ernakulam.

2. *I have no shape, but can be moulded into any shape.*
I make you bold, I make you bloody.
I see without eyes and walk without feet.
I go into space, and I go to the moon, but I am not a rocket.
I can control not only you, but the entire world.
Who am I?

★

Sri Bulusu G. Prakash, Vijayanagaram.

3. *I twinkle, but I am not a star,*
I am seen at night, I am not the moon,
I move about in my own light,
But I am not an Enlightened One.
Who am I?

★

Sri T. M. Sundararaman, Madras.

4. *You have a good friend, Sir,*
Often you have to feed him to the brim;
But you are never tired of him,
You cannot do your work without him,
Your fingers always embrace him in public,
Yet you are not ashamed of it.
Who is that friend?

★

Sri K. Hari Krishna Sastry, Chirala.

5. *It is a delightful damsel and a cynosure of modern world,*
It is a key to lead a life, and a means to entice,
It tempts, deludes, and deforms the honourable souls,
It is for man, and passes from man to man,
But it is no man or woman.
What is it?

RIDDLES Answers to Series VI

(1) Beauty (2) Umbrella (3) Wood (4) Fire (5) Plantain tree

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Dust thou art, to dust returnest!
Is their motto, stern and dread.
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See the pictures, have a flutter,
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Swell your income working harder,
Income tax will hound you, mate!
Super tax next fills the larder,
Of the ever gorging State!
Stint and save a nest-egg daily,
Wealth tax follows in your wake.
Spend and splash your money gaily,
Expenditure tax its toll will take.
Sell your home for a sorry pittance,
Capital gains tax to evade.
Gifts you gave find no acquittance,
Gift tax keeps you shriftily staid.
Buy a box of safety matches,
Excise Duty you will pay.
Wear your clothes in shreds and patches,
Lest more taxes come your way.
When alas! You're dead and buried,
Deeply mourns the Welfare State.
Its requiem toll is *Estate Duty*.
Grand Finale to your Fate."

(Wilfred Pereira.)

Conclusion

I think you have had enough for the day. "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Therefore, I shall close here; thanking you all for the enjoyment I have had in recounting anecdotes after anecdotes, as you kept enjoying the fun therefrom.

In this dreary world of hard realities, one must not forget to laugh; for hasn't a poet said:

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone.

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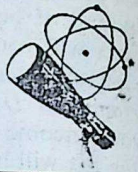

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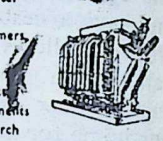

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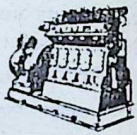

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Miracle of the SKIN

TAKE a look at the palm of your hand. On it, today, you will pick up about three hundred million germs, any one of which could kill you.

But between you and death stands the most superb piece of protective clothing ever devised—the human skin.

By producing a fatty acid which acts as a disinfectant, the skin methodically kills one hundred thousand germs a minute.

Skin is one of the wonders of creation. It carries out a wide range of activities with an efficiency that no human invention can match.

As a thermostat, for instance, it controls body heat so perfectly that whether you live in the Arctic or on the Equator your temperature remains constant.

During hot weather, it works as a steam valve, letting out heat through the pores of the skin in the form of sweat—as much as two quarts on a really hot day.

In icy conditions it provides better insulation than any asbestos.

The skin contains millions of miniature holes. These are the pores, but it is so efficiently equipped with oil glands that it is more waterproof than any raincoat.

The skin is actually made up of thirty separate layers. Each time you wash your hands you rub off one of these.

Then, as all the layers move up a place, a new one forms underneath working like a kind of inexhaustible tear-off pad.

The thickness of the skin depends on which part of the body it covers. On the eyelids it is one twenty-fifth of an inch, on the soles of the feet, a quarter of an inch.

Beneath the skin is a layer of pigment, which acts as a kind of a spaceman's suit, protecting the 'wearer' against dangerous ultraviolet and cosmic rays thrown out by the sun.

As the pigment absorbs these it discolours, producing 'sun tan'.

The skin can only deal with a certain amount of sun at one time, however, which is the reason why excessive sunbathing is dangerous.

For the average adult, the skin covers an area of about three thousand square inches.

To produce enough skin for one person by artificial means would cost one hundred thousand pounds.

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Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

40. MATTAMAYUR ON THE OFFENSIVE

THE poet Mattamayur was reading the Diwali issue of *Sanatan Yug*. His face reflected the pleasure which he got from reading it. His protege, Kalidas, had reviewed *Tapasvini* in such trenchant language that any one who read it would not thereafter imagine for a moment that the book had any merit.

He saw Uday returning to the hotel at about 10 o'clock. He appeared downcast as if he had been kicked out by Radharaman.

The poet had been tempted to be angry with Uday the previous evening, but Kalidas' criticism of *Tapasvini* had put him in a friendly mood with the world, and he wanted to show off his great victory before an appreciative audience. What was the good of a victory if there was no one to celebrate it to or to listen to its having been won? And, after all, had he not really shown himself as the genuine defender of the purity of Aryan ways?

"Good morning, *Kaviraj* (Prince of poets)", said Uday greeting the poet.

"Solanki, have you read *Tapasvini?*" enquired Kaviraj.

Uday was surprised at this question. He wondered how the poet had come to hear of the book. To gain time, he repeated the word *'Tapasvini"*.

"You may not have read it yet. It has only just been out. Some new writer writing under the pseudonym 'Piyush' has written a rather obscene novel entitled *Tapasvini.*"

"Oh! I thought that some saintly woman must have met you", remarked Uday seeking to hide his annoyance under a joke. "It is a novel. Is it?"

"Yes, I shall lend it to you. When you read it you will be as angry with it as I was. You will get some idea of the low standard of modern literature. Do you read *Sanatan Yug?*"

"Sometimes, but not regularly."

"Well, you should read the Diwali issue. My friend Kalidas has torn this book into bits. A literary work of this kind would do incalculable damage if we do not kill it at birth."

Uday was startled at such vehemence. "Yes, do lend me your copy of *Sanatan Yug* if you have finished reading it. I shall read it as soon as I

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an spare some time. Sheelaben is coming to live in this hotel. I have to tell Durlabhji about it and ask him to get a room ready for her."

"Sheelaben is coming here? Why?" enquired the poet with a smile on his face.

"Radharaman had to go to Bombay unexpectedly, as he was called away by an important engagement, and Sheelaben does not like living all by herself in her bungalow."

"Oh! That's very good. We shall then have the pleasure of her company. The atmosphere also will improve when our other fellow-guests, all speculators of the bazaar, depart by the midday train. Sheelaben, I understand, is the very image of culture. I am quite certain I am right. We shall have great fun when she comes. There are very few such splendid women in Gujarat", concluded the poet enthusiastically.

"I also think so", replied Uday, who was delighted at this tribute to Sheela. "She has a very delightful voice."

"Yes, that is so."

"Moreover", the poet added, "few women can boast of such a fine and graceful figure."

Uday could not resist the temptation of teasing the poet. He proceeded to quote, paraphrasing a verse from a poem by the famous poet, Nanalal:

"There was a beautiful damsel from Surat,
Tender and soft as a blossoming flower,
Gentle and charming and fleet of foot,
With the grace of a frolicsome deer."

Lest the poet might perceive the emotion with which he recited these lines, Uday picking up *Sanatan Yug* beat a hasty retreat. "I must go and see about Sheelaben's accommodation," he said. It did not take him long to arrange this and then he settled down in a corner of the verandah to read Kalidas' review of *Tapasvini*.

He had barely read a few lines before he was filled with indignation and his anger grew as he read the review:

"I have just gone through a novel which has come out recently from the pen of a new author, writing under the pseudonym 'Piyush'. It has always been my practice to look with a kindly eye upon works by new and promising writers. Indeed, I have imposed upon myself a self-denying ordinance never to criticise such writers harshly or severely. But I can scarcely be expected to forbear from criticising forthrightly a writer who writes as foully as does 'Piyush'. Every word he has written is veritable poison. *Tapasvini* is indeed obscene and vulgar. The author's effort seems to be directed towards deriding the high ideals of Aryan purity, and making them appear petty and meaningless.

"To my mind, a true literary man is he who inspires ideals, spreads the tenets of the ancient Dharma and expounds the message of purity according to our ancient ideals. The greatest of our poets, Mattamayur, is a worthy leader of such literary men. Writers from Gujarat have drawn inspiration from him and have tried to follow his ideals. 'Piyush', on the other hand, has cut across the high tradition established by Mattamayur.

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"Tapasvini, the heroine of the novel, pretends to lead the austere life of a Sanyasini but her soul is that of a prostitute. In order to satisfy her uncontrollable lust she not only breaks all her vows and departs from a life of religious devotion, but seeks to justify her abominable conduct in terms which though eloquent are hypocritical. The character whom 'Piyush' presents as a poet has no poetry at all in him; he is a villain. To publish a book giving an account of even imaginary prostitution is surely most reprehensible. No sin is more heinous.

"Government ought to take steps to protect the younger generation from the evil influence of a book such as this. But whatever the Government may do or not do, I would regard it as my duty, a journalist as I am, to show the right path. Journalists and critics are in a real sense the protectors of morality and purity in private as well as public life. We would urge them to take up cudgels on behalf of all that is pure and good by branding this book unequivocally.

"We are aware that journals which welcome such books do exist and pour ridicule on our culture. If they had their way, they would mock at those fine women who immolated themselves on the funeral pyre of their husbands. We appeal to them as to others to rouse public opinion to the danger of such a book. We would request everyone to condemn literary work of this nature. If youngsters are allowed to read such books or ... they are told stories from them they will become immoral and irreligious. Reading such books will encourage our women to throw purity to the winds; people will lose their faith in our religion and gradually but inevitably, this sacred land of the rishis will go down the slippery path of degradation.

"My journalist friends, think where your duty lies and do whatever you can to protect our culture which is intertwined with our morality. We must not hesitate to boycott such writers.

"We appeal publicly to the great poet Mattamayur to come forward and organise a campaign to protect the Aryan way of life. He alone can save Gujarat."

"Trash," murmured Uday impatiently as he threw away the journal. At the same time he realised what he had done. However, unconsciously, he had shaken the very foundations upon which Gujarati literature had until then been built. Hitherto it was felt that whatever was written should be such that even a daughter could, without hesitation, read it aloud to her father. Now, however, this writer had chosen to break this tradition and describe, frankly and vividly, human emotions in their intensity. The number of journalists and critics who were devoted admirers of Mattamayur was large. The influence of *Sanatan Yug* on the average reader was also considerable. There was going to be a storm; he would be attacked mercilessly. It was fortunate, however, that no one knew who 'Piyush' was besides Raj, Sheela and Suryashankar.

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Just then, Sheela arrived in a rick-
w and Uday went to receive her.
r a moment, on seeing her, he for-
the prospects which faced him as
the indignation which he had felt
reading Kalidas' criticism of his
ok.

Kaviraj had also come to receive
ela.

"Welcome, Sheelaben," he called
t as she walked up the steps. "Our
come is genuine." Turning to Dur-
bhji, he went on: "Today with the
ing of Sheelaben your house is
g truly blessed."

"Welcome, Basaheb, welcome" was
rlabhji's smiling reception. "I have
pared a special room for you. You
l have a very good view of the
rbutt Point' from there.

"My dear Durlabhji, you must
rn how to welcome people properly.
ease see that the coffee comes imme-
tely," intervened the poet.

He then turned to Solanki and in-
ed him to join him at coffee.

"I have had my tea," said Solanki.

"But you have not had it with me.
e pleasure is not in coffee or tea,
t in taking it in company."

Meanwhile Sheela went to her room
t shortly returned to join Kaviraj
d Uday.

"You have come, Sheelaben, at a
y opportune moment," greeted
ttamayur. "It will have to be the
y of someone like you, an intel-
ent and cultured Hindu wife, to
e up cudgels on behalf of the purity
ancient culture."

"But what has happened?" ques-
ed Sheela.

"Some writer called 'Piyush' has
itten a novel entitled *Tapasvini*."

Sheela and Uday could not help looking at each other if only to indicate to each other that they understood the situation. "The people of Gujarat have shown their anger at this obscene book. It is now upto women like you to express your indignation."

Sheela found it difficult to refrain from laughing out aloud but controlling her impulse, she quietly replied: "Kaviraj, I do not know how to write. That is your business."

"But how do you expect me to agree that you cannot write? I suggest that you read the book, and then tell me or Uday what you think about it and we shall put down your thoughts on paper. In a matter such as this, your views are of special importance. I know that for you, devotion to your husband is a paramount duty and behind what you say, there will be the blessings of Goddess Durga."

"I am afraid all this is beyond me," remarked Sheela noncommittedly.

"Sheelaben, my sister, this is not a question which concerns one book or one writer. It affects every Hindu woman. Do you not agree, Uday?"

Uday shook his head. He found it difficult to decide whether to laugh or to weep.

The poet, however, taking no notice of either of them, continued. "Only a woman such as you whose ideal is loyalty and devotion to her husband, can give the lie effectively to such sinful views. You have not yet read the book. I shall mark certain passages and give it to you this afternoon. In the meantime, please read this review."

Sheela took *Sanatan Yug* from the poet. As she read the review which

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figured as the leading article, her face grew red with indignation. When she finished reading the journal, she put it down on the table very quietly. Then she stood up, and casting a friendly glance at Uday, said: "I must go and arrange my things. I must also put on a new sari."

The poet was rendered speechless for a moment, watching Sheela's graceful way of walk. Uday on his part was equally quiet but for a different reason; his heart was overflowing with a feeling for Sheela which was not far removed from love.

In the evening, Kaviraj invited Uday and Sheela to accompany him in his daily walk. Neither of them had any desire to go with Mattamayur, but would have preferred being by themselves, for they had not been able to meet each other since the morning and both felt it important that they should decide upon the attitude they should adopt towards Kalidas' review. At the same time it was difficult for them to escape the poet and they went with him for a walk; neither, however, was in a mood to talk. Fortunately, the poet was in an expansive mood and was deaf to everything except what he wanted to say. He commented at length upon the sad state into which Gujarati literature had fallen and it did not become necessary for Sheela or Uday to interject more than a polite word or two just to satisfy the Kaviraj that he had an interested audience.

From literature, Kaviraj passed on to women. He indicated his displeasure at their backwardness. He gave a lengthy exposition of what virtuous women should be. From the general he came to the particular and be praising Sheela unreservedly. "I m say that Radho is very fortun Wherever he goes he gets the f prize. How else can someone like H get a woman such as you as his w fulfilling all the virtues of an id wife, so loving, and, as the great Kalidas says, you are the mini capable of giving advice, a friend a beloved disciple in the art of cre ing beauty.

It became difficult even for Shee to listen to such talk with compos Uday who was irritated and bo remarked: "Kaviraj, I am afraid headache is getting worse and I m go back. Sheelaben, you may acc pany Kaviraj."

"No, I shall go with you. I am tired. I have had a long day."

Kaviraj hesitated for a mom and then said: "Very well, then it be as desired by the majority. shall all go back."

Uday and Sheela hid their di pointment with some difficulty. T were anxious to be free of Kavi company, but that was not to be. the way back, he started his tir against 'Piyush'. He said he had stituted enquiries to establish his id tity. He was sure that the author a hypocrite, an immoral man and sink of iniquity. As Kaviraj's ad tives grew in their vividness a venom, Uday became more and m sad. He could not realize the en mity of his offence to merit such tacks. It seemed to him as if the wh world was against him.

"Kaviraj, let us talk about so thing else. Let us leave this ro business alone. Since you consid

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adverse comment after she had read the book. Indeed she had patted him on the back in a way which clearly indicated that she approved of it and was congratulating him for having written it. And yet what was it that made Mattamayur so determined in his desire to destroy it?

Uday was also worried about another possible development. Mattamayur was an obstinate and wicked man. He would certainly not rest until he had found out who 'Piyush' was. And once he succeeded, there was not the slightest doubt that he, Uday, would be the target of attack by the entire literary world of Gujarat.

He began shivering with cold and had a feeling that he was going to have a temperature. Nevertheless, because he could not bring himself to be in the same room with Mattamayur, he remained outside in the verandah late into the night. For a long time, he found mental peace in just looking at the dark silhoutte of the Garbutt Point.

Inside the room, Mattamayur was busy writing a poem. Durlabhji had placed at Sheela's disposal the service of Gangoo, a lively young Maharashtrian girl of 18 years. She came out and handed over to Uday an envelope, saying that that had been sent by Sheela. When Uday opened the envelope he found that the letter commenced with the word 'Poet'. He thought that perhaps it had been brought to him in error; it was meant for Kaviraj Mattamayur. The envelope was not addressed. But when he saw that the letter had been signed by 'Tapasvini', he realized immedia-

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tely that an was for him. All his wea
ness, sadness and fatigue, and even
temperature seemed immediately
have disappeared. He was so mov
with the fact that Sheela should ha
thus written to him, that for some tim
he found it difficult to read the le
ter at all. 'Poets', the letter bega
'are free as the wind. What the po
said in Chapter XVI is but litera
true:

"I am a poet. I do not care wh
you say about me. I seek not
judge by your measure. I wish n
that you listen to what I sing.
sing only to let the joy of my hea
overflow exactly as a nightinga
does. Whether you like me to sin
or not, I shall continue to sing
not for you, but to fulfil myself.

"You are wrong if you imagin
that I am spreading fragrance an
beauty for your sake. I am spread
ing them because it is in my natur
to do so. They are the outwar
manifestation of my inner joy.

"It is spring now, and so I ha
burst into song. As soon as it di
appears I shall fade away. I a
not proud, nor am I unhappy, a
the knowledge that my song wi
end and I shall fade away int
nothingness. Why then should
worry whether you like me or no

"It is true that I am lonely: bu
that does not worry me either
Beauty is in my heart and I am
living long to express it in song."

This is what the poet says. But he is mistaken. He is not alone.

Yours Tapasvini

Uday's sadness vanished. Mattama-yur's cruel words ceased to wound him any more. He was no longer afraid

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of the world. He who had bodied forth Tapasvini and the Poet in his imagination was the real Uday. And by his side now stood Tapasvini.

Uday could now hear the leaves singing a divine song as they moved to the wind. Quite unconsciously, his hand placed the letter on his lips. Then he soon withdrew it. Why should he do anything that would contaminate such a sacred relationship? He went to a table nearby and wrote out a reply:

"Tapasvini, you are quite right. The poet is no longer lonely."

Gangoo had come back by this time and woke him to realities. "Sir, Baieb is expecting a reply."

"Come back after a little while. I shall have a reply ready."

Gangoo left immediately, saying he would be back in five minutes.

Uday laughed aloud as he somewhat inconsequentially inquired of himself as to who would be the fortunate person to appreciate the charm of such a natural soul as Gangoo. He then sat down to complete the reply.

"...The world has taken on the colour of the rainbow. The hope has dawned in his mind that in some way in this birth, everything will be all for the good. In some age the poet and Tapasvini had met in this world but had been separated by the sword. But whenever they come together again they cannot but rejoice in the memory of how they had once lived and loved."

Gangoo came back to collect the letter. She smiled, took the reply from him and left swift as lightning.

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THE HEROIC HUNTER-WOMAN

WHILE the Brahmin's young wife was feeding *athithis* and otherwise carrying out her husband's behests without demur, the latter was wending his way to sacred Kashi.

On the way, a strip of the leathern shoe he wore got torn and for repairing it, he went to a cobbler's place. The cobbler seeing the weary state of the Brahmin, asked him "Where do you come from, sir, and on what mission, can you tell me?"

Replied the Brahmin: "I am coming from a village in the southern part of the country. I am going for clearing a doubt of mine to sacred Kashi."

"Is that so?" asked the cobbler and continued: "When you go there, will you kindly tell Ganga Mata that I enquired of her?"

"I shall surely tell her" replied the Brahmin and after his shoe was repaired, continued his arduous journey until at last he reached his destination.

The Brahmin was so happy to be at the place known as the permanent abode of Lord Siva. He regularly bathed in the sacred Ganga, performed all the rituals enjoined to be performed at this *kshetra*, had *darsan* of Lord Viswanath, Mother Visalakshi, Annapurna and other Gods like Dundi-Vighneswara, Kala Bhairava, Bindu-Madhava, etc. For quite some ti he stayed in the temple of Visalak praying.

One day Mother Visalakshi a peared before him and said: "M son! I am pleased with your *bhak* Tell me the object of your visit to place."

The Brahmin fell at Her feet a replied: "Mother! I came here learn the truth about a *dharma*. learnt that you are feeding all t people of this city day after day wi excellent food. There is no one ther fore who can tell me what exac is the fruit of that *dharma* better th yourself. You alone can do that. asked the learned Brahmins who ca to my house for *athithya*, but th were unable to tell me. One ag Brahmin guest of mine asked me seek you for the information and th brought me here."

Iswari replied: "My child! No o but Lord Iswara can adequately e plain the greatness of *annadana*. Ho ever, if you are so keen on hearin it, I shall help you do so. I shall te you of a plan. Near the slopes of H malayas flows a river by name Varan Ganga and by its side is a city of th name Hemavat. King Angira rule over it. His wife Sumati is of exem plary character and she is of invalu able help to the King in the conduc

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dharma. She has yet had no child- and the King being strictly mono- nous, would not take another wife. ou meet the couple and tell them s follows: 'You will beget a son as' alliant as the lion.' Tell them too, that mediately on the birth of the child, very one including the mother should ve the room, and you should be the st to see the child. She will agree. t that time you ask the new-born ke what the effect of *annadana* is, d he will tell you correctly. The rents may see the child after you . Now start," and Devi disappeared er blessing the prostrate Brahmin.

As instructed by Devi, the Brah- n straightaway made for Hemavat the banks of Varana-Ganga. The te for the city lay among thick for- ss, infested by wild animals. Not eing conversant with the tortuous urns and twists of his path, the Brah- n lost his moorings and was com- tely at sea when he was met by a nter.

Seeing the holy attire of the Brah- min, the hunter addressed him: "Holy sire! How do you propose to go anywhere now? The sun is almost setting and not before traversing quite a lot of distance can you hope to leave the forest behind. And wild beasts abound here!"

The Brahmin replied: "I am bound for Hemavat. Please be kind enough to show me the correct route so that I may hurry up."

Hunter: "Holy sire! Do not be hasty. Hemavat is yet quite far away to walk to. I would strongly advise you to stay here for the night and proceed early in the morning."

The Brahmin seeing the truth of the statement agreed to stay and the hunter took him to his hut. Showing him the cereals, vessels and other materials, he said: "Please cook them yourself and partake of the food.' Excusing himself that he had no appetite, the Brahmin drank a cup of water and started settling down. The hunter not feeling happy that the Brahmin should go without food,

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THE COLONEL COMPLAINED
ABOUT TROUBLESOME
PILES
UNTIL HE STARTED USING
HADENSA

Ghanta some edible nuts and ho
which he pressed on him whereof
Brahmin partook.

At the end the hunter said: "H
sire, wild beasts frequent this area
night. So you had better sleep in t
attic on top of this tree. My wife
keep you company there while I sh
stand guard down below with
drawn bow and arrows."

The Brahmin reluctantly agre
and climbed up. Throughout the nig
the hunter kept awake driving aw
the beasts without however disturb
ing the sleep of his guest and th
spent the night.

It was almost daybreak and t
hunter, feeling safe, sat down and h
a nap when quite unexpectedly a le
pard came from somewhere a
pounced upon the sleeping hunt
and killed him.

Roused by the noise, the hunter
wife came out and seeing her hu
band beneath the leopard's pa
brought out a crow-bar and flung it
the beast and smashed its head.

The Brahmin who had by this ti
awoken and been witnessing the sce
below started shivering from head
foot. The hunter-woman seeing h
condition came near the Brahmin a
patting him on the back, sai
"Father! Do not fear, the beast
dead. While I am here you have lit
to be afraid of! Now, it is getting la
for you to start. If you delay, the su
will become unbearable!"

Brahmin: "Daughter! How possibl
can I go now? Should I not help yo
to perform the last rites of your la
husband? Fie upon me that I shoul
have been the cause of your cala
mity!"

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Hunter-woman: "Do not worry on account. This is our life. When I am heir to such a destiny whoever can prevent it? Please be easy of mind. If you so prefer, you may help me in the last rites of my late husband."

The Brahmin remained a witness to the last rites.

At the end she asked him: "I seek your permission to commit *sati* at the pyre of my husband!"

The Brahmin replied: "If that is your *kulachara*, glory unto you!"

The hunter-woman replied: "I am greatly indebted to you. But first, as this forest is new to you, let me guide you to your destination and I shall later on return to my destiny!"

So saying she took the bow and arrow and walked in front of the Brahmin who accompanied her mute with admiration for her sense of duty and self-possession.

As they proceeded for some time, a party of travellers joined them. As they too were bound for Hemavat, the hunter-woman entrusted her charge to them and after fully instructing them on the route to be taken, she returned to her husband's pyre in which she immolated herself with a smile on her lips and reached the greatest of *lokas*, *moksha*.

Reaching Hemavat, the Brahmin sought an early audience with the King and communicated the message of Goddess Visalakshi. Needless to say that the King was overjoyed and made arrangements for the comfortable stay of the Brahmin in the local Siva temple.

[*To be continued*]

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NEWS & NOTES

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BHAVAN'S DELHI KENDRA

THE first meeting of the Sanskrit Mitra Mandal for 1961 was held at the Delhi Kendra of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan on the 1st of January under the presidentship of Sri L. M. Joshi, Chief Secretary, Delhi Administration.

In his presidential address Sri Joshi advised the Mitra Mandal to direct their activities to the promotion of Sanskrit learning by the intense study of Sanskrit literature and Indian philosophy and to popularise Sanskrit teaching in educational institutions.

There were recitals of Sanskrit poems as well as lectures delivered in Sanskrit.

On Saturday, the 7th of January, there was a variety entertainment programme at the Delhi Centre when the celebrated musician Ustad Hafiz Ali Khan gave a grand performance of music before a distinguished gathering. Other artistes who participated in the function were Amjad Ali Khan (Sarod), Ustad Hasmat Ali Khan (Tabla), Ustad Gohar Khan (Violin), Smt. Samyukta (Vocal) and Smt. Uma Sharma (Kathak). Sri Damodar Das Khannah, who was the Chief Guest, presented a gold medal to Ustad Hafiz Ali Khan.

SAMSKRITA SAHITYA PARISHAD, TIRUCHI

A MEETING of the Tiruchi Samskrita Sahitya Parishad was held on 15th January at the National College High School, Tiruchi. Sri R. Bhuvaraha Iyengar, Headmaster of the School, presided. He exhorted the students to take to the study of Sanskrit even from their childhood. Sri A. Subrahmanyam, Kendra Vyavasthapak, traced the growth of the Centre in Tiruchi from 1956.

Another Centre was also opened in the Dhanalakshmi High School.

Sri A. Subrahmanyam awarded prizes and certificates to the students who were successful in the various examinations conducted by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

Smt. Lilavati Munshi distributing the prizes at the Annual Day Celebrations of the Bal Pustakalaya.

FIRST AARADHANA DAY OF LATE SANKARACHARYA OF PURI

THE first Aaradhana Day of the late H. H. Sri Bharati Krishna Tirtha Sankaracharya of Goverdhan Pith, Puri, was observed in the presence of H. H. Sri Sankaracharya of Sharada Pith, Dwarka, on the 22nd of January 1961, at the Gita Mandir of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. Sri Mangalda

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...rasa presided over the function. ...r Vedic prayer by Acharya T. A. ...Dikshitar, speakers referred to the ...found knowledge of the late Swa... ...in Vedic lore, and the work he ...d done in rousing the religious and ...ral consciousness of the people as a ...ple. Sri Pakvasa drew pointed atten... ...to the Swamiji's proficiency in ...hematics. The meeting also appoint... ...a Memorial Committee with His ...tness Sri Sankaracharya of Dwarka ...Chairman and several other influ... ...ial persons as members, for raising ...suitable memorial in honour of the ...saint and scholar.

BAL PUSTAKALAYA

SHETH VALLABHJI RAMJI BAL PUSTAKALAYA—the Children's section of the Bhavan's library—celebrated its fifth Annual Day on the 15th of January, 1961. Srimati Lilavati Munshi presided over the function which was attended by a large gathering of children and other guests, specially invited for the occasion. After the presidential address, Smt. Munshi distributed prizes to the winners of the competitions held earlier. At the end of the function there was a film show —'Jal Deep'—which interested the children particularly.

MORALITY SHOULD RULE HUMAN CONDUCT—*Contd.*

...army includes, or should include, ...whole of mankind.

Let us all, both individuals and ...ions, enrol ourselves in this army ...moral men and endeavour to eliminate hatred and fear and establish friendship and goodwill, thus making our world the best of all possible worlds.

[*Speech on the occasion of a special preview of "The Crowning Experience".*]

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THE ATHARVAVEDIC CIVILIZATION. By V. W. Karambelkar. Published by the Registrar, University of Nagpur, Nagpur. 1959. pp. 315+14. Price: Rs. 10/-.

THE work, originally a Ph.D thesis, offers a detailed account of the cultural conditions as reflected in the hymns of the Atharvaveda. The author has utilized for this purpose the Atharvaveda and the ritual literature connected with it. For his general approach, interpretation and the place of the Atharvaveda vis-a-vis the other Vedas in religious and cultural matters, the author has followed Bloomfield and Keith. The account is fully documented and its utility is enhanced by the marginally-noted comparative references for all the topics described. Besides discussing the general problems like schools, redactions, contents and arrangement of the Atharvaveda, the position of the Atharvaveda among the Vedas, relation of the Atharvaveda with the Angirasas, Atharvans and Bhrigus, the Atharvan rituals etc., the author describes topic-wise all aspects of society and the individual, their beliefs and practices, as found in the Atharvaveda.

The account would have become more orderly if the author had chosen to follow in his statement some pattern, levels or hierarchies of description. Of the three appendices, those relating to the Atharvan literature and comparisons from the Avestan 'civilization' (the author unnecessarily uses the term in a rather misleading sense) will be found handy for reference. And the book as a whole would eminently serve as an authentic reference work for the popular beliefs and magical and religious practices contained in the Atharvaveda. This latter, constituting the popular religion of Vedic times, complements the historical religion of the other Vedas, and as such is most valuable for the history of Vedic and Hindu religions.

The book under review would prove quite a reliable guide for the student of the subject.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhatia*

MARATHI

CHHATRAPATI SAMBHAJI MAHARAJ (in Marathi). By V. S. Bendrey. Published by the Author, 122 Shivajinagar, Poona-4. 1960. Demy Oct. pp. xii + 726, Price: Rs. 16/-.

CHHATRAPATI SAMBHAJI MAHARAJ represents the essence of forty years of patient and painstaking research of Sri V. S. Bendrey, who has complete mastery over the Marathi and Persian source-material to which his stay in London enabled him to add first-hand material comprising of MSS of Factory Records, East India Co.

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Records, and other Papers in the Office. Besides these, Sri Bendrey has utilised relevant Sanskrit —both printed and MSS—, and Records in Portuguese, French Dutch. He has put all these sources their proper place after assessing intrinsic and comparative value subjecting them to a searching iny in the light of available re—contemporary and later. It will pparent to any careful student of atha history that several of the ces utilised by Sri Bendrey have tapped for the first time.

twenty-four chapters the book us practically everything worth ring about Sambhaji. The first e chapters portray the background e advent of Sambhaji, while the three chapters sum up the events e death of Sambhaji. In the inter- ng chapters is given the entire life Sambhaji in all detail, based on a rdination of several sources. Sri Bendrey has led full evidence on points in dispute, and has discussed every point threadbare giving full authorities—both in support and contra. An attempt has been made to explain the contradictions in different sources, and the author's rational approach clearly shows how the differences or errors may have started.

The verdict of historians on Sambhaij, on the basis of the evidence available hitherto, was that he was an unworthy son and successor of Shivaji the Great; he was incompetent and knew nothing of administration; he was cruel and thoughtless; he put to death his father's trusted ministers and killed his step-mother by subjecting her to inhuman tortures; he mercilessly slaughtered the Shirkes, related to his step-mother; he was given to wine and women; under the influence of Kabji (Kavi Kalasha) he spent his time in superstitious nonsense when he should have faced his enemy, etc.

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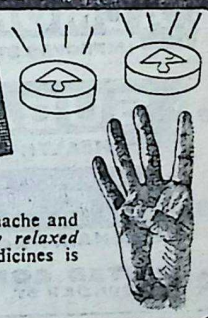

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It was, however, a great puzzle h
Sambhaji, who spent his life ignom
niously in drunkenness and debe
chery, could rise to great heights
his death, welcoming death in
cause of his country and religion, whi
historians were hard put to solve.

Sri Bendrey's study of the wh
problem gives a direct lie to all th
charges. Sambhaji, as aptly put
Sri Bendrey, throughout his life, pra
tised the great doctrine *Karmany*
vadhikaraste preached by the *Bha*
vad Gita, and at death exemplifi
another doctrine *Svadharme nidhana*
sreyah. All objections against Sam
bhaji would be summarily dismiss
by the very fact that Sambhaji w
known as "Sawai Shivaji" in the Mo
ghal army according to Kafi Khan,
which attention has been drawn, pro
bably for the first time, along with
many hitherto unknown facts, by S
Bendrey. Further, the fact that Aurang
zeb felt so much relief at the news
the capture of Sambhaji that he
once rose from the throne and offere
prayers to God also shows that Sam
bhaji was really different from wh
we were hitherto accustomed
read in our history books. It is beyo
the scope of the present review to
into the details of all the charges lev
led against Sambhaji, but suffice it
state here that there is not a shred
evidence to substantiate any of the
charges. Most of them are the figme
of the imagination of the writers, a
the rest are due to wrong informati
ignorance, prejudice, jealousy, hatre
want of historical sense, love of th
hyperbole, and so on.

The myth about his drunkenness, f
instance, is due to the wrong interpre
tation of Kafi Khan's statement ("in
toxicated with the *wine of folly a*
pride"). Similarly "Shirkan" does n
mean the slaughter of the Shirkes
but the region round Rairi under th
Shirkes. What Sambhaji did was
confiscate the territory and drive th
Shirkes etc. There is no truth in th

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story of the torture of his step-mother. Lakshmipa, who has been represented as his mistress, was his wedded wife according to *sastras*. Kavi Kalasha was an able minister, his misrepresentation being due to the hatred the local people bore to him. Thus, in the light of the material put forth by Sri Bendrey, Sambhaji appears for the first time with a spotless character.

On the positive side, besides polity and military science, Sambhaji was well versed in *kavya, alamkara, sastra, purana*, music, archery, *nitisastra*, etc. His wife Yesubai successfully looked to internal affairs of the State, leaving Sambhaji entirely free to look to military tactics. Several instances have been given of Sambhaji's practical application of the principles of international law, politics and military manoeuvres as advocated by Kautilya. Contemporary records by the Hindu, Muslim, French, Portuguese, Arab and English writers testify to the military skill and ability of Sambhaji.

The book sets high standards in writing history which young writers would do well to emulate. It has become necessary to change the whole outlook about Sambhaji on account of the new facts brought to light by Sri Bendrey and all new works on Maratha history should accordingly discard the current notions about Sambhaji. Sri Bendrey deserves to be congratulated on making a monumental contribution to Maratha history.

There are two plates and two useful indices.

The printing and get-up are excellent, and the book deserves place in every library. It would, however, help the general reader and student if a popular edition of the work, omitting detailed references and quotations, is published at a moderate price. The book will reach a wider circle if an English version, preferably the library edition and the popular edition, is brought out.

—*Dr. A. D. Pusalkar*

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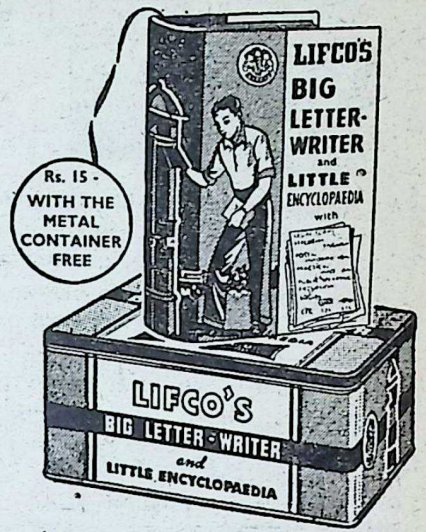

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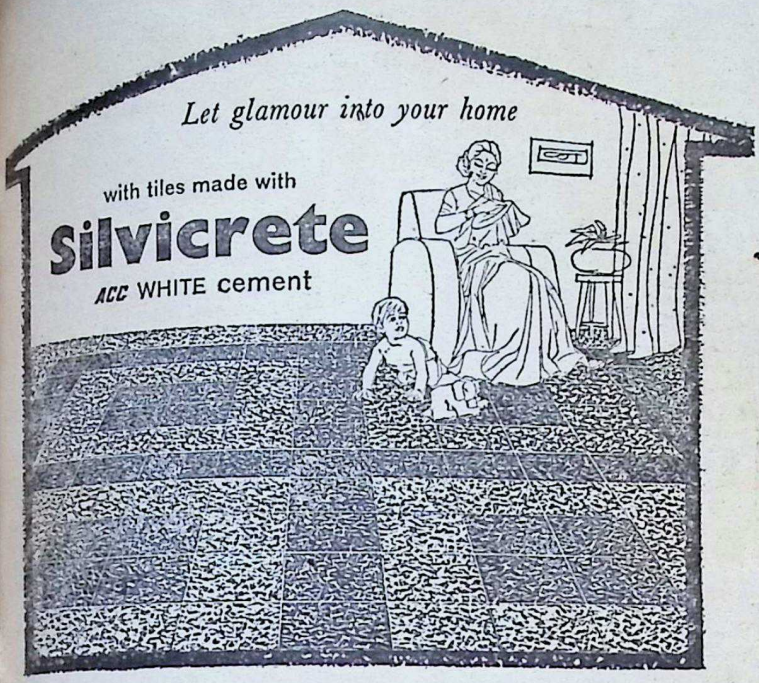

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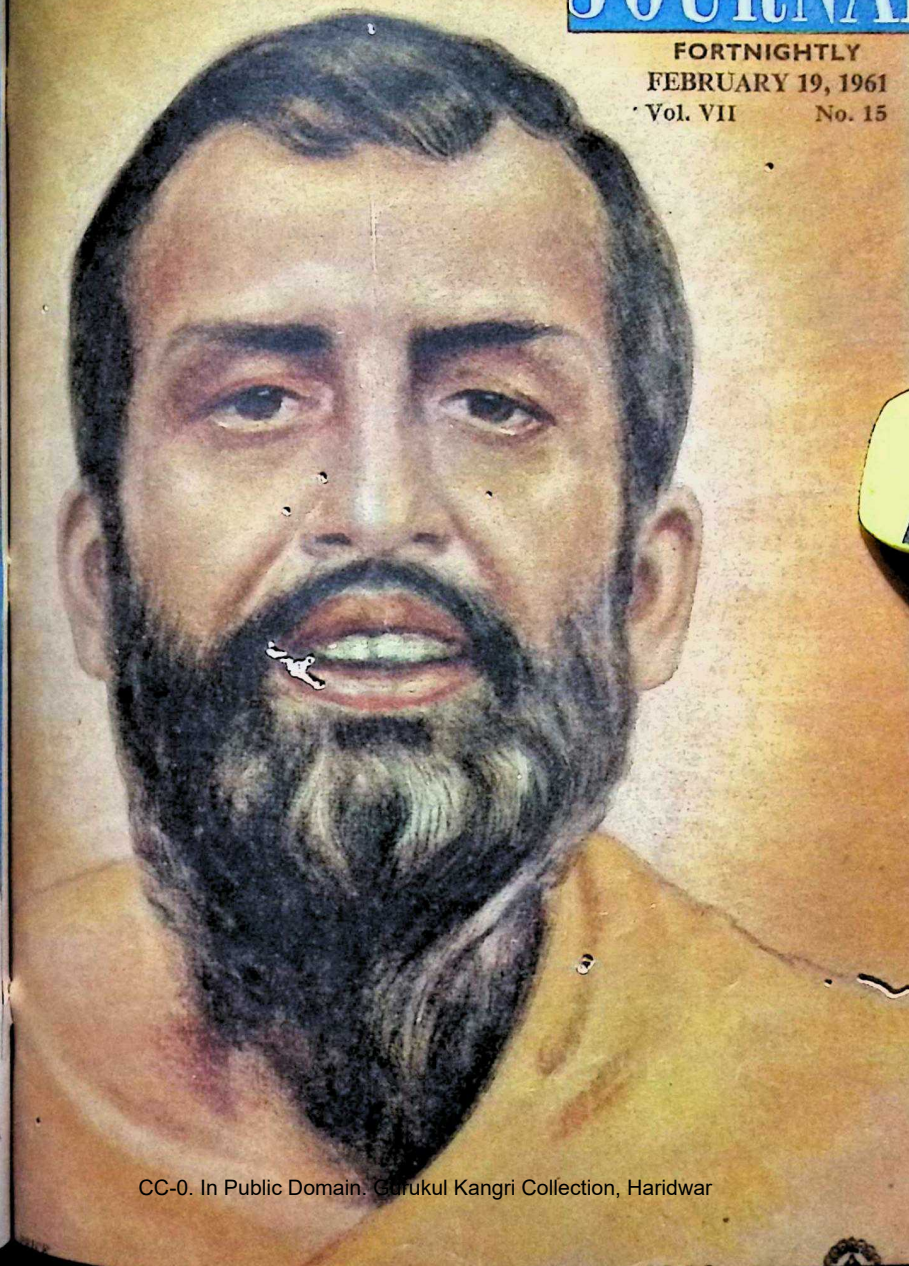

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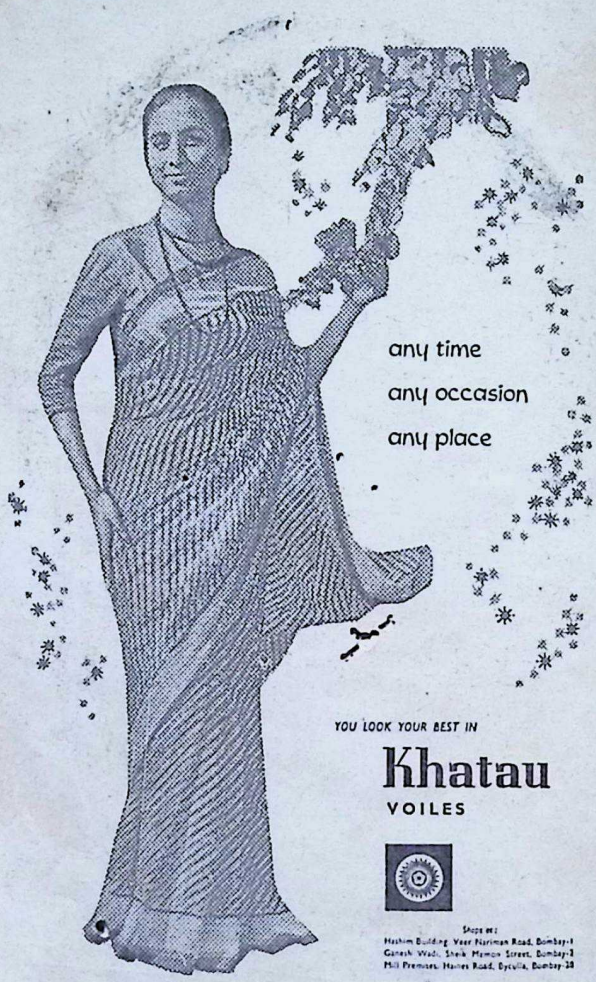

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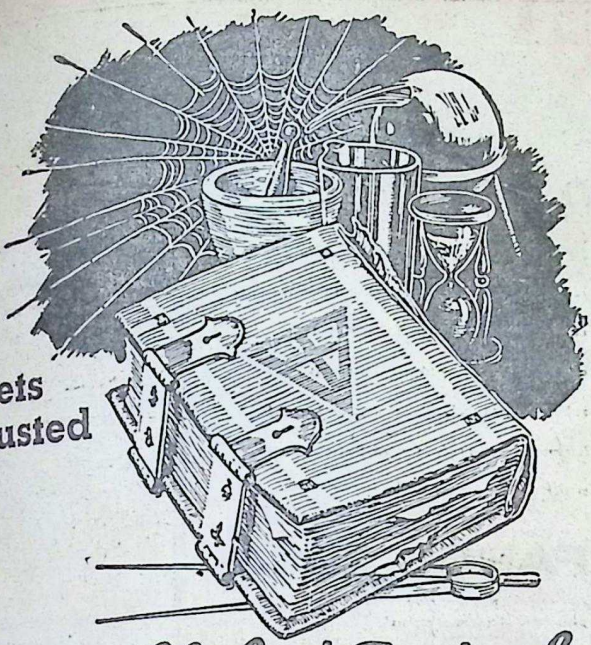

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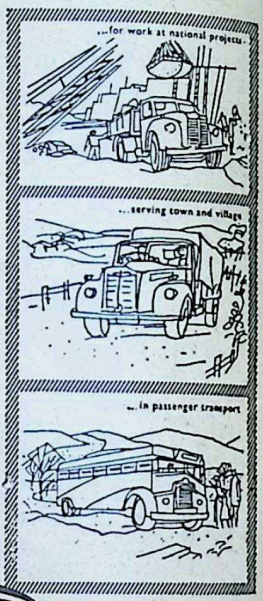

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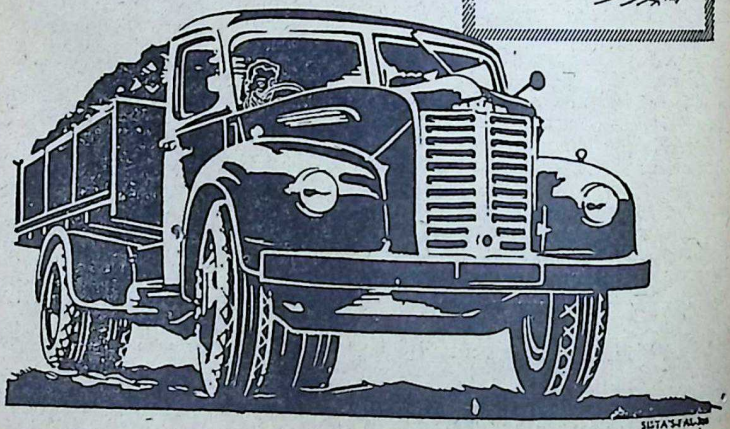

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

—Rigveda, I-89-i

BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

VOL. VII FEBRUARY 19, 1961 No. 15

THE MIGHTY MOTHER

महीम् ऊ षु मातरं सुव्रतानाम्
ऋतस्य पत्नीम् अवसे हुवेम।
तुविक्षत्राम् अजरन्तीम् उरूचीं
सुशर्माणम् अदितिं सुप्रणीतिम्॥

The Mighty Mother of those who sway is just, the Queen of Order,—we call on for our help;

We call on the powerful Ruler, the never-decaying, the wide-expanding.

Aditi—the good protectress, the gracious guide.

—*Yajurveda.*

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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 225

★ *HALF-A-CENTURY OF FRIENDSHIP* ★ *SAD EXPERIEN*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHA
BOMBAY.

FEBRUARY 19, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

ON the 17th February 1961, the Bhavan celebrated the completion of the 75th year by its Senior Vice-President, Sir Harsiddhbhai V. Divatia, former Chief Justice of Saurashtra. In a sense, both of us celebrated a rare event in our lives—the completion of 50 years of friendship and camaraderie.

I was introduced to him in November 1906 in the pandal, when both of us appeared for our B.A. examination with logic and moral philosophy as our optional subjects.

In 1910, I joined the Gurjar Sabha, the members of which were all aspiring young literary men. In 1912, Harsiddhbhai, who had just started practice on the Appellate Side of the High Court, also joined it, and we became close associates.

He was then residing in the Maharaj Buildings on the Sandhurst Road. I was then studying for the Advocates' Examination for qualifying to be enrolled on the Original Side of the High Court, and was living in Morarji Building across the road. Naturally we became great friends, and in 1913, after I passed my examination and was enrolled as an Advocate on the Original Side, we many cases together for an unreasonably low fee. We used to meet the High Court and outside almdaily.

In 1915 to 1917, we were among young workers of the Home R League founded by Mrs. A Besant, Mr. Jinnah being the Pre dent of the local branch in Bomb Often we used to go to Gujarat political campaigning and toget attended the Godhra Conference which Gandhiji made his first pearance on our political stage.

We were staunch Home Leagu and when Gandhiji, by a presiden ruling—which we thought was unc stitutional—got its annual meeting change the aims and objectives of t Home Rule League from 'consti tional means' to 'legitimate mea twenty-one active members, led Mr. Jinnah, resigned—among both of us.

In 1920, Harsiddhbhai and my with other friends, founded

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arat Sahitya Sanad, a group of ers pledged to Romanticism. I floated the Sahitya Prakashak pany Limited of which Harsiddh- hai, if I remember right, was one of directors. It published an illus- d monthly *Gujarat*, to which he tributed several articles.

n 1926, when the Gujarat Sahitya shad was reorganised we became co-workers—a partnership which ended when in 1958, we handed the control of the Parishad to ew generation. In 1928, Harsiddh- hai was a member of the Committee framing the constitution of the shad. For several years after 1937, was the vice-president, in 1940 the sident of its exhibition and its sident in 1952. We have been the stees of the Parishad from its very eption.

n 1934, both of us came to stay flats adjoining in the same com- nd on the Ridge Road. Since then have been like brothers—perhaps e, for we had no patrimony to de and Jollybehn Divatia and mmy had no common mother-in- to share

○○○

As a Judge of the High Court of mbay, Harsiddhbhai was esteemed r his fine courtesy, sound know- ge and balanced judgment. I re- mber conducting a few heavy cases fore him; he was one of the few ges in whose court it was an un- ted pleasure to appear.

n 1938, when the Congress Minis- took office in Bombay, the City as the cockpit of Communism. The nistry, therefore, decided to deal h the problems of industrial labour, and Sri B. G. Kher, then the Chief Minister of Bombay, at my suggestion, appointed Harsiddhbhai as the Chairman of the Bombay Textile Labour Enquiry Committee. As such, he commanded the complete confidence of both the employers and the employees, and smoothed the way for a better understanding between them.

In 1939, the Bombay Legislature passed the Bombay Industrial Disputes Act, perhaps the first Act of its kind in the whole country. The next year, Harsiddhbhai was appointed the first Judge of the Industrial Court which was set up under the Act. Perhaps he was the first to lay the foundation of the Judge-made law of industrial relations in the country.

In 1939 again, the Bombay Legislature passed an Act, whereby the lands forfeited during the civil disobedience movements and sold to outsiders, were restored to the original owners. Harsiddhbhai was appointed the one-man Tribunal to fix compensation for restoring forfeited lands.

Harsiddhbhai duly honoured with a Knighthood, retired from the High Court Bench of Bombay in 1946 and was invited to assume the office of the Chief Justice of the Deccan States. In the same year, however, he had to resign the office as he was invited to be the full-time President of the Industrial Court in Bombay.

In 1948, Harsiddhbhai was appointed the Chief Justice of Saurashtra, which office he held till 1951.

The confidence which he invariably commanded of the contesting parties led the Government of India to appoint him on several important tribunals and he was always in demand as an arbitra-

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tor. One of the most contentious matters in which I argued before him was when in 1950 he presided over a tribunal set up by the Government of India to decide the succession to the gadi of Sirohi.

When Gujarat University was set up, Sardar Patel, in order to lay at rest certain rivalries, pressed him to accept the office of the Vice-Chancellor of the Gujarat University. He joined the office in November 1949 and continued till November 1957, doing splendid spadework in an unenviable office, the duties of which he discharged without evoking criticism —a rare thing for Ahmedabad where the Congress Party considers the University a mere appendage of the Congress Committee. His success was due to an extraordinary gift of persuading without appearing to do so.

In 1938, Harsiddhbhai and I founded the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, and our happy partnership—of one who was thoughtful, wise and cautious, and of another who was impetuous, impatient and aggressive—is reflected in the phenomenal progress made by that institution.

Harsiddhbhai is not only a student of philosophy, but also one with a philosophic bent of mind. His book *The Art of Life in the Bhagavad Gita* has been in great demand as an introduction to that scripture.

Harsiddhbhai's articles contributed to Gujarati magazines are the product of deep and balanced thinking. He has taken a deep interest in the development of the Gujarati drama, and as President from 1952, he guided the Gujarati Natya Mandal.

He has led an exemplary life, sober, unostentatious; inspired by a idealism and a judicious sense of priety. Jollybehn Divatia has a wise and helpful comrade; bet them they have built a home lif mutual devotion, rare to meet in days when hectic jostling is fas coming a feature of domesticity.

Sadly we took her to the cre rium.

When I saw her last she looke if she was sleeping. Her pale though overspread with pallor, peared full. It was enveloped multi-coloured *chundri*, the b wear on the wedding day, and a *kumkum* mark was on her m forehead.

She came into my life at s when her mother was my comrad literature. She was then lovely fairy.

Then Mummy and I married; Bala—her full name was Saray —became a daughter.

The magic of my mother's influ soon began to work. Her intense and solicitude impartially distrib tamed Bala's spirit. She becam daughter of the family, knit tog with other children in a bond of tual affection and respect. She gav the affection due to a father.

She graduated, got a diplom teaching in London, married, h son. She did social work and bore share of Bhavan's responsib shouldering with enthusiasm the den of running its women's sec the Stree Seva Sangh. Whatever did, she brought to the work the of a warm and open heart.

Then in October 1960 came

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...ness. For sixteen days she lay ...nded between life and death. A ... circle of relatives and friends ... by her bedside all the time.

... her last moment when conscious... was failing she wanted us to read ... Gita to her. And with the immor... words of the Lord running in her ... she sank into oblivion.

... died on 16th November, 1960. ...ly after her death, we discovered ... had been hidden from us. Men ... women in all stations of life came ... told us of the affection and help ... had lavished on them whenever ... were in need—unknown to ... without claiming credit for it. ... great good nature hungering for ... had been transformed into a ...ficent gift for evoking responsive ...tion in all on whom she bestowed

...

... the last week of December, I ...ed the Sister Nivedita School at ...utta conducted by the Sharda ... of the Ramakrishna Mission.

... was received by two *sannyasinis*. ... I saw one of them swathed in ... robes, her head clean shaven, ... were in my eyes. Kalpalata ...shi had become *parivrajika* Atma ... a few days before.

... gained control over myself. Eight ... ago, when she was a lecturer in ...krit and had just taken her Doc...te, I had given my consent to her ...ing Sharda Mutt and qualify for ...g ordained a *sannyasini*. I had appreciated her keenness to give up the world to lead the life of the Spirit in service of man and God. After all what is life worth, if it does not bring fulfilment in the way one yearns for?

She was made that way. From her childhood she had high moral sensibility and an equable temper. I never saw her angry, never found her harbouring malice. She then lived like an ascetic, maintaining and educating several girl students out of her meagre salary. She had already created an impression on some of her colleagues and those who came in contact with her by her uncompromising moral rectitude. After she joined the Mission, I saw how her mental contact changed easily and naturally, making it easy for her to overcome egotistic impulses, if any had been left in her.

In December, when I met her, I talked in general to her and other *sannyasinis*. But I could not find it in me to stay with them longer. Deep down in my worldly heart, was a little hurt—unreasonable, but real. But I rejoiced also. God had given me the opportunity to offer a priceless gift at the shrine of Ramakrishna Paramahamsa who, after Shankara and Chaitanya, has given a new validity to all that I hold dear.

Yours sincerely,

Kuru Munshi

Yama, the outer god, is but a name; the One Self, Inner Ruler, is true Yama. Him who has satisfied that Inner God, Yama, the outer god, will never touch. Therefore, consult your own heart if you are in doubt.

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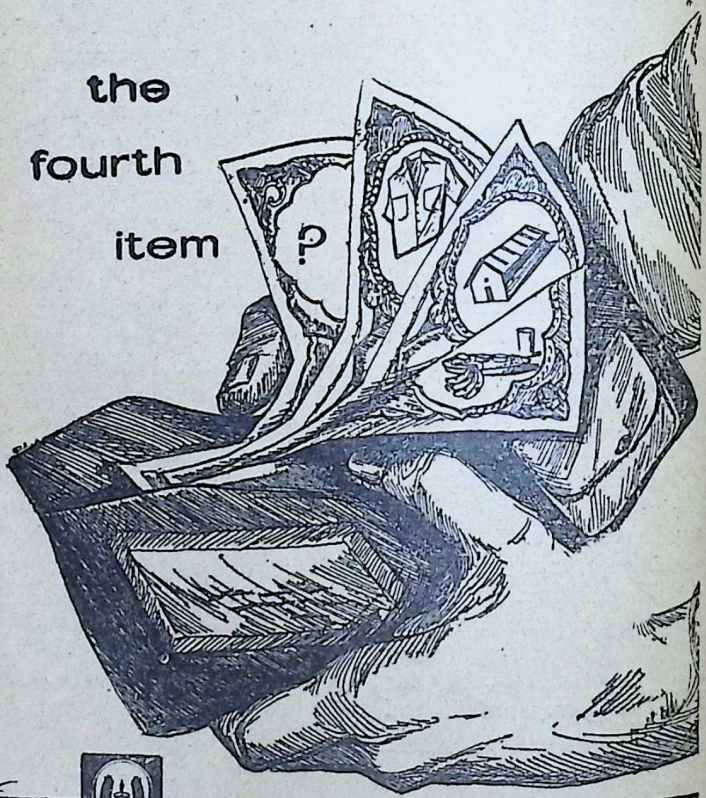

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nāma-Sankirtan

Keep your lips moist by repeating God's name.
—Prophet Muhammad

I discovered the great secret in uttering the NAME *and adhering to this quintessence of* Shastras,
I reached my Girdhar through prayers and tears.
—Bhakta Mira

Praise be to the name of Lord Krishna, which purifies the mind of all sensual images and unholy worldly desires; which allays the heat and fire of all those pains which man is heir to, that which offers eternal joy, which is the essence of all wisdom, and the veritable sea of happiness and fruit of all sadhanas, *and which satisfies all our holy yearnings towards the Lord.*
—Chaitanya Mahaprabhu

In the name of Sri Krishna dwells His form. The Supreme Being is incarnate as Sri Krishna. The name of Krishna is an invulnerable boat in which to cross the ocean of metempsychosis.
—Sant Tukaram

If you will constantly repeat the Lord's Name, with no hope of reward, so that you lose consciousness while chanting it, you shall obtain the supreme gift.
Very great is the power of the Name of the Lord—even when uttered in dream, or while yawning unawares; it will counteract such great sins as the killing of hundreds of cows and even of Brahman.
—Goswami Tulsidas

He who obstructs thee in repeating the name of the Lord, forsake him, and
Perform the worship of Lord Vishnu with thy body, mind and soul;
Renounce on that account thy caste, thy family, thy father, mother, brother, sister, wife and son as the snake discards the skin.
—Bhakta Narsi Mehta

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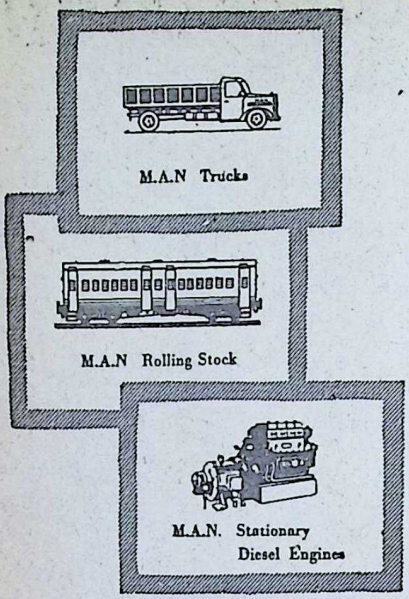

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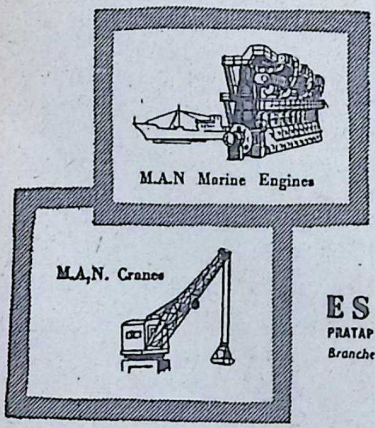

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TRUE AIM OF CHARITY

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

HARITY! Doing good!
How dare you say you can do good to others?

Man struts about so much: but if he pours foul water into his mouth when he is asleep, he doesn't even know it; his mouth overflows with it! Where are his boasting, his vanity, his pride, then?

A *sannyasi* must give up woman and gold: he cannot accept it any more.

He must not swallow one's own bile.

When a *sannyasi* gives something to another, he knows that it is not himself who gives. Kindness belongs to God alone. How can a man lay claim to it?

Charity depends on the will of Atma.

A householder, of course, needs money, for he has a wife and children. He should save up to feed them.

They say that the bird and the *sannyasi* should not provide for the future. But the mother-bird brings food in her mouth for her chicks; so he too provides.

If a householder is a genuine devotee, he performs his duties without attachment; he surrenders the fruit of his work to God—his gain or loss, his pleasure or pain—and day and night he prays for devotion and for nothing else.

That is called motiveless work, the performance of duty without attachment.

A *sannyasi*, too, must do all his work in that spirit of detachment, but he has no worldly duties to attend to, like a householder.

If a householder gives in charity in a spirit of detachment, he is really doing good to *himself* and not to others.

It is God alone that he serves—God, who dwells in all beings, and when he serves God, he is really doing good to himself and not to others.

If a man thus serves God through all beings, not through men alone but through animals and other living beings as well; if he doesn't seek name and fame, or heaven after death; if he doesn't seek any return from those he serves; if he can carry on his work of service in this spirit—then he performs truly selfless work, work without attachment.

Through such selfless work he does good to himself. This is called *karma-yoga*. This too is a way to realize God. But it is very difficult....

Therefore, I say, he who works in such a detached spirit—who is kind and charitable—benefits only himself.

Helping others, doing good to others—this is the work of God alone, who for men has created the sun and moon, father and mother, fruits, flowers, and corn.

The love that you see in parents is God's love: He has given it to them to preserve His creation.

The compassion that you see in the kind-hearted is God's compassion: He has given it to them to protect the helpless.

From *The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna*

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SISTA'S-E

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GOKHALE —my master

MAHATMA GANDHI

[Today, 46 years ago Gopal Krishna Gokhale breathed his last.]

DISCIPLESHIP is a sacred and personal matter.

I fell at Dadabhai's feet in ..., but he seemed to be too far ..., by from me. I could be as son to ..., not disciple. A disciple is more ... son. Discipleship is a second ...th. It is a voluntary surrender.

In 1896, I met almost all the known ...ders of India in connection with ... South African mission. Justice ...anade awed me. I could hardly talk ... his presence. Badrudin Tyabji ...athered me, and asked me to be ...ided by Ranade and Pherozeshah. ...he latter became a patron. His will ...d to be law. He taught me to take ...ders. He did not make me his dis...ple. He did not even try...

I worshipped Dr. Bhandarkar with ...s wise face. But I could not find ...r him a place on that little throne. ...e was still unoccupied. I had many ...roes, but no king.

It was different with Gokhale, I ...annot say why. I met him at his quar...ers on the college ground. It was ...like meeting an old friend, or better ...till, a mother after a long separa...ion.

His gentle face put me at ease in ...a moment. His minute inquiries about ...yself and my doings in South Af...ca at once enshrined him in my heart. And as I parted from him, I said to myself, 'You are my man.' In 1901, on my second return from South Africa, we came closer still. He simply 'took me in hand,' and began to fashion me.

He was concerned about how I spoke, dressed, walked and ate. My mother was not more solicitous about me than Gokhale. There was no reserve between us. It was really a case of love at first sight, and it stood the severest strain in 1913.

He seemed to me all I wanted as a political worker—pure as crystal, gentle as a lamb, brave as a lion and chivalrous to a fault. It does not matter to me that he may not have been any of these things. It was enough for me that I could discover no fault in him to cavil at. He was and remains for me the most perfect man on the political field.

Not that we had no differences. We differed even in 1901 in our views on social customs, namely, widow remarriage. We discovered differences in our estimate of western civilization. He frankly differed from me in my extreme views on non-violence. But these differences mattered neither to him nor to me. Nothing could put us asunder.

[Courtesy: *Navajivan Trust*]

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... Ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country ...

God's Work Must Truly Be Our Own

President

John F. Kennedy

Inaugural Address, January 20

WE observe today not the v
tory of a party but the ce
bration of freedom—symb
lizing an end as well as a beginning
signifying renewal as well as chan
For I have sworn before you and A
mighty God the same solemn o
our forebears prescribed nearly
century and three quarters ago.

The world is very different no
For man holds in his mortal han
the power to abolish all forms of h
man poverty and all forms of hum
life. And yet the same revolutiona
beliefs for which our forebea
fought are still at issue around t
globe—the belief that the rights
man come not from the generosi
of the state but from the hand of Go

We dare not forget today that w
are the heirs of that first revolutio
Let the word go forth from this tim
and place, to friend and foe alik
that the torch has been passed to
new generation of Americans—bo
in this century, tempered by war, d
ciplined by a hard and bitter peac
proud of our ancient heritage—an
unwilling to witness or permit th
slow undoing of those human right
to which this nation has always bee
committed and to which we are com
mitted today at home and aroun
the world.

Let every nation know, whether i
wishes us well or ill, that we shal
pay any price, bear any burden, mee
any hardship, support any friend, op
pose any foe to assure the survival
and success of liberty.

This much we pledge—and more.

To those old allies whose cultural
and spiritual origins we share, we
pledge the loyalty of faithful friends

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...If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich...

...d, there is little we cannot do, a host of co-operative ventures. ...ded, there is little we can do—we dare not meet a powerful challenge at odds and split asunder.

To those new states whom we welcome to the ranks of the free, we pledge our word that one form of colonial control shall not have passed away merely to be replaced by a far more iron tyranny. We shall not always expect to find them supporting our view. But we shall always hope to find them strongly supporting their own freedom—and to remember that, in the past, those who foolishly sought power by riding the back of the tiger ended up inside.

To those peoples in the huts and villages of half the globe struggling to break the bonds of mass misery, we pledge our best efforts to help them help themselves, for whatever period is required—not because the Communists may be doing it, not because we seek their votes, but because it is right. If a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich.

To our sister republics south of our border, we offer a special pledge—to convert our good words into good deeds—in a new alliance for progress—to assist free men and free governments in casting off the chains of poverty. But this peaceful revolution of hope cannot become the prey of hostile powers. Let all our neighbours know that we shall join with them to oppose aggression or subversion anywhere in the Americas. And let every other power know that this hemisphere intends to remain the master of its own house.

To that world assembly of sovereign states, the United Nations, our last best hope in an age where the instruments of war have far outpaced the instruments of peace, we renew our pledge of support—to prevent it becoming merely a forum for invective—to strengthen its shield of the new and the weak—and to enlarge the area in which its writ may run.

Finally, to those nations who would make themselves our adversary, we offer not a pledge but a request: that both sides begin anew the quest for peace, before the dark powers of destruction unleashed by science engulf all humanity in planned or accidental self-destruction.

We dare not tempt them with weakness. For only when our arms are sufficient beyond doubt can we be certain beyond doubt that they will never be employed.

But neither can two great and powerful groups of nations take comfort from their present course—both sides overburdened by the cost of modern weapons, both rightly alarmed by the steady spread of the deadly atom, yet both racing to alter that uncertain balance of terror that stays the hand of mankind's final war.

So let us begin anew—remembering on both sides that civility is not a sign of weakness, and sincerity is always subject to proof. Let us never negotiate out of fear. But let us never fear to negotiate.

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...Civility is not a sign of weakness; sincerity is subject to proof...

t both sides explore what prob-
s unite us instead of belabouring
e problems that divide us.
t both sides, for the first time,
late serious and precise propo-
for the inspection and control of
—and bring the absolute power
stroy other nations under the ab-
e control of all nations.
t both sides seek to invoke the
ers of science instead of its ter-
Together let us explore the stars,
er the deserts, eradicate diseases,
e ocean depths and encourage
rts and commerce.
t both sides unite to heed in all
ers of the earth the command of
ah—to "undo the heavy burdens
(and) let the oppressed go free."
nd if a beach-head of co-opera-
may push back the jungle of sus-
n, let both sides join in creating
w endeavour, not a new balance
ower, but a new world of law,
e the strong are just and the weak
e and the peace preserved.
ll this will not be finished in the
one hundred days. Nor will it
nished in the first one thousand
, nor in the life of this Adminis-
n, nor even perhaps in our life-
e on this planet. But let us begin.
ow the trumpet summons us
in—not as a call to bear arms,
gh arms we need—not as a call
ttle, though embattled we are—
a call to bear the burden of a
twilight struggle, year in and
out, "rejoicing in hope, patient
tribulation"—a struggle against the common enemies of man: tyranny, poverty, disease and war itself.

Can we forge against these enemies a grand and global alliance, north and south, east and west, that can assure a more fruitful life for all mankind? Will you join in that historic effort?

In the long history of the world, only a few generations have been granted the role of defending freedom in its hour of maximum danger. I do not shrink from this responsibility —I welcome it. I do not believe that any of us would exchange places with any other people or any other generation. The energy, the faith, the devotion which we bring to this endeavour will light our country and all who serve it—and the glow from that fire can truly light the world.

And so, my fellow Americans, ask not what your country can do for you—ask what you can do for your country.

My fellow citizens of the world, ask not what America will do for you, but what together we can do for the freedom of man.

Finally, whether you are citizens of America or citizens of the world, ask of us here the same high standards of strength and sacrifice that we shall ask of you. With a good conscience our only sure reward, with history the final judge of our deeds, let us go forth to lead the land we love, asking His blessing and His help, but knowing that here on earth God's work must truly be our own.

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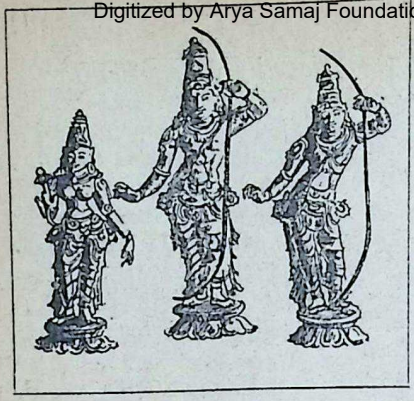

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

WHERE RAMA DWELLS

Sri Rama and party crossed the Ganga and arrived at the ashrama of Sage Bharadwaja. After being worshipped and entertained by the Sage, they crossed the Yamuna and reached the ashrama of Sage Valmiki at Chitrakuta. The Sage, on seeing him, embraced him and shed tears of joy. Reception over, Sri Rama asked Valmiki:

पितुराज्ञां पुरस्कृत्य दण्डकानागता वयम्॥
भवन्तो यदि जानन्ति किं वक्ष्यामोऽत्र कारणम्।
यत्र मे सुखवासाय भवेत्स्थानं वदस्व तत्॥
सीतया सहितः कालं किञ्चित्तत्र नयाम्यहम्।

"Obeying the orders of my father, we have come to the Dandaka forest. Since your holiness knows why, need I say it? I would like to spend some time here in the company of Sita. Can you tell me of a suitable place for our stay?

हृष्यतो राघवेणासौ मुनिः सस्मितमब्रवी
त्वमेव सर्वलोकानां निवासस्थानमुत्तम
तवापि सर्वभूतानि निवाससदनानि हि

Asked thus by Raghava, the smilingly replied: "You alone are best dwelling place for all created ings. And indeed, all created th are dwelling places for you!

एवं साधारणं स्थानमुक्तं ते रघुनन्द
सीतया सहितस्येति विशेषं पृच्छतस्त
तद्वक्ष्यामि रघुश्रेष्ठ यत्ते नियतमन्दिर

"The above places, O delighte the Raghu race, are the common for you to live in; but since you ed me for a place to live in the c pany of Sita, I shall presently p to those permanent temples for special purpose.

शान्तानां समदृष्टीनां अद्वेष्टृणां च जन्तु
त्वामेव भजतां नित्यं हृदयं तेऽधिमन्दिर

"The hearts of those beings wh imperturbable peace prevails; th who look upon dualities (like p sure and pain, heat and cold) eq ly; those who are free from hate those who sing your praise unc ingly—these are fit to be your c temple.

धर्माधर्मान् परित्यज्य त्वामेव भजतोऽनि
सीतया सह ते राम! तस्य हृत्सुखमन्दि

"O, Rama! The heart of his casting aside all *dharmas* (to be d and *adharmas* (to be abandoned), your praise uninterruptedly constitutes your temple where can enjoy comfort in the company Sita.

त्वन्मन्त्रजापको यस्तु त्वामेव शरणं
निर्द्वन्द्वो निस्स्पृहस्तस्य हृदयं ते सुमन्दि

"Reciting your *mantra*, taking refuge in you, without the 'I-and-

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...v and non-desiring—that per-
...heart is fit to become your bea-
...mple.

...हारिणः शान्ता ये रागद्वेषवर्जिताः।
...टाश्मकणकास्तेषां ते हृदयं गृहम्।

...Devoid of ego; calm; neither de-
... nor hating, looking alike on
...es and gems—the hearts of these
...e are fit to be your home.

...दत्तमनोबुद्धिर्यः सन्तुष्टः सदा भवेत्।
...तत्कर्मा यः तन्मनस्ते शुभं गृहम्।

...With his mind and intellect dedi-
... to you; contented always; dedi-
...g all his actions to you—the heart
...at man is fit to be your auspicious
...e.

...ष्टि अप्रियं प्राप्य प्रियं प्राप्य न हृष्यति।
...यति निश्चित्य त्वां भजेत्तन्मनो गृहम्॥

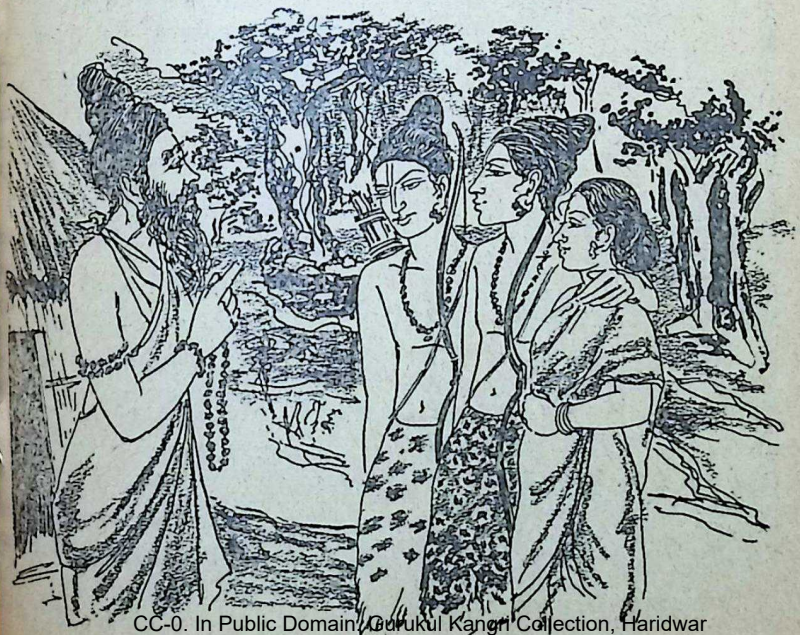
The human mind, partaking of divinity, is an abode of the Deity, which is the Spiritual Essence. There exists no highest deity outside the human mind.

—Shinto-Dinju

"He who does not become hateful at unpleasantness and joyful by pleasantness; sure that all are illusory and worships you—his mind is fit to become your dwelling place.

षड्भावादिविकारान्यो देहे पश्यति नात्मनि।
क्षुत्तृट् सुखं भयं दुःखं प्राणबुद्धचोः निरीक्षते।
संसारधर्मैर्निर्मुक्तस्तस्य ते मानसं गृहम्॥

"He who equates the six-fold states



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3

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(birth, existence, growth, change, cline and death) with the body not the soul; sees hunger, thirst, and sorrow as owing allegiance Prana; he who is emancipated the dharmas (*punya, papa* etc.) life—their hearts are fit to be home.

पश्यन्ति ये सर्वगुहाशयस्थं
त्वां चिद्घनं सत्यमनन्तमेकम्।
अलेपकं सर्वगतं वरेण्यं
तेषां हृदब्जे सह सीतया वस

"Live with Sita in the lotus-h of those persons who see you as indweller of all hearts; that you *Chaitanya-rupa*; you are the only finite Truth; that although you all-pervasive, you are untouched that you are the Supremo.

निरन्तराभ्यास दृढीकृतात्मनां
त्वत्पादसेवापरिनिष्ठितानाम्।
त्वन्नामकीर्त्त्या हतकल्मषाणां
सीतासमेतस्य गृहं हृदब्जे॥

"Take your abode with Sita in lotus-hearts of those who, by un ing efforts, have firmly establ themselves in the service of your and those who by virtue of sin your name have been cleansed of their sins.

राम! त्वन्नाममहिमा वर्ण्यते केन वा क
यत्प्रभावादहं राम! ब्रह्मर्षित्वमवाप्तव

"Rama! Who or how can one quately describe the greatness of y name? Was it not out of the m of your name, O, Rama, that I came a Brahmarshi?"

I live, and yet not I, but Chr liveth in me.

—St. Paul.

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k.m.munshi

krishnavatara

15 : PART II

Brihadbala Plays the Diplomat

EMPEROR JARASANDHA'S army and the contingents which his allies had brought with them, had camped on the banks of the Yamuna, two days' march from Mathura. The force consisted of over two hundred war chariots for warriors of rank, fifty elephants, five hundred riders and over two thousand bowmen.

Noon time was approaching. Grooms were busy washing the horses. Men were having their bath in the river or preparing their food. The mahouts were watering the elephants. On all sides, lances, swords, battle-axes made of copper were seen flashing in the sunshine as the soldiers went to and fro.

A little away, under a giant banyan tree, Jarasandha himself was preparing for his midday meal. He was tall and sinewy. A master wrestler, he was heavy of weight, and though due to age his stomach had begun to droop, he was as vigorous as he was twenty years ago. He had a shock of greying hair and a well trimmed beard. In spite of a powerful jaw, he had a mobile face, which could, when he wanted, express his mood forcefully, but when he did not so want, could conceal his thoughts. Just now it wore a malicious look as he washed his hands and feet.

Drupad, the King of Panchala, had declined to give Jarasandha's army a passage through his domains. It was an impertinence, Jarasandha felt. At any other time he would have simply marched on Kampilya and burnt it down. But now he did not want to be deflected from the purpose before him, though Drupad's refusal had made his task of marching on Mathura difficult.

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Then he smiled. Drupad will pay the price of this impertinence some day. But the day had not yet come. He must deal with Vasudeva's sons first.

His face again lapsed into a malicious grin as he thought of Krishna and Balaram. The two cowherds had killed his son-in-law, Kamsa, and by so doing offered him a mortal affront. Before everything, therefore, that death must be avenged. Both the boys must be cut to pieces at the very place where they had laid their sacrilegious hands on the Prince of Mathura.

A little away, the meal was being served on banana leaves. His allies and generals, who generally dined with him, were waiting for him. He glanced at them. King Damaghosh of Chedi had not yet come for the meal from his camp. It was unusual for Damaghosh, the soul of courtesy, who was very punctilious in such matters. Ordinarily he presented himself at the meals early enough to receive Jarasandha. Something unexpected appeared to have happened.

The Emperor, followed by two warriors armed with copper lances, strode over to the place where the meals were being served. His friends and generals offered him salutations as he took the central seat which was a little higher than those of the rest.

'Shalva, where is Damaghosh?' he asked Shalva, the King of Saubha, whose seat was to his immediate left. 'Does he suffer from indigestion?' he asked and laughed loudly.

'Lord, Chediraj just sent word that he would be a little late,' replied Shalva, with a smile which showed his flashing teeth against a swarthy face. He was the Emperor's trusted ally, prized for his cunning and ruthlessness. He was a wiry, dark-haired man with a handsome face and a cunning look.

'Messengers of peace have arrived from Mathura', one of the Magadha generals, who was standing in front of his seat, said with folded hands.

'Messengers!' exclaimed Jarasandha with a frown. 'I want the heads of Vasudeva's sons, not empty-handed messengers'.

They all sat down to meals silently, for the Emperor was frowning all the time. He did not like Damaghosh dabbling in this affair. His queen Shrutasrava, a very powerful woman was Vasudeva's sister, and though he had joined this campaign readily, Jarasandha was not sure what trick he would be up to.

Soon Damaghosh came, offered salutations to Jarasandha and asked to be forgiven for being late at meals. He was quiet, slow-spoken and self-composed.

'You have men come from Mathura?' asked Jarasandha with a frown.

'Not for me, for the lord', said Damaghosh, smiling unperturbably.

'Have they brought the heads of Krishna and Balaram?' Jarasandha asked loudly, so that others may catch his words.

'The boys have fled from Mathura', said Damaghosh.

'What!' exclaimed Jarasandha in surprise.

'Akrura has come accompanied by Brihadbala, the King's grandson and Gada to make his submissions to the

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d', said Damaghosh. 'And he ould not tell a lie'.

The Emperor lapsed into silence. hen feeling that his silence might be onstrued by the company as disppointment, he said, 'I don't believe I will talk to them after meals'.

'As the lord of Magadha commands,' said Damaghosh.

'Have we sent a contingent of bowmen in advance to prepare the camp for the night, Shaiva?' asked Jarasandha.

'Yes, lord, they left in the night', said Shalva.

o o o

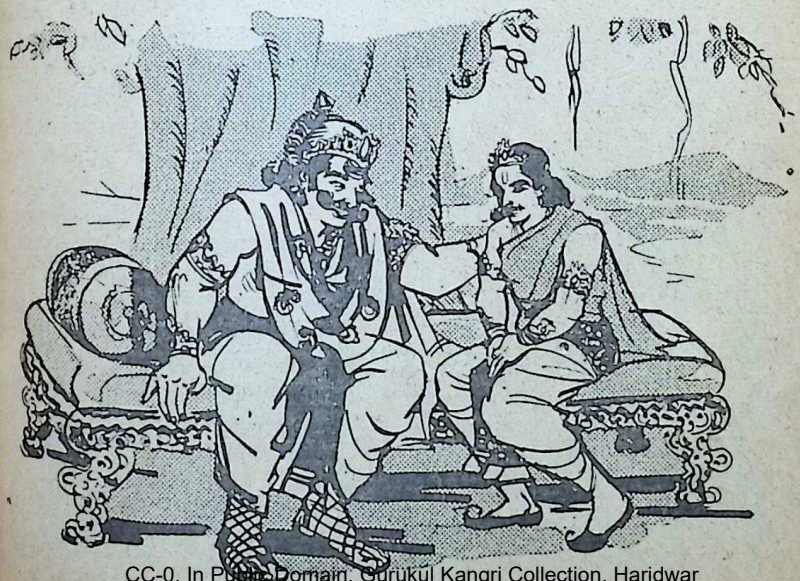
Jarasandha returned to the place where he generally rested under the banyan tree after meals, asking only Damaghosh and Shalva to keep him company. He stretched himself on his cot and ordered the officer in attendance to bring the leaders of Mathura to him.

It was a strange situation. He had announced to the world that he would avenge Kamsa's death. He was pledged to be satisfied with nothing but the heads of the two cowherd boys. He had summoned his allies to bring their contingents to achieve that purpose. And now the boys had slipped away from his grasp!

When Akrura, Brihadbala, the son of Vasudeva's brother Devabhaga and Gada offered salutations by prostrating themselves before him, Jarasandha suddenly sat up with a vicious scowl.

'What is this silly story that you have brought?' he asked in an insulting manner.

'Mighty Chakravarti, it is neither a story nor silly,' said Akrura, with



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that frank mildness which generally characterised his way of speaking. 'Krishna and Balaram left Mathura in the night three days ago'.

'I don't believe you. You must have concealed them somewhere', shouted Jarasandha, trying to frighten Akrura.

Akrura stood with folded hands, patience in his eyes and a smile on his face. Shrewd Jarasandha, in spite of a show of temper, did not fail to notice that Brihadbala was in fright.

'Chediraj, Shalva, leave me alone for a moment. I want to talk to the Best of Vrishnis,' said Jarasandha. He did not know how this interview would shape and did not want the camp to gossip about it. Also he did not want his allies to know that he was feeling undecided; he would only face them when his mind was made up.

'As the lord pleases', said Damaghosh and Shalva.

When the others were leaving, Jarasandha said: 'Chediraj, take Brihadbala with you. I would talk to him after you have done'.

Damaghosh placed a hand on Brihadbala's shoulders and took him away.

'Lord of Vrishnis, you have the reputation of being a saint. If you don't tell me the truth, I will burn Mathura to the ground', said Jarasandha.

'I know that the lord is powerful enough to do whatever he wants. But I never tell a lie', said Akrura.

'Why did they fly away, the cowards?' demanded Jarasandha contemptuously.

'They were not cowards. They did not want the Yadavas to die defending Mathura for their sake, so they sacrificed themselves. It was heroic of them to brave the charge of cowardice', replied Akrura.

'The Yadavas were not prepared to stand by them', sneered Jarasandha.

'We were ready to lay down our lives for them. But they were firm in their resolve,' said Akrura.

'I don't believe it', said Jarasandha with a dark frown. 'I am going to punish you all the same for sending away the cowherds.'

'We have already anticipated the lord's decision', said Akrura with a patient smile. 'A mighty Chakravarti when he is angry, is not likely to forgive us so easily.'

'Angry! Why do you say I am angry? I am out only to mete out just punishment. You call yourself a saintly person and want me to condone the assassination of my son-in-law and your Prince,' said Jarasandha with a sneer.

'Forgive me, lord of Magadha,' Akrura said in an unperturbed voice. 'I am not a saint, nor do I call myself one. I only try to follow *dharma*, that too very humbly. And it would scarcely be *dharma* to destroy Mathura for the fault of the sons of Vasudeva', he added as if correcting Jarasandha.

The Emperor looked at Akrura with a scowl. Akrura smiled patiently. 'I am not here to justify what Vaasudeva did. But how many Yadavas did Kamsa kill? How many did he drive into wilderness? How many women were made the victims of his lust? After a pause, he added: 'How many sons of Vasudeva did he kill at their very birth! Even you, lord, condoned all this for years'.

'You are a clever man. But I am going to destroy Mathura all the

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', said Jarasandha, exercising t self-control. But he could not ain blind to the dangers of treat- such a man offensively.

We have no doubt about it, lord. the Yadavas have already left thura. The others are ready to do the moment we return empty-hand- We will leave Mathura to you bout striking a blow,' quietly said krura.

I will pursue you wherever you ,' said Jarasandha.

I am sure you would. But the vener- e Bhishma and King Drupad of echala both have promised to give an asylum in their kingdoms', said krura.

Jarasandha was silent for a while. Drupad had already put him in a diffi- position by declining to give passage through his territory.

That is what I have come here to of you, mighty King. The boys hom you wanted have escaped ; your edge will therefore remain unre- ed even if you destroy Mathura. What will you do with a city without men and women, cows and horses? It will be an empty reward for such an adventure on the part of so power- l a monarch as the Chakravarti of Magadha. Won't the world laugh at ?' asked Akrura in an appealing ne.

'Have you come to tell me this, krura? You know I can have your ngue pulled out for this effrontery', d Jarasandha, unable to keep con- ol over his temper at the temerity Akrura.

'I have already told you, lord, that ere is no limit to your power, unless you impose it upon yourself. It is be- cause you are so powerful that I have come with the confidence that you will listen to me. Be generous. It is only the strong who can forgive ; the weak can never punish and therefore can never forgive. If you listen to us, per- haps it will hurt your pride, but will surely raise your prestige', said Akrura slowly with due humility.

'You have a bold tongue, sweet yet dangerous. Tell me where the boys have gone and I will listen to you', said Jarasandha.

'How can I say where they are or where they would go? They would try to hide somewhere, where you cannot reach them', replied Akrura.

'You are very clever, Akrura', said Jarasandha after a little pause. 'Go now. I will talk to you tomorrow morning. In the meantime, send me Brihadbala, Vasudeva's nephew'.

'As the lord commands', said Akrura and withdrew.

●●●

Jarasandha confessed to himself that Akrura was right. If he destroyed Mathura, the death of Kamsa would remain unavenged and his friends and enemies would condemn him for wreaking vengeance childishly on an empty city, while the infuriated Yadavas will augment the strength of the Kurus and the Panchalas. He thought for a while and called his confidential man, who, during the life- time of Kamsa, had lived in Mathura for years as the adviser of his daugh- ters, and got from him all the infor- mation he needed. Brihadbala was the second son of Devabhaga, the brother of Vasudeva, the lord of the Shooras. His mother Kamsaa was Kamsa's sister and the favourite daughter of

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King Ugrasena. His younger brother, Uddhava, was Krishna's great friend.

When the confidential man left, Jarasandha saw Brihadbala standing timidly at a distance, awaiting the Chakravarti's command.

Brihadbala was in real fright. He had always heard the Emperor's name with trepidation, and when Kamsa was killed, he had felt certain that Mathura would be destroyed. He would have preferred to run away from the city, but he was the son of King Ugrasena's favourite daughter Kamsaa, and Vasudeva's nephew. He was the prisoner of his family connections and had to keep up courage lest his elders condemn him as a traitor.

Brihadbala was sure that now that Krishna and Balaram had been allowed to escape, Jarasandha would raze Mathura to the ground. At the moment, therefore, he felt as if he was walking into the jaws of death.

However, the Emperor looked at him and smiled. The frown had suddenly disappeared from his brows. The Emperor was in a happy mood, Brihadbala thought, when he beckoned to him cordially to come nearer. He went and prostrated himself before the monarch, who bent down from the cot on which he was sitting and patted him on the back.

Jarasandha was a good kindly man, Brihadbala thought. When his people in Mathura said he was a cruel, wicked man, they were wrong.

'Brihad, my blessings,' said Jarasandha in almost affectionate voice. 'I hope Grandfather Ugrasena is well. I know you well, dear boy. Sit down. How is your noble mother? I know how all these years she has served the old King—even when he was in prison. Do you stay with the King or with your father?'

'I live with Grandfather. My mother also mostly lives with him, lord', said Brihadbala. His heart was drawn to this monarch, who was so kind and cordial. He could not understand how his people did him so great an injustice.

'I know you are the favourite grandchild of the King. I wish you come to Girivraja some time. It will help to cement the bond between Mathura and myself', said Jarasandha.

Brihadbala was moved by this flattery, a luxury which he generally did not enjoy and which was lavished in the family on Krishna. Now that Jarasandha had put it this way, he was put in mind of his ambition to succeed his grandfather in Mathura's kingship now that the old King had no sons left. With the Emperor so friendly, it struck him that his dreams might come true now that Krishna was out of the way. And—who knows?—he might be as great a king of Mathura as his maternal Uncle Kamsa...basking in imperial favours.

'Lord, we are all very anxious to be loyal to you', Brihad improvised. Then he stopped in hesitation lest he had blurted out something which might contradict Uncle Akrura and thereby prove himself a liar.

'Yes, we can be friendly now that the two cowherds have run away', said Jarasandha smiling in a friendly way and watching Brihad with wary eyes.

Brihad was happy to find his sentiment echoed by so great a man. If he

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ld save Mathura—he thought—
m Jarasandha's anger, he would
be the darling of the Yadavas,
Krishna was before he fled out of
er cowardice.

Now that Vasudeva's sons have
t Mathura, if you could show
ercy to Mathura —' Brihadbala
uld not help showing his extreme
iety to please the Emperor.

I have a mind to destroy Mathura,
t if a young man like you were its
der, I might be merciful', said
arasandha with an encouraging
ile. He could read Brihad's heart
clearly as a villager could read the
gns for the rain in the sky.

Brihad rose to the bait. 'Mighty
hakravarti, I beg of you to be merci-
l to Mathura. Uncle Akrura must
ave already told you about our re-
uest. If you do so, I will always feel
bliged.' Brihad developed an anxiety
establish intimate relations with the
owerful Emperor. He added, 'I am
ot a chief yet, but my Uncle Vasu-
eva is the chief of the Shooras and
Grandfather loves me. He has great
onfidence in me', he corrected.

Shrewd Jarasandha saw the conflict
hich was passing in Brihad's mind
etween loyalty to the Yadavas and
s personal ambition to acquire his
avour.

'I like you very much, Brihad', said
arasandha. 'If you had been the *yuva-raj*[1] of Mathura, I would have never
hought of destroying Mathura. But
ho knows?'

Brihadbala's heart opened out to
e warmth of Jarasandha's friendly
terest in him. The time had come to
strike a bargain too, thought the diplomat in him....

'Lord, listen to me. Give me the credit of saving Mathura, and perhaps what you wish might come to pass', said Brihad, as the prospect of his dream coming true appeared to come near.

The wily Emperor smiled in a friendly way—in fact he smiled at the way the young man was playing up to his expectations. 'But what if Krishna returns?' he asked.

'Krishna will never return', Brihad said and added, 'I am afraid.'

'How do you know? He might have just gone over to the kingdom of the Kurus to seek Bhishma's aid', said Jarasandha.

'Oh, no. He went south,' Brihad blurted out.

'To? ———' asked Jarasandha innocently and waited for a reply.

'To some far off place', Brihad tried to evade the reply.

'To some forest on the bank of Narmada, perhaps?' asked Jarasandha.

Brihad did not feel like being rude to such a kindly monarch who asked him so directly. 'No, I think to the banks of Venya', he said in a fit of obliging frankness.

'Perhaps to Karvirpur', said Jarasandha as if it was a matter of no importance. Brihad was confused and Jarasandha could read an admission on his face. Then he continued: "Well, Brihadbala, if I comply with your request, it will be only for your sake. I hope some day you will be appointed the *yuvaraj* by King Ugrasena and then succeed your grandfather. It is only your due.'

Brihad was modestly silent. 'Who

[1] Crown Prince.

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knows, your own uncles Vasudeva and Akrura might come in your way,' added Jarasandha as if talking to himself. 'So, watch your steps, my boy. And let me know if I can do something to help.'

With this parental benediction spoken in the most affectionate voice he could command, the Emperor dismissed Brihadbala.

●●●

Next day, Jarasandha called his allies and his generals in council and also commanded the presence of Akrura, Brihadbala and Gada.

'I have thought over the request of Akrura and Brihadbala. I think they are right. To destroy Mathura, when the two sinners have fled, will be wanton destruction', said Jarasandha.

Damaghosh, the King of Chedi, who knew well the great depth which lay behind the swift changes of mood which Jarasandha often developed to confound his friends and foes alike, was not surprised. The others, however, were surprised at this outburst of generosity.

'Akrura, Brihadbala, I want Mathura Yadavas to be my friends,' continued Jarasandha. 'I have great regard for King Ugrasena, and particularly you two. With a young chief like Brihadbala and an adviser like Akrura, Mathura may some day become worthy of our friendship.'

Then Jarasandha paused. King Damaghosh sensed that something sinister was now going to follow.

'I will not levy a heavy tribute on Mathura. I would want only twenty-five elephants, a hundred chariots and two men's weight in gold. They should be delivered before the full moon day of this month—ten days hence,' said Jarasandha, and added in a friendly tone, 'Akrura, if ever Krishna and Balaram returned to Mathura, they should be handed over to me.'

Akrura thought for a while. 'We shall have to meet the demand, if you make it,' he said.

'That is very clever,' Jarasandha laughed. 'Now you can go, Akrura Brihadbala, pay my respects to your Grandfather, Ugrasena.' Then he turned to his allies. 'Shalva, please go with Akrura to ascertain whether King Ugrasena agrees to my terms.'

Akrura and Brihadbala, after due salutations, left the Emperor accompanied by Shalva.

Then Jarasandha turned to Damaghosh, who stood expecting a new move. 'Chediraj, we have now to unearth the boys who have gone underground. My pledge—to secure their heads—stands. We will now go and hunt them out.'

'We must find them, lord,' said Rukmi, the Prince of Vidarbha.

Damaghosh was in a difficult situation. If he appeared in the least hesitant to accede to the Emperor's wishes, there would be an end of him. He summoned all his astuteness. 'But how do we know where they have gone?' he asked, playing for time to think. 'Where can we find them?'

'It will be easy to find them, I know. We will only take twenty chariots and fifty riders, so that we can catch up with them. What do you say, Chediraj?' asked Jarasandha and then added, 'If you cannot come with us, send your son Shishupal with us.'

Damaghosh was prompt in his reply.

(Continued on p. 44)

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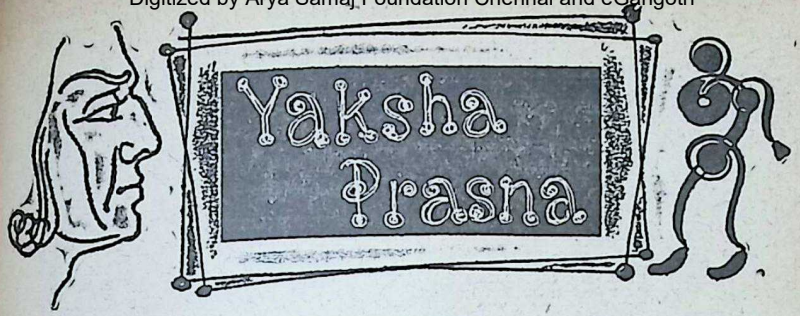

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

(Continued from issue dated January 22, 1961)

THE next questions of the Yaksha are as follows:

कस्मै ब्राह्मणे दानं किमर्थं नटनर्तके।
कस्मै चैवभृत्येषु किमर्थं चैव राजसु॥

What for does one make gifts to the Brahmins?

What for does one make gifts to actors and dancers?

What for does one give presents to servants?

What for does one give to kings?

Yudhishthira answered:

धर्मं ब्राह्मणे दानं यशोर्थं नट नर्तके।
भृत्ये भरणार्थं वै भयार्थं चैव राजसु॥

It is for Dharma that one gives to Brahmins.

It is for fame that one gives to actors and dancers.

It is for maintaining them that one gives to servants.

It is on account of fear that one gives to kings.

For the performance of all rites and rituals, the recitation of mantras by persons who have knowledge of the Veda is necessary. By making gifts to such persons, the *yajamana* or householder is enabled to perform these rites and rituals in an efficient and effective manner. Hence for every yagna, *dakshina* is necessary for the *Ritviks*. In all other domestic rites, gifts and hospitality to the reciters of the Veda are necessary adjuncts. Hence Dharmaputra says that, for the proper observance of Dharma, gifts to Brahmins are useful.

By the patronage of the Fine Arts, one attains great popularity. This is so even at the present day. The gifts to dependents are a great service to society and that it is the duty of every one to see that there is no discontent among one's dependents. That one has to give his dues to the king so as to avoid coercive processes is also very clear. It is not often that such dues are paid voluntarily. The element of fear of the consequences of nonpayment is always there. Whether it is the king in olden days or the Government in the present day, it makes no difference in this matter. Dharmaputra has, therefore, stated that on account of fear of consequences gifts are made to the king.

The next questions of the Yaksha are:

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केनस्विदावृतो लोकः केनस्विन्नप्रकाशते
केन त्यजति मित्राणि केन स्वर्गं न गच्छति।

By what is the world enveloped?

On account of what is it that a thing does not shine?

For what reason does one give up friends?

For what reason is it that one does not go to heaven?

Yudhishthira answered:

अज्ञानेनावृतो लोकः तमसा न प्रकाशते।
लोभात् त्यजति मित्राणि सङ्गात् स्वर्गं न गच्छति।

The world is enveloped by ignorance.

It is on account of darkness that things do not shine.

It is due to avarice that friends are abandoned.

On account of attachment one does not go to heaven.

The Lord says in the *Gita*:

अज्ञानेनावृतं ज्ञानं तेन मुह्यन्ति जन्तवः।

It is on account of ignorance or avidya that man suffers from delusion and is unable to attain the knowledge of reality. It is by the *avarana* and *vikshepa sakti* of avidya (the concealment of the real and the projection of the false) that the soul is prevented from the true perception of the Paramatman and gets involved in the endless cycle of samsara. The self-luminous Atma does not shine on account of the veil of darkness that surrounds it. It is attachment to things of the world that is the cause of delusion and suffering and that prevents one's attainment of heaven.

How sanga or attachment prevents the attainment of Heaven is clearly demonstrated by the Lord in the *Gita* in the following verses:—

ध्यायतो विषयान् पुंसः सङ्गस्तेषूपजायते।
सङ्गात् सञ्जायते कामः कामात् क्रोधोऽभिजायते॥
क्रोधात् भवति संमोहः संमोहात् स्मृति विभ्रमः।
स्मृतिभ्रंशात् बुद्धिनाशः बुद्धिनाशात् प्रणश्यति॥

"Constantly thinking of the objects of the senses arouses attachment in a person. From attachment is born desire, and from desire is produced anger. From anger arises delusion. By delusion is caused the loss of remembrance, and by the loss of remembrance is produced the extinction of intellect, and by the extinction of intellect everything is lost."

[*To be continued*]

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India and Spirituality

R. R. DIWAKAR

MOST Indians and many foreigners have associated India with a high degree of spirituality. India's religion, its systems of philosophical thought, its social and economic theories, its arts and culture are said to be full of spiritual content. It is also often emphasised that the basis and foundation of Indian life and activities is spiritual; so much so, that many critics have characterised India's philosophy of life as 'otherworldly'.

It is certainly very interesting and even fascinating to see what 'spirituality' exactly means; what are its main features and how it operates in life. That, however, has to be a separate subject for an article. Here it is enough to know that 'spirituality' is something which is somewhat opposite to 'materiality' and that a man of a spiritual bent of mind values achievements of the spirit more than material gains.

Perhaps the following quotations from the *Upanishads* illustrate the difference: (i) *"Amritasya Tu Na Asha Kaschi Vittena,"* wealth and possessions are not the gateway to immortal life. (ii) *"Tyagenike Na Amritatwam Anashuh,"* they attain immortal life through renunciation of material wealth.

In the present context, when after centuries of political slavery, India is free to mould her own destiny, it is highly relevant and extremely significant to pose the following questions: "Has India the same 'spirituality' of which it has been justly proud? Was India's 'spirituality' otherworldly? If so, how was it possible for India to be in advance of most other countries even in positive sciences, industry and commerce upto the dawn of the eighteenth century? Are political bondage and economic dependence consistent with real 'spirituality? Had India the same degree of 'spirituality' throughout her history? Had there been any intimate relationship between India's 'spirituality' and her political, social, economic and cultural life and status? What had been the nature of that relationship, if at all? Had the 'spirituality' been an individual or a group trait?"

All these questions crowd in one's

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mind when one thinks about India and spirituality.

But the most important question poses itself as a challenge to us: "Have India and Indians real spirituality today? If so, can it be consistent with the present-day material and moral conditions obtaining in the country? Can 'spirituality' ever agree with poverty, ignorance, disease, laziness, inertia and such other weaknesses which are found on a large scale in parts of India?

Is it not a matter for deep introspection for all those persons and institutions such as saints and sadhus, mosques and churches, temples and mutts and ashrams, which are looked upon as centres of spirituality by the masses? Is it not time to realize once again that 'spirituality' is not an escape but a conquest of 'materiality' a triumph over material forces, and their control and use for the cultural and spiritual benefit of mankind?

The material and moral conditions not only in India but in several other countries in the world are a challenge to the higher self and nobler elements in man. Humanity itself is in a crisis of faith and nothing can save it except its own 'spirituality', its own conscience, its love of its own kind.

At such a time, would it be too much to say to India and to every Indian: if you have 'spirituality' come forth with it and use it for the conquest of all that is gross and mean and sordid and build a world of noble men and women, free from fear of every kind and eager to pursue the path of Truth?

Figures That Speak For Themselves

NEW INDIA

Goes From Strength To Strength

SECURITY ★ SERVICE ★ SATISFACTION

Year	NET PREMIUM INCOME	TOTAL FUNDS
1959	Rs. 8,86,32,677	Rs. 10,14,11,024
1958	Rs. 7,53,85,594	Rs. 9,10,84,124
1957	Rs. 6,30,28,931	Rs. 8,49,40,826

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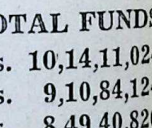

Mahatma Gandhi Road, Bombay.

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Pageant of Great Lives—17

SRI RAMAKRISHNA

THAT Religion is one though religions are many has been affirmed again and again in the course of India's spiritual history in accord with her genius for harmony. To vindicate this truth by verifying it in his own experience, to establish it firmly in humanity's heart and mind, to set at rest credal quarrels and metaphysical disputes, to stabilize the votary of every religion and sect in his own belief, these were obviously the self-chosen purposes for which the *avatar* that was Sri Ramakrishna came into the world.

His descent into the earth was in response to the needs of the times. The integral character of the Hindu religion had been disrupted by schismatic sects. The Arya Samaj denied the value of the conventional rituals and took its stand on the Vedas to which it gave its own interpretation. The Brahmo Samaj considered that the Hindu religion was not modern enough and tried to make it appear 'respectable' by exotic affiliations. The youth of India in general and of Bengal in particular, fascinated by western modes of thought and forms of life were becoming strangers to their own inheritance. Christianity and

Prof. P. Sankaranarayanan

Islam invaded many a Hindu home and, by persuasion or compulsion, deployed its members from their native faith. Thus, in all ways, there was an alarming decline, *glani,* of the strength and vitality of the Hindu religion and people were growing oblivious of its universality and were accustoming themselves to the partial and the particular.

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It was not a fortuitous coincidence, but a fact pregnant with great significance that at the time when Chattapodhyaya, the pious devotee of Sri Rama heard at Gaya the voice of Vishnu that He was 'about to be reborn for the salvation of the world', at the same hour, in his distant hamlet in Kamarpukur, his wife Chandramani Devi dreamt of being possessed by a God and a ray of light penetrated her being from the image of Siva while she was worshipping at the temple. The dual God whom she thus conceived came into the world on the 18th of February 1836.

The Spirit of such divine origin and of such pious parentage could not be dormant for long in its physical confines. When Gadadhar—that was the name of the new one—was barely six years of age, the sight of snow-white cranes flying aloft in the sky against a background of dark clouds filled him with a thrill of ethereal joy in which he forgot himself, and falling down in a trance, he remained in it for a long time.

Some months later, the part of Siva that he acted at a festival drama became so much of a reality in his person that he was lost in a transport of ecstasy.

Thus the years of his boyhood were the seedbed of what was later on to fructify into the rich harvest of long spells of *samadhi* into which he used to lapse so naturally with the least effort, and so easily under the slightest stimulus.

From the time that Sri Ramakrishna —the name by which he became known in later years—took his brother's place as the priest in Rani Rasmani's temple for Kali at Dakshineswar, everything seemed to arrange itself in accord with a predetermined design for the metamorphosis of the half-literate Pujari into the full-grown Prophet.

That the liturgy of worship, if punctiliously observed with faith and fervour, would fructify into intense devotion and earnest yearning was abundantly illustrated in the ways in which Sri Ramakrishna was irresistably drawn to the Divine Mother who so enveloped him body and soul that he could not think of himself, physically or mentally, in separation from Her. He fell into frequent deliriums of intense longing to possess Her and be possessed by Her and often cried to the Mother in extreme anguish to reveal Herself to him.

One day, by an impulse which he did not know to control or to direct, he made a dash for the soul-sight of the Mother. In a split second of terrible frenzy, racking with pain as if his heart was wrung like a wet towel, he snatched the sword from the upraised hand of the Mother's image and had all but thrust its point into his bosom when, in his own words, "lo! The whole scene with its doors and windows, and the temple itself vanished. It seemed as if nothing existed any more. Instead, I saw an ocean of the spirit boundless, dazzling. In whatever direction I turned, great luminous waves were rising. They bore down upon me with a loud roar, as if to swallow me up. In an instant they were upon me. They broke over me, they engulfed me. I was suffocated. I lost all natural consciousness and I fell. How I passed that day and

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...next I know not. Round me rolled ...ocean of ineffable joy. And in the ...ths of my being I was conscious ...the presence of the Divine Mother'."

From that moment, Kali was not ...rely a stone image set on the pedes... of the sanctum of the temple, but ... living Goddess with whom Sri ...amakrishna moved in terms of the ...st tender and intimate relation and ... passed his days and nights in her ...ntinual presence.

"One evening," says his biographer, ...hen the rites were over for the day ...d the Mother was supposed to be ...leep, Sri Ramakrishna had returned ... his room outside the temple above ... Ganges. But he could not sleep. ...e heard her get up. She went up to ... upper storey of the temple with the ...joy of a young girl. As she walked, ...the rings of her anklet rang. He won...dered if he were dreaming. His heart ...hammered in his breast. He went out ...nto the court and raised his head. There he saw Her with unbound hair ...n the balcony of the first floor, ...watching the Ganges flowing through ...he beautiful night down to the distant ...lights of Calcutta."

After this experience, Sri Rama...krishna became a different person al...together. No longer capable of per...forming the temple rites, he was found ...in frequent paroxysms in which there ...was a supression of his normal being ...and his spirit was a furnace whose ...leaping flames were the Gods that he ...saw in his Mother. He became so ...fully impregnated with divinity that ...God lived in him as intensely as he ...lived in God. What is more, he ap...peared as God to others too. For ...when Mathur Babu, the son-in-law of the foundress of the temple, saw him 'pacing up and down the balcony, alternatively, he appeared in the form of Siva as he walked in one direction and of the Mother as he turned and walked in the opposite direction'.

As always happens in such cases, Sri Ramakrishna's kinsfolk diagnosed his madness for God as a disease of the mind. They sought to remedy it by bringing about his marriage. Sri Ramakrishna, to whom sex had no meaning, consented, when he was twentythree years of age, to wed a girl of five. The tender creeper that was Saradamani was made to twine round the sturdy trunk of a tree in full bloom which accepted it with knowing affection. Neither fable nor history records a marriage such as this whose sequel was an immaculate companionship in the pilgrimage of the soul during which the husband became the Guru to the wife and the wife became the Divine Mother Herself to the husband.

When, in due course of time, Saradamani came to his home, Sri Ramakrishna was prepared to render unto her the things that were due to her and he said: "I have learnt to look upon every woman as the Mother. That is the only idea I can have about you. But if you wish to draw me into the world as I have been married to you, I am at your service."

Without a moment's pause, she replied, "I have not come to be a hindrance to your spiritual practices. I shall be happy to do everything in my power to stand by you and help."

That was a declaration in the high and noble tradition of a Hindu wife who came in the line of Arundhati and

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Anasuya, of Sita and Savitri and who was willing and eager to be the *sahadharmachari* to her lord and husband.

From that day, the body and mind of Sri Saradamani were converted into a laboratory of the Spirit which yielded phenomenal discoveries blazing a new trail of marital relation.

Not many days were to pass before Sri Ramakrishna performed the most extraordinary and revolutionary experiment on the holy person of Sri Saradamani. One night, when everything was ready for worship, he made his wife sit on a pedestal and performed to her the *Shodasi Puja,* directing to her body all the sixteen rituals to the accompaniment of the *mantras* that he chanted the while. The worship had not advanced far before the simple rustic woman lost all awareness of her individuality and lapsed into a state of super-consciousness in which she merged in the being of the Divine Mother whom, for his part, Sri Ramakrishna saw in the physical frame that he had set in front of him for worship. The separate consciousnesses of the worshipper and worshipped became lost in the *samadhic* realisation of the Divine Mother.

By this ceremony, Sri Saradamani, the wife, achieved her spiritual graduation and earned the title of the Holy Mother by which she is adoringly referred to with reverence and affection by her countless disciples and devotees.

Albeit that Sri Ramakrishna had, in his own naive manner, stormed the citadel and conquered it at one bound, he took it upon himself to traverse the conventional pathways subjecting himself to the disciplines of formal instruction. And so, first came Bhairavi Brahmani who taught him the intricate ramifications of the Tantric cult and helped him to master the several attitudes in the devotee-deity relation and obtain in an incredibly short time the rich and colourful experience of *Savikalpaka Samadhi.*

Then came Tota Puri, the Advaitin ascetic who was to prepare him for the assault on the Absolute void of name and form and realise his identity with it.

When the wandering monk offered to teach Vedanta, Sri Ramakrishna would not agree unless the Mother gave him permission. Upon Her granting it, he consented, at Tota Puri's command, to divest himself in form and substance of every trace of his ego-sense. In fact, Tota Puri demanded of him to die symbolically and perform his own funeral rites which he did.

When it came to giving up his devotion to a personal God and obliterating from his mind the consciousness of the Mother, Sri Ramakrishna simply could not do it try however he might. In a flush of consternation and anger, Tota Puri struck forcibly between the eyebrows of Sri Ramakrishna with a broken piece of glass saying, 'Concentrate your mind on that point.' 'Then', says Sri Ramakrishna 'I began to meditate with all my might, and as soon as the gracious form of the Divine Mother appeared, I used discrimination as a sword and I clove Her in two. The last barrier fell and my spirit immediately precipitated itself beyond the plane of the conditioned and I lost myself in *Samadhi*. In that state the universe was

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extinguished; space itself was no more. At first the shadows of ideas floated in the obscure depths of the mind. Monotonously, a feeble consciousness of the Ego went on ticking. Then that stopped too. Nothing remained but Existence. The soul was lost in the Self. Dualism was blotted out. Finite and Infinite space were as one. Sri Ramakrishna passed into a region beyond word and thought. The knower of Brahman had 'attained' Brahman. Thus in one day he realised what took forty years for his teacher to do who then bade farewell to the disciple and went on his way wiser and more chastened than he came.

Sri Ramakrishna remained for more than six months in this *nirvikalpa samadhi* providing in his person the verification of a phenomenon which was so common among the sages and saints of prehistoric times. It was a period which emaciated him considerably reducing him almost to the point of death which calamity was averted by the tender ministrations of a loving nephew.

While to Tota Puri and others of his ilk, the *nirguna Brahman* was higher than the *saguna,* Sri Ramakrishna could see no difference between the two and there was no question of the superiority of the one over the other.

Says he: "My Divine Mother is none other than the Absolute. She is at the same time the One and the Many, and beyond the One and the Many. My Divine Mother says, 'I am the Mother of the Universe, I am Brahman of the Vedanta, I am the Atman of the Upanishads. It is I Brahman who created differentiations. Good and bad works alike obey Me. The Law of Karma in truth exists, but it is I who am the law-giver. It is I who make and unmake laws. I order all Karma, good and bad. Come to Me! Either through love (*Bhakti*), through knowledge (*jnana*) or through action (*karma*), for all lead to God. I will lead you through this world, the ocean of action. And if you wish it, I will give you the knowledge of the Absolute as well. You cannot escape Me. Even those who have realised the Absolute in *samadhi* return to Me at My will? My Divine Mother is the primordial Divine Energy. She is omnipresent. She is both the outside and the inside of visible phenomena. She is the parent of the world and the world carries Her in its heart. She is the spider, and the world is the web she has spun. The spider draws the thread out of Herself and winds it round Herself. My Mother is at the same time the container and the contained; She is the shell, but She is also the kernel."

Holy Mother

The Upanishads advise the spiritual aspirant to know that by knowing which everything is known. The knowledge of *nirguna Brahman* in terms of realisation that Sri Ramakrishna had attained in such a magnificent manner and the Brahman—Mother equation was cardinal to

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his religious philosophy helped him to see that the Impersonal and the Personal were but the obverse and the reverse of the same coin; or, to vary the metaphor in his own words, that the one was water and the other was ice. Nay more; he felt intuitively —and it was confirmed by his experience—that the Personal God whom the Vedas speak of as the *Supreme Purusha* may be a *sahasra sirsha, sahasraksha* and *sahasrapat*. He may have a thousand heads, a thousand eyes and a thousand feet, yet He has a single heart. He may reveal Himself to His devotees in different forms, but He pulsates identically in all of them. As if to assure himself of this, Sri Ramakrishna converted himself in his mind into a Moslem and began to live as such in the fullest measure giving up wholly and entirely his customary ways of life as a Hindu and taking a holiday, as it were, even from the worship of the Mother. He felt and saw Mohammed enter into his frame and come out of it later. Earlier, when, at the house of a Christian, his eyes fell on the picture of Madonna with the child, he went into a trance and had a similar experience of Christ. The Son of God and the Prophet of Mecca were as much of a reality to him as the Prince of Ayodhya or the Cowherd Boy of Brindavan. And he said to his disciples, 'I have practised all religions, Hinduism, Islam and Christianity, and I have also followed the paths of the different Hindu sects. I have found that it is the same God towards whom all are directing their steps through many different paths.'

Whether Sri Ramakrishna thought of Sri Rama or Sri Krishna or o the Mother, or of Christ or o Mohammed, he had obviously a identical *samadhic* trance occasioned by a story that he heard, or a song that was sung or a picture that h saw.

Paropakaraya phalanti vrikshah the trees bear fruit for the benefi of others. Flowers in full bloom give off a fragrance which others enjoy. Even so, the spiritual realisation of the great saints of the world is not intended to secure only their personal salvation. They are the path-finders for others to tread on the roads that they have laid. Sri Ramakrishna once said that a man who has ascended to a height lets fall a rope for others to hold and climb by. It has always been the Indian tradition to pass on to apt disciples the knowledge and wisdom that one has acquired. Thus the teacher seeks the pupil as ardently as the pupil seeks the teacher.

When the Bhairavi Brahmani first met Sri Ramakrishna, she burst out and said, 'My Son, I have been looking for you for a long time.' In like manner, Sri Ramakrishna was filled in the fullness of his God-realisation with a passionate desire for his future disciples and every evening he prayed for their advent with loud cries. And soon, there gathered about him impelled by a mysterious force a galaxy of earnest souls who were later to carry the flaming torch of Sri Ramakrishna's message to the distant parts of India and then to the remote corners of the world.

Some of them came tardily and sceptically at first while others less sophisticated allowed themselves to

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drawn as iron filings to the mighty agnet that was Sri Ramakrishna. e greatest among them all was Naendranath Dutt, who, later as Swami ekananda, led the lion of Vedanta roar in the lecture halls of the st.

The story of the Master's conquest the young intellectual Naren is a que romance of spiritual guidance d leadership. The impetuous quesn of the incredulous sceptic youth, ve you seen God?' brought forth immediate answer, 'Yes, I have en Him as clearly as I see you, and can make you also see Him.' Unr the hypnotic spell of that reply, aren allowed himself to be touched the head by the Master, upon hich, to his great consternation and read, he saw and felt as he had never one before. A second and a third eeting with the Master wore off his sistance and he was conquered. reat was Sri Ramakrishna's delight hen he exclaimed: 'Oh! lord, I have nged to pour out my spirit into the east of somebody fitted to receive y inner experiences!'

From this time onward a number young intellectuals gathered round m and they came from all strata of ciety, from many professions and rsuasions. He conversed with them ay and night, spoke parables to em, sang with them, laughed with em, and, in a manner which was a e art with him, conveyed the most ofound truths with sparkling wit d humour.

The Master carried on his spiritual periments in a variety of ways. The periods of ecstasy which became increasingly frequent and long and the prodigal manner in which he constantly gave himself away to crowds hanging on his lips levied a heavy toll on his none-too-strong physical body. His health was seriously affected in 1884.

An inflammation of the throat was the signal of the approaching danger. It grew worse despite every effort to assuage it. But in the midst of sufferings, the most acute, the gentle smile never fled from the Master's lips. Unmindful of the physicians' warnings and of the importunities of his disciples, he was talking till the last.

A few days before the end, Sri Ramakrishna looked lovingly at Naren and fell into *samadhi*. Naren felt galvanised by this *drishti diksha* and the Master then spoke to him words which conveyed a command and contained a prophecy. He said: 'Today I have given you my all and am now only a poor fakir, possessing nothing. By this power you will do immense good in the world and not until it is accomplished will you return."

August the 15th, 1886 was the last day of his sojourn on earth. After full two hours of continuous talk to his disciples, at nightfall, 'the River re-entered the Sea'. As he himself put it, he 'passed from one room to the other'.

Sri Ramakrishna did not found a new religion, a new creed or a new sect. The apostle of religious co-existence, he accepted all religions as of equal value, practised them with equal fervour and verified their equal validity. *Mati bhedat mata bhedah.* As many men, so many paths. Men

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Continued on page 44

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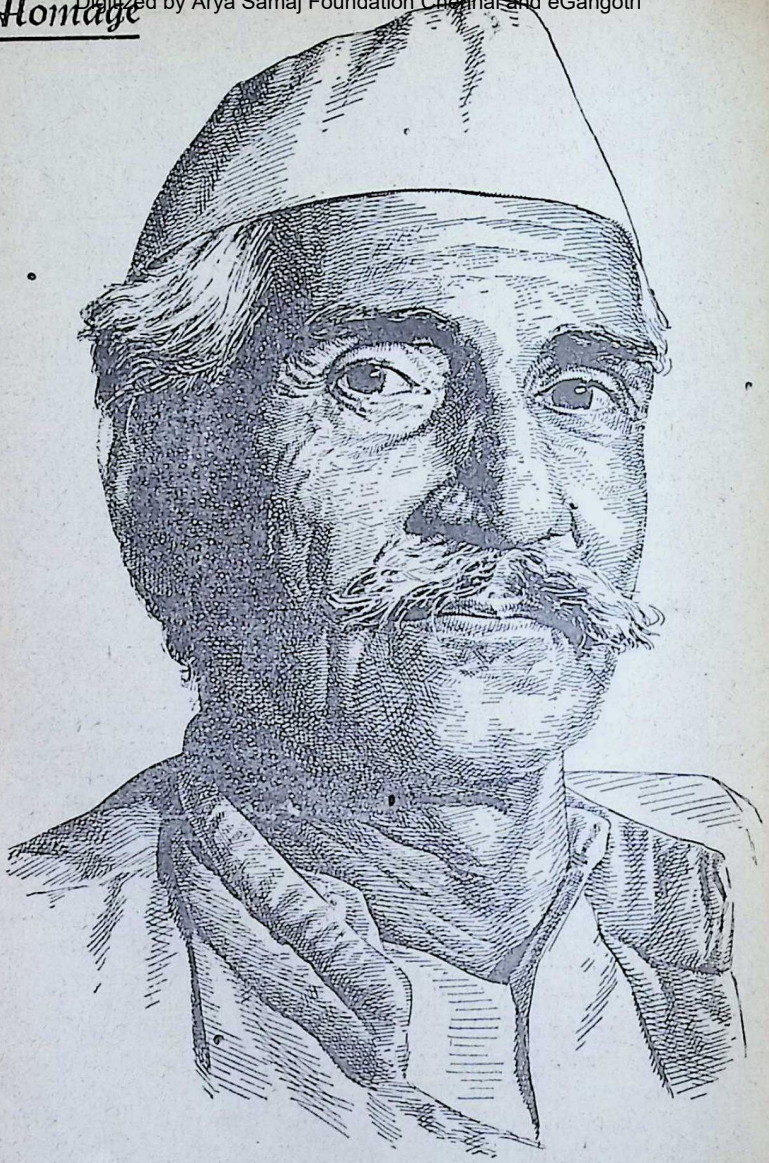

[Acharya Narendra Deva, b: October 31, 1889; d: February 19, 1956.]

His captivating manners, unassuming but gigantic scholarship, his gifts of character and intellect...endeared him to hundreds of thousands.

— Yusuf Meherally

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[Gopal Krishna Gokhale, b: May 9, 1866; d: February 19, 1915.]

He seemed to me all I wanted as a political worker—pure as crystal, gentle as a lamb, brave as a lion and chivalrous to a fault.

—Mahatma Gandhi

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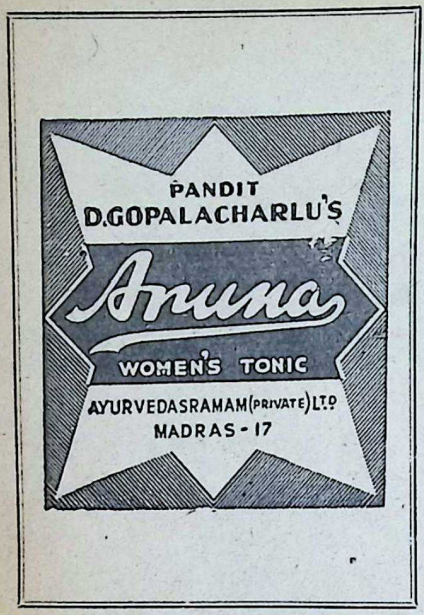

PAGEANT OF GREAT LIVES-*Contd.*

may—and do—differ in their mental make up. But they are all pilgrims to the Eternal. They may start at different points; they may traverse different paths; they may follow different leaders and chant different gospels. They may carry different spiritual equipages in their ascent. But, once they reach the hill top, the voice of the preacher and the noise of the scripture are hushed in Eternal Silence before the One who is the goal of all religions. Sri Ramakrishna, the Master-Spirit of the present age, delivered for all time this unique message of a united Religion to a divided World.

KRISHNAVATARA—*Contd.*

'Why? We should go straight from here, no sooner the tribute is paid.'

'One of my generals had been to the King of Karvirpur once. With that King's help, he will trace where these cowherds have hidden themselves,' said Jarasandha.

Damaghosh was convinced that Jarasandha knew where the sons of Vasudeva had gone from Brihad, the stupid son of his brother-in-law.

Damaghosh saw through Jarasandha's game that he wanted to eliminate him from the affairs of the alliance. He was a subordinate ally dependent on the Emperor for whatever independence Chedi enjoyed. But he had always wanted a balancing factor to counteract the overshadowing imperial power, and in the rise of Krishna, his kinsman, in Mathura he had seen the possibility of such a factor. He had joined this invasion himself to intervene judiciously at an opportune moment in order to save Mathura. And now he did not want to place Vasudeva's sons completely at the mercy of Jarasandha, which would inevitably happen if his son Shishupal, who was under the complete influence of the Emperor, were to join this new adventure in his stead.

[To be continued]

It is better to suffer wrong than to do wrong.

—Plato.

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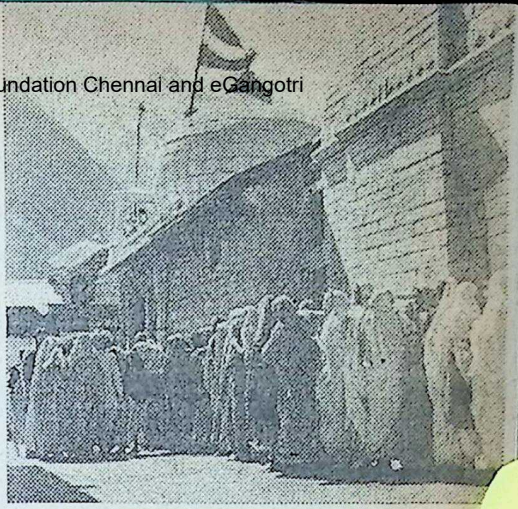

. . We at last reached Badrinath . . .

Pilgrimage to KEDAR & BADRI

SRI PRAKASA

[*Continued from last issue*]

We started our return journey from Kedarnath in good weather (September 5) ; and so could have magnificent views of the peaks on the surrounding mountains not only up to Gaurikund where we rested for the night of the 6th, but to Phata where we reached on September 7. On the 8th morning, we left Phata, and passing through Guptakashi at noon, found our jeeps waiting for us at Kund Chatti whence we travelled in comparative comfort to Rudraprayag where we passed the night in the fairly well-appointed P.W.D. inspection bungalow. The next morning (September 9) we started off for Badrinath. We took our jeeps up to Joshimath (6150 feet) 70 miles away, stopping only for a short while for lunch at midday at Pipalkoti at a distance of 50 miles from Rudraprayag. The mountain road from Pipalkoti to Joshimath (20 miles) is very narrow, and can be quite dangerous at its many bends. Although we were thinking of remaining over at Rudraprayag for one whole day, we did not do so. We felt we should hurry on as we have had alarming news about breaches that had occurred in the roads owing to heavy rains after we had come through, and we were becoming increasingly anxious about the return journey. Joshimath is a very large place ; and I was happy to meet and greet one of our Banaras Pandits who had been a colleague at the Kashi Vidyapith and Congress work (including jail), Pandit Gopal Shastri, and who is now in charge of the Veda Vedanga Vidyalaya there. It was such joy meeting him after long years.

It is said that Shankaracharya per-

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formed his devotions here; and this may in a way be regarded as the seat of his Jyotirpith, his Puri one being known as Govardhan—and the Dwaraka one as Sharada-pith. Visiting various temples and listening to their interesting legends and stories, and passing the night there at the P. W. D. inspection house, we abandoned our jeeps; and started trudging as usual. The night of the 10th we passed at Pandukeshwar (6450 feet), an enchantingly beautiful spot embedded in the midst of high mountains, nine miles from Joshimath; and thence travelling another 11 miles on the 11th morning, we at last reached Badrinath, which marked our journey's end. On the way from Rudraprayag to Badrinath, we saw three more Prayagas or confluences of rivers—Karnaprayag where Pindar joins Alakananda; Nandapra where Mandakini joins her; a Vishnuprayag where Dhaval Ganga white Ganga—meets her. Both the valleys—of the Mandakini leading kedar and of Alakananda lead to Badrinath—are real valleys w high mountains on either side, a the rivers Mandakini on the Ked nath side and Alakananda on t Badrinath side, flowing in deep gorg below with the sweet, soothing, eter music of their waters. The bridlepa winds parallel to these rivers at a hi elevation. Very often we have to st very carefully lest a false step shou hurl us down not hundreds but th sands of feet below.

No one would know of the wo of men and women in which our li are cast, in the solitude of these mou tains, for one only sees nature in

Rudraprayag: Confluence of the rivers Alakananda & Mandakini.

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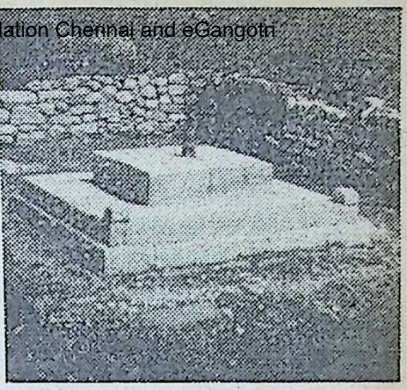
d aspects of beauty and gran-
. of awesomeness and attractive-
. The eternal greenery is soothing
the eyes; and man is lifted, if he
ts to be, from the daily concerns
his life, and has leisure to think
other things. I believe man pri-
rily seeks two things—health of
dy and peace of mind. Unfortu-
ely, he can neither leave behind his
dy nor his mind as he goes in search
health and peace, and so the trou-
s both of the body and the mind
rsue him unless he can practise
l self-control as, indeed, few of us
n. Thus busy politicians like our-
ves unfortunately feel lost if they
not get the news of the world, or
e not able to communicate with it
the time. Gadgets are now avail-
le to us for the purpose; and so I
rried a portable radio with me. We
ed to start off fairly early in the mor-
ngs. When the watch, which also is
r constant companion, showed 8, I
pped on the wayside and switched
the radio to get the news. The
o'clock night news came at some res-
ng place for I was not on the road
that time, but the 8 o'clock mor-
ng news I almost always heard as I
lked. It was wonderful how the
le machine gave me all the impor-
nt news of the world in such soli-
des with only mountains and rivers
s companions. Thus the sad and glad
ws of the world used to come to me
gularly. The post also was deli-
ered from place to place that
rought newspapers and letters.
The Government of Uttar Pradesh
d very generously placed a wireless
t at my disposal with the help of
hich I could keep in contact with
Lucknow, Delhi, Bombay and other



At Kedarnath: Said to be Adi Sankaracharya's Samadhi.

centres as necessary. Thus I cannot say I was really completely out of touch with the world at any time. The enchanting scenery gripped my heart. The green trees, high mountains and their eternal snows, the endless streams flowing and coming down in torrents all around made me feel that life was worth living. I wish the journey itself were not so fatiguing, or had not to be performed so hurriedly for otherwise I might have stopped for longer periods from time to time and enjoyed myself a little more than I was generally able to do.

Kedar is dedicated to the great Lord Shiva; but Badri is the resting place for Vishnu. There is a Raval who presides over the temple. He comes from Kerala from where the Adi Shankaracharya came, and he continues to belong to the founder's caste, namely, that of Nambudiri Brahmin. The latest law of Uttar Pradesh regulating the management of the temple, has also made it incumbent on the head priest being a Nambudiri Brahmana. The present incumbent is a young man whom I was

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The Milk of the cow in reality pervades the whole body of the animal through its blood, but you cannot milk it by squeezing the ears or the horns; you can get the milk only from the teats. Similarly, God pervades the universe everywhere, but you cannot see Him everywhere. He manifests Himself more readily in sacred temples which are full of the spirit of devotion diffused by the life and spiritual practices of the devotees of former times.

—Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

glad to meet. He, unfortunately, is a very lonely person with no one who speaks his own language around him. One of the members of my staff, an A.D.C., comes from Kerala, and the Raval was more than delighted to meet a person speaking his own language. I can very well understand the feeling. One thing that one is bound to mark in the Badrinath Temple is that though the Raval himself is decently and cleanly dressed in the prescribed costume—and as he comes from the South where they are very particular about clean clothes, he naturally has clean ones on his body—all the others are very dirtily clad. The man who assists him near the image itself in the *garbha-griha*, the holy of holies, has dirty clothes on his body; and the priests who chant Vedas, *stotras*, etc., just outside, are all dressed in very unclean garments. I was in Badrinath for three days as is customary to be, and visited the temple morning and evening; and I almost felt that they had the same clothes from day to day, and that they had even slept in those very clothes at night. I think those in charge should prescribe decent clothes and insist on them to bathe every day and come only in those clothes, and none else. [illegible] duty. I know that is a very co[illegible] place; and generally speaking, peop[illegible] there are not at all careful abo[illegible] baths and change of costume.

That brings me to the general p[illegible] verty that prevails in the hills. Th[illegible] making of these motorable and jeep[illegible] able roads right up to 28 miles t[illegible] Kedarnath and 20 miles to Badrinat[illegible] has deprived hundreds of persons wh[illegible] were engaged in the work of takin[illegible] pilgrims and their luggage to and fro[illegible] of their livelihood. Now they have t[illegible] begin at Kund Chatti on the Kedar[illegible] nath side and Joshimath on the Badri[illegible] nath side, instead of Hardwar and[illegible] Rishikesh as before, so far as carry[illegible] ing pilgrims and their luggage goes[illegible] As the men concerned themselves told[illegible] me, this has hit them hard. I[illegible] did not see a single person who[illegible] had clothes that were not tattered or[illegible] without scores of patches. I enquired[illegible] of the *dandiwallas*, and they told m[illegible] that they bathe only once a fortnight[illegible] or so. This means that the perspira[illegible] tion with which they are covered a[illegible] they carry their heavy loads, just dries[illegible] on their skins, which is a bad thing[illegible] in itself. Even this limited trade they[illegible] can only have for about six months[illegible] in the year, and not certainly every[illegible] day of these six months either. Their[illegible] wages at best are about four rupees[illegible] per day. Indeed the people of the hills[illegible] are very very poor. At places, I saw[illegible] hill folk using their native talent in[illegible] utilising water power by making[illegible] wooden turbines which enable them to[illegible] work their grinding stones to grind[illegible] corn, and their lathes to make wooden[illegible] toys. I have a feeling that there is[illegible] sufficient water power potential there[illegible] to enable numerous small industries to[illegible] be established. The wood that is plen[illegible] in the forests, can be well utilis-

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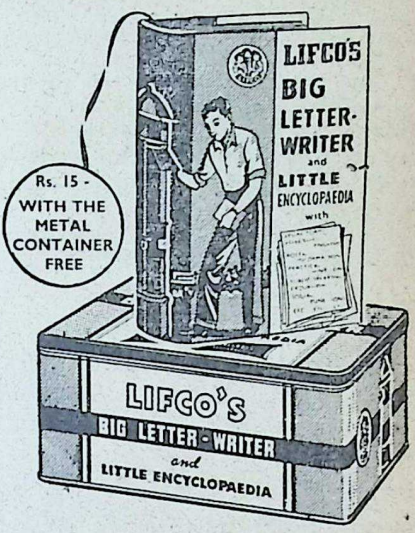
pots and pans in wood and stone
all sorts can also be made.

The only sign of any little absence
of poverty in these hills, is in a
few women that belong to com-
paratively well-to-do peasantry who
wear thick black woollen shirts
and skirts on their bodies, and
heavy ear-rings and long necklaces
and a lot of silver tit-bits. With the
loss of their trade of carrying pil-
grims on their shoulders or backs,
it is essential that some alternative
occupation should be found for these
people, honest and innocent people.
Surveys have already been made to
take up the roads almost right up to
Badrinath. All this will hit the hill
folks further. Their case has to be
sympathetically and carefully consi-
dered—and that too as early as pos-
sible. I should not forget to add that
the Chinese border is less than 30
miles from Badrinath at what is call-
ed the Mana Pass. Talking to men on
the road, I learnt that all their trade
with Tibet have been ruined because
of Chinese incursions and activi-
ties, and that the monastery of the La-
ma is just beyond the Pass, has been
completely destroyed. These hill people
carried on a flourishing trade with
Tibet in the earlier days, and it is a
pity that it should be ruined. All that
makes the finding of alternative occu-
pation for them a very pressing need
of the moment. I should not forget
to add that not far away from here
is Hema-kund, sacred to the Sikhs;
and I saw scores of Sikh men and wo-
men on their way to it worshipping at
the Hindu shrines as well, as they
passed these. Luckily they made no
difference.

[*To be continued*]

A MIGHTY BOOK!



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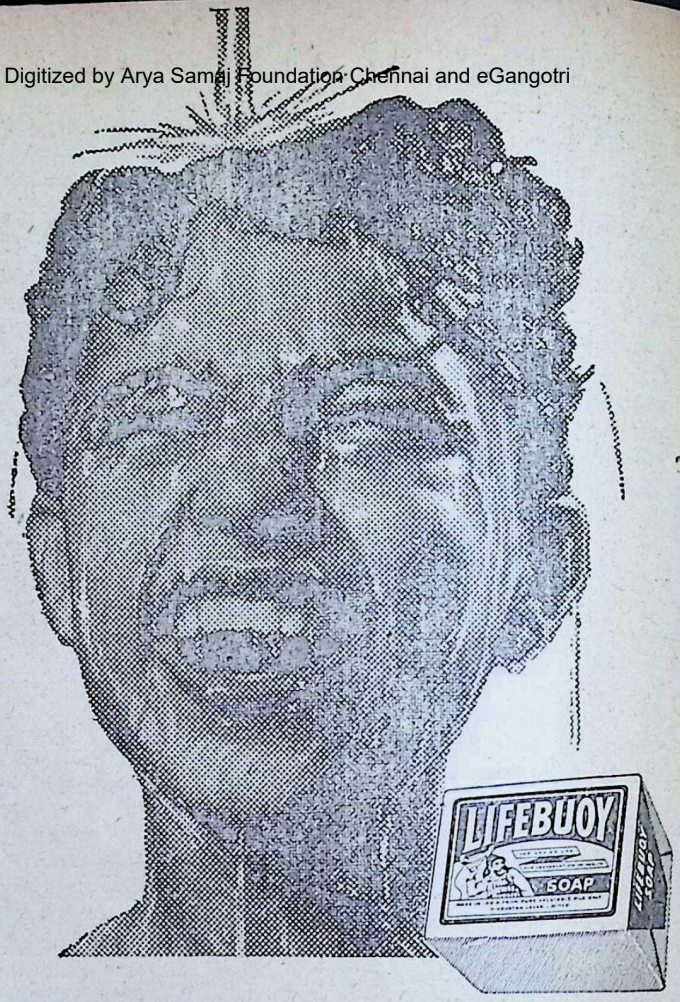

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Musings on M.R.A.

Smt. LILAVATI MUNSHI

THE other day R. D.[1] asked me to speak in this assembly.[2] I told him that he should have given me notice beforehand. When I was going to Kerala, I began to think during the plane 'if R. D. asked me again to speak, what should I say?' I began to write my thoughts on a piece of paper. Here they are.

I hesitated to speak in the assembly because I am not a committed M.R.A. I call myself a friend of M.R.A. Why? Because I do not want to sail under false colours. I like M.R.A., its philosophy, I like its members' clean way of living and I like their zeal and crusade against evil. I admire them for trying to follow the four absolute standards, but I admit that liking is one thing and following an ideal is quite another. I have so much attachment for my home, my husband and the life that I am accustomed to live that I am not yet prepared to go all out and give up everything which this ideology demands.

Besides, I am aware of so many imperfections in me. For instance, I like to be honest, but I have no courage to say what I think of others. If I do not like anybody, I try to conceal my thought, try to be polite and say what is convenient for the occasion. Not untruth, but not very much of the truth either.

Then I am not sure of my motives for all my actions. Why do I do things? Is it because those actions are good in themselves or I want something out of them? It may be name, may be fame, may be influence, it may be anything and that is not being absolutely unselfish. Then I am not absolutely loving either. I have enjoyed good positions and prosperity and generally do not like being crossed.

So I fail in all absolute standards. For instance, if I have to take a stand on absolute love, how am I to distinguish between my children and the children of other people, say the children of beggars even?

And because of all these, I do not consider myself ripe for being an M.R.A. But that does not mean that M.R.A. has not affected me. It has. It has set me thinking. It has set me striving towards the path of a little more love, a little more service, a little more honesty, a little more harmony with people round me, a little more charity while judging others, a little more selflessness and so on.

Besides, M.R.A's fight against Communism is a straight fight. They do not beat about the bush. The Indian people do not realise the horrors of Communism as Europeans do. The Europeans have passed through two world wars; they have seen vast destruction and great massacres. They have seen people disappearing behind the iron curtains and losing their lives or individuality. They have seen the hypocrisy of Communism, of fighting for the liberation of other people and keeping their own people in bondage —may not be always the physical

1. R. D. Mathur.
2. Held in Bangalore in December 1950.

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bondage—but worse, the bondage of the mind and the spirit. No individual in their land can speak freely and honestly if he does not agree with the official policy of the party.

The Communists can fight for the Congolese, the Africans, the Laotians, the Asians, even the Japanese, but not for the freedom of Hungarians, or the Tibetans. If any of their satellites aspires to be free, that State can be crushed ruthlessly. According to them only Communists can 'liberate' people, people of Tibet or people of India. In the name of liberation they can invade anybody's territories and the local Communists who are so eloquent about the freedom of other people, turn against their own people in order to enslave them for Russia or China. That is what is happening in India today.

The Communists can prepare the weapons of destruction openly or in secret but they raise a hue and cry if other people do it. They must control, not only bodies, but thoughts of their subjects as well. Their new morality teaches that a child or a wife can spy upon a father or a husband for the Communist Government and denounce them. A Communist cannot be trusted to meet alone a foreigner and talk to him. On their foreign service ladder, men on every step spy on the one who is above. Praying to God is forbidden because that is not permitted in Communism. Hate and secrecy are the chief weapons in their armoury.

Because of these and other reasons, I do not like Communism; I believe in being free in mind and in spirit. I dislike weapons of destruction and I dislike their greed of world dom... nation. I dislike their methods ar... crookedness. To have enough f... every one is not a slogan of a Com... munist monopoly. We all want th... there should be equality of oppo... tunity for everybody, that the... should be enough for everybody t... eat. Everybody should have wor... and be allowed to build up their ow... destiny, so long as they do not inte... fere with other people's lives.

Why do I like M.R.A.? Becau... they fight for a clean life and hones... of purpose. If we see the mess whic... is created around us, if we see ho... children and young people are co... rupted through cinemas, through ob... scene literature, through providi... opportunities for clandestine ple... sures, through Godless teaching i... schools and colleges, we will unde... stand the significance of the fight p... up by M.R.A. We see families d... rupted, homes getting ruined becau... of the cumulative brutalising infl... ences of these forces. Unless we wak... up, the world would be peopled b... bad human beings.

If we, or people like me, who ma... not be cent percent M.R.A. are in... terested in having a world of hone... and God-fearing people, we shoul... help M.R.A. as much as we ca... Here are people, who take God's gu... dance every day, strive to live a li... of dedication, the majority of whom... live a clean personal life and alway... are ready to help, trying to root o... dishonesty, impurity, selfishness, ha... red and greed. Their principles ma... not be new to us, they are embodie... in every religion; but the differenc... is that they try to live it and we don'

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Our Fortnightly Profile—149

DEAN RUSK

MR. DEAN RUSK took charge of the office of the Secretary of State, U.S.A. on January 1961, but his designation early in ..ember 1960, created very little ..tion either in the United States ..n other countries. This is perhaps ..e to the fact that Mr. Dean Rusk ..ot a professional politician and as ..h had not been popularly known ..n in his own country. Therefore ..e only doubt that assailed the gene.. opinion in U.S.A. was whether ..he new Secretary of State with prac..ly no parliamentary experience ..ld be able to stand up to the flam..ant personalities of the Senate. But having had a distinguished ..eer as an academician and public ..ant, and being an expert on Far ..stern Affairs, and being a convinc.. and effective speaker, Mr. Dean ..k will not have much difficulty in ..rying the Senate with him by the ..e of his intellectual ability and ex..t knowledge. In knowledgeable ..les it is opined that with a strong ..sident to shoulder the responsibili..s of leadership of the nation, the ..es of the Secretary of State would ..y be to offer expert advice in the ..mulation of policy and the will..ess to be led by the President. ..iewed from this angle, Mr. Dean ..k is the best choice, for he brings ..n him nine years' experience of administration in the Rockefeller Foundation. During these nine years Mr. Dean Rusk, as President of the Rockefeller Foundation, came face to face with the economic and social problems and developments in all parts of the world, especially in Latin America, Asia and Africa, and his knowledge in this respect will certainly help him mould the Foreign Policy of his country directed towards the establishment of world peace.

That Mr. Dean Rusk is a man of convictions, and that he can be as tough as good spring steel when occasion demands it, can be illustrated from his record of service as Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs between 1950-51. It was a period when Senator McCarthy was delivering his most blistering attacks on America's Far Eastern Policy and when General Douglas MacArthur was urging an attack on Communist China on her own territory by extending the Korean War. The then Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, leaned heavily on Mr. Dean Rusk for advice and the latter strongly advocated limiting the Korean War in the

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interest of world peace. And his advice prevailed. Therefore, the world can reasonably hope that during Mr. Dean Rusk's tenure of office as Secretary of State, American Foreign Policy will be formulated on the weighty consideration of maintaining world peace.

Mr. Rusk was born on a small farm in Cherokee County, Georgia, on February 8, 1909. He went to public schools in Atlanta, and attended Davidson College in North Carolina graduating in 1931 with a Bachelor of Arts degree and Phi Beta Kappa honours.

Having won a Rhodes Scholarship, Mr. Rusk attended St. John's College, Oxford, England, during 1931-34. He was graduated with Bachelor and Master of Arts degrees. He took additional studies next at the University of Berlin.

From 1934 to 1940 he was associate professor of Government at Mills College, Oakland, California. During the latter part of this period, he was dean of the faculty. He also studied, during 1937-40, at the University of California.

With World War II looming, Mr. Rusk went on active duty, in December 1940, as a captain in the Army Infantry Reserve. During the war his energy, dedication and quick grasp of complexities converted Mr. Rusk from a scholar into Deputy Chief of Staff for U.S. Armed Forces in the China-Burma-India theatre. When the war ended, Mr. Rusk held the rank of Colonel.

Then he went to work for the War Department, handling political questions. Mr. Rusk's abilities came to the attention of the State Department which recruited him to deal with United Nations planning.

The War Department induced Mr. Rusk to return to serve as a Special Assistant to the Secretary in the Pentagon. However, in 1947, Secretary of State Acheson gave him the job of running the office of United Nations Affairs.

Mr. Rusk's rise in the State Department continued. He was named Deputy Under-Secretary of State in Charge of Operations in 1949. In March, 1950, he was appointed Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs.

It was during this tenure, before he resigned in 1952 to become head of the Rockefeller Foundation, that he took part in decisions concerning the Korean War, defence of Taiwan against Chinese Communists, the recall of General MacArthur and the Japanese Peace Treaty.

President Truman said of Mr. Rusk in accepting his resignation from the State Department that few men had been able "to serve their country so long and so ably.... always with tact, skill and efficiency.... wisdom and patience."

Mr. Rusk has a charming wife, the former Virginia Foisie of San Francisco, and they have three children—David, now 20, Richard, 14, and Margaret, 11.

Those closest to Mr. Rusk—those who have watched his career—agree with President Kennedy that he is the "best man available" for the top Cabinet post as Secretary of State.

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

865

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

What do we mean by saying 'composite culture' of India? Is there in reality any composite culture in India? If so, how?

Culture cannot be 'composite' in the sense of more than one cultural co-existence in a country. If by it is meant that culture, as it flows through time, gets influenced by other cultures, all cultures are so influenced, and the word composite is inappropriate.

It has become fashionable to use the word 'composite' to satisfy the hope of some people that some day different cultures in India would blend to produce harmony.

866

Sri C. L. Prabhakar, Anantapur.

If a young woman becomes adament and compels her husband to lead an isolated life from the parents of the husband who are good enough, old and dependent, what is the solution that you would suggest?

A: (1) A wife who drives her husband to leave his old parents to helpless separation is not a true and dutiful wife. She is just a selfish egotist who has no sense of responsibility. She has no love for her husband either, for she inflicts upon her husband the cruelty of parting him from his parents whom he would love to serve in their old age, because she is too self-centred to adjust herself to their ways. By this cruelty she will lose her husband's love in the end, for he is sure to feel, when youthful glamour is gone, that his wife forced him to leave his parents uncared for.

(2) If a woman accepts a man as a husband, she by that act accepts him, his people, and his children by the first wife, if any, as her own. Without such acceptance, absolute love and absolute identity between husband and wife are not possible. Don't forget that by marriage the husband and wife pledge themselves to be one and indivisible.

867

Sri C. Thammanna, Virupasandra, Bangalore.

Q: *"All things to their destruction draw; only love hath no decay—" this is the 'motif' of many poems. How far is this true in your opinion?*

A: It is absolutely true. Buddha, Christ, St. Francis of Assisi, Gandhiji and Schweitzer have lived and will live till the end of the time, surviving all Bhakra Dams, for the salvation of man lies in his spiritual growth, which is unfolded in Love.

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M. MUNSHI'S

tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

41. 'The Arrow'

As Uday did not feel well the following day he was almost confined to his bed. Sheela dropped in, in the forenoon, to enquire after his health. Kaviraj also had decided to look in and converse with Sheela. It was evident that Kaviraj loved the company of beautiful women: perhaps he drew inspiration from their very presence.

Sheela received yet another telegram on that day:

"WHY NO REPLY? WHEN ARE YOU COMING?
AM ANXIOUSLY AWAITING—AM MOST UNHAPPY WITHOUT YOU—SHYAM".

After reading the telegram, Sheela tore it into bits. She had become familiar with the methods of persuasion her husband usually adopted! In the evening she felt restive and went for a walk with Kaviraj. The following day which was a Sunday, Uday felt a little better and the three of them spent the whole day gossiping.

That evening, the holidays being over, most of the visitors left Matheran and the hotel became almost empty. Kaviraj appeared to have become enamoured of Sheela. He kept close watch on Sheela's movements: as soon as she emerged from her room, he would join her. His action seemed to suggest that if some old person like himself were not present, someone was sure to make an attempt to molest Sheela. In any case he had convinced himself that Sheela regarded him as her Guru and took upon himself the responsibility of improving her learning and culture. Kaviraj could talk interestingly, when surrounded by his admirers. Moreover, it was his nature to be possessive. If he took a fancy to a disciple, he would think that the disciple belonged to him. He regarded Sheela as an admirer of his, and since he liked her, he decided that he alone must have the monopoly of all her time.

Sheela was amused at the way in which Kaviraj had appointed himself her guide and mentor. She would have been pleased to escape him, but she realised that there was no other place she could go to. She had decid-

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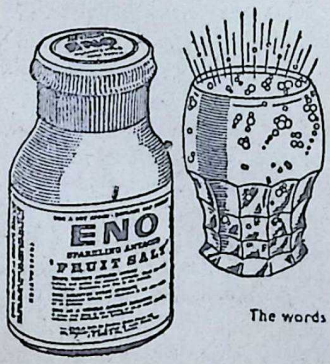

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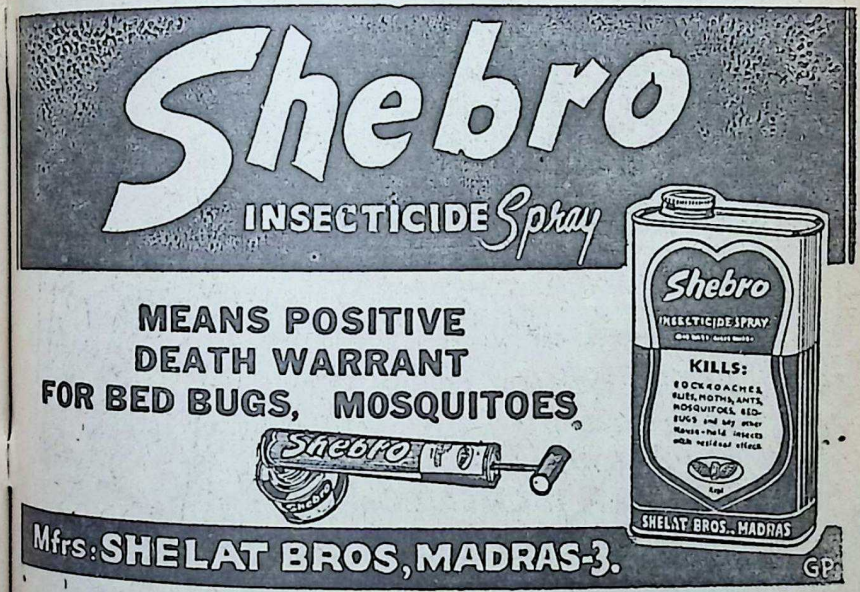
d to be independent, and not to take ny notice of Radharaman's tele-rams, besides, she was not in the ast disposed to give up Uday's com-any.

Uday was also most anxious to ave an opportunity of talking freely nd frankly with Sheela. But he rea-ed that if he were to ignore Kaviraj nd meet Sheela in private, Kaviraj as quite capable of behaving like he legendary 'Durvasa' and of doing omething wicked. It was also not ossible for him to leave the hotel nd go elsewhere. He would then be utting himself off from Sheela's com-any altogether.

Although Kaviraj's guardianship as not very welcome either to Sheela or Uday, they saw that it was unavoidable. On Monday morning Uday felt better and expressed a desire to accompany Sheela and Kaviraj on their walk. Sheela advised him to have more rest, but since Kaviraj was not likely to let Sheela go out by herself, Uday felt he must go too, weak though he was, if only to save Sheela from having to listen to the un-inter-rupted flow of Kaviraj's eloquence.

When the three of them came out of the hotel, they saw a couple about to go out for a ride. Uday thought he recognised the young, handsome bearded horseman; he was almost certain the young man could be none other than Shastriji's grandson, Ravi Tripathi. He was not sure however if



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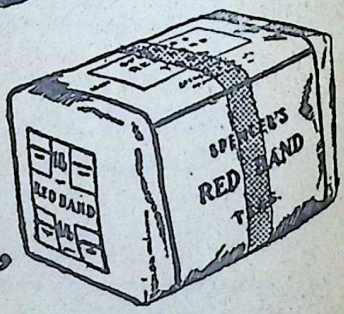

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had come across his companion fore, a slim but bold look- woman of a rather non-descript ; but he was not sure. How could h a learned man possibly be there such clothes and with such a wo- n. He felt he must be making a stake and therefore decided to say thing about it.

The young man, for his part, the oment he saw Uday and Sheela, emed anxious to get away. He im- diately called out to his companion: Hurry up, Mona' and rode off. Mona fortunately found her mount not y docile. Uday, therefore, ap- oached her and offered to help. Mona tefully accepted the offer. Uday adied the horse, while she got on As soon as she was mounted, she ode off after her companion pausing t for a moment to say 'thank you'.

Kaviraj was a well-read person. hough he was somewhat self-cen- ed, he had led an interesting life. henever, therefore, he was in the ht mood, and he liked his listeners, s conversation would be both fasci- ating and absorbing. That day he as in such a mood and had some- ing to say on a variety of subjects. Strangely enough that day almost ery topic he touched seemed to lead 'Piyush' and *Tapasvini*. Uday and eela were therefore forced to sten to whatever was said with a iling face.

The young riders offered a new pic for discussion for the Poet. Solanki, you are a surprising man. Why did you go to the help of that ng, emaciated female? She has been re the last few days. Heaven knows ho she is! How strangely does she conduct herself and how unmannerly is her behaviour! One cannot help asking oneself why such a person was born as a woman!"

"Kaviraj", interjected Sheela, "I must say that when you proceed to damn a person, you do it rather thoroughly."

"Oh!", he exclaimed, "I can see through things clearly. I can recognise culture wherever it exists. I can always spot out a genuine and well brought up person with ease. I wonder where this woman comes from. She dresses as a Gujarati woman but doesn't know how to don a sari. I doubt if the young man with her is her husband or someone else. The miserable woman does not even wear the auspicious mark on her forehead."

"May be the mark was there, but might have been erased later," remarked Sheela.

Uday was most unhappy at this strange demonstration of 'good' manners on the part of Kaviraj. He himself was feeling so weak, however, that he felt it best to conserve his energy by keeping silent.

"If it was rubbed out later, what prevented her from putting it on again?", asked the Poet. "When I talk of improper behaviour, it is to this kind of conduct, that I refer. You can see for yourself the difference between you and that thin, long bamboo of a woman. Can it be said that the two of you belong to the same class or group?"

"I do not know whether we belong to the same kind or class, but I am certain that we are living in the same hotel!"

It is difficult to make a guess about

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husband's profession. He looks oughly irresponsible."

t any rate he is handsome", re- ed Uday.

ave you seen his clothes? I judge n by the way he wears his ts."

y this time they had arrived at the l and there, once again, was a gram from Radharaman awaiting n: "WHAT IS THIS? — NO PLY. PLEASE, PLEASE DO NOT ANNOYED. I AM FEELING SERABLE. BESEECH YOU. RT IMMEDIATELY. EXPECT U—SHYAM"

Sheela smiled wanly as she looked e telegram and then at herself be- e she tore it off and deposited it e waste-paper-basket.

Radharaman had sent a telegram to Uday also asking him to put in a word, but he was not able to evade the watchful eye of Kaviraj, so as to have a word with Sheela alone. When Kaviraj went into his room for a change he handed over the telegram he had received to Gangoo asking her to give it to Sheela.

As the three of them entered the dining room, they met Durlabhji. Kaviraj could not control his curiosity and enquired of Durlabhji, who his new guests were.

"The less we talk about them the better. In the register they have given their names as Mr. & Mrs. Chudgar," replied Durlabhji, adding: "That lady seems to be a difficult person.

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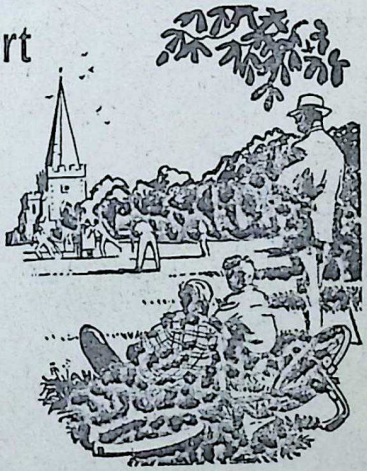

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oo has just come out crying from room."

hy? What happened?" asked aj.

angoo had gone into their room ave their washing, but she was ked by Mrs. Chudgar, Mona."

And then what happened?" en- d Kaviraj, who could scarcely ain his curiosity.

I would rather not say anything ." "But, why, is there anything bad about it?"

What a husband and wife would take the liberty of doing in front a stranger, this lady did to goo; she actually kissed her! ..."

And what else?"

urlabhji all but blushed as he re- . "Gangoo has been weeping d keeps rubbing her cheeks."

Well, well, let us see how they be- when they come down to dinner."

But, Sir, Mrs. Chudgar has sent d that as her husband is not well, hould send their meals to their m."

That shows they are not altogether eless. Anyhow, let us go in and ."

Sir, there is something else you like to know," interjected Dur- ji in a soft voice: "That lady as!"

I knew there was something ong", remarked Kaviraj with a ile.

It is my bad luck that such people d come to my hotel where only est of families come!" exclaimed abhji.

Sheela, Uday and Kaviraj were still inner, when Durlabhji came in again and said: "Kaviraj, someone called Kalidas Vidwan, has come down from Bombay to meet you. He says he will not eat food cooked by anyone else, but will cook his food himself."

"Very well, I hope you will be able to give him a good room. Solanki, do you know Kalidas Vidwan? He is the Editor of *Sanatan Yug*.

Uday had a premonition of disaster. He was certain that Kalidas' coming meant trouble, and that the hunt was on. Fever had already heavily taxed his health. On top of it he had been out for a walk, and he was feeling very weak. He could not bring himself to eat anything. From time to time he would look at Sheela and would take a mouthful almost as an offering to her!

By the time they had finished their lunch, it was two o'clock, and they retired to their rooms for the mid-day siesta. Try as he would, sleep evaded Uday. At four o'clock Kaviraj called out to them all to come for tea. They all complied. To disregard Kaviraj's invitation was to run the risk of his vehement wrath.

For the past several years, Kalidas had been campaigning against the habit of drinking tea; but the more vigorous his campaign the greater was the increase in the consumption of tea in Gujarat! Though short in stature, Kalidas was well built, thanks to the athletic habits he had cultivated in his youth. He sported a large turban very similar to the one worn by the famous poet 'Narmad' in his standard portrait. Uday was certain that he had copied it from a photograph of Narmad.

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Kalidas looked as if he were responsible for the morals of the whole world, and was feeling the strain of the effort. When Uday and Sheela came down they found him giving Kaviraj an account of his activities.

Kaviraj's critical articles had already appeared in *Girgaum Samachar, Baroda Vijay* and *Evening News* of Ahmedabad. "I have brought extracts with me", said Kalidas.

It seemed to Uday that the hunters were about to kill the spent-up deer. "What extracts are you talking about?" enquired Sheela in a somewhat agitated manner.

"Reviews of *Tapasvini,* of course. What else? The whole of Gujarat has been shocked at the book and is violently angry. Everywhere the author is being condemned. What do you say Kalidas?" enquired Kaviraj.

"Quite true, Kaviraj. One can p... up with much in literature but o... cannot possibly tolerate licentiou... ness of this nature."

"What do you propose to do now?" enquired the Poet.

"I have come for an article fro... you. If you write for me today, ... can take it with me, when I go bac... tomorrow."

Just then, Mona came out of he... room with a cigarette in her mouth. As she came towards them and started talking to them, she took out th... cigarette from her mouth and threw it away.

"Forgive me if I appear unmanner... ly. I have been here for the last fou... days but have not had the occasion to introduce myself to you. I am als... a Gujarati." Her accents were thos... of a Bengali. She continued: "M...

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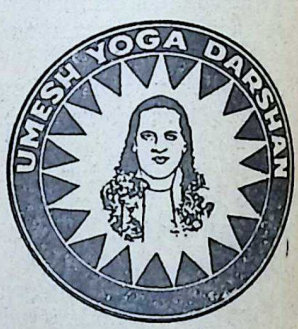

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hand, Chudgar, has had a nervous
kdown and is not allowed to see
body. Now will you kindly intro-
e me to everybody? And first of
who are you?" asked Mona, as she
ched out her hand to the Poet
ewhat rudely.
No one of their circle of friends
d so far dared to speak to him in
way in which that shameless and
rtinent woman was doing. Natu-
y Kaviraj was taken aback. Sur-
e was followed by irritation and
t gave place to anger.
"First of all, then, tell me who you
e," retorted Kaviraj with a stern ex-
ssion on his face.
"My name is Rewa Chudgar, Mrs.
dgar", replied Mona smiling
rciliously. She had instinctively
ged Kaviraj's true nature, and
ld not resist the temptation to pro-
ke him. Without waiting for an in-
tation, she sat down and helped her-
lf to a cup of tea.
"In the morning, you called your-
lf Mona", commented the Poet in
e most rude manner possible. "How
ny names do you have?"
"Don't you worry. My parents used
call me 'Mousie.' My husband pre-
rs to call me 'Mona'. Both these are
y pet names. My political party
lls me 'Comrade'. You may call me
ewa Chudgar.' Anyhow, do not let
s quarrel. I shall finish my tea, and
nce my husband cannot come for a
lk, I would like to go with you."
efore anyone could say anything,
ona continued: "I do not like to go
a walk alone. Please tell me, who
e all are." Then turning towards
eela, she placed her hand on her
ulder and said: "My friend, don't
be afraid, I shall not ask you what your husband calls you."

Uday felt it was time; he intervened and put an end to Mona's monologue by a show of sweet reasonableness.

"Mrs. Chudgar, this is our Kaviraj. He is the leading poet of Gujarat. The world knows him as 'Mattamayur'."

"Oh! Mattamayur? I see. Proud Peacock", said Mona breaking into loud laughter. The Poet stared at her in anger. "Poet, I do not like poets. They are the most useless set of people in this world."

Kaviraj stood up trembling with anger. But before he could say anything, Mona resumed: "Oh! Forgive me, Mr. Proud Peacock. You are a dear. It is just my way of talking. Please do not take offence. I cannot help talking lightly. Please sit down. Please do. I have to learn many things from you." She caught hold of the Poet's hands and made him sit down.

"This is Sheelaben, the wife of the well-known Barrister-at-Law, Radharaman," said the Poet.

"Oh! Thank you. Were you not both living at the 'Arrow'?"

It suddenly dawned upon Uday that Mona was under the impression that he was Sheela's husband. He thought it best, therefore, to intervene immediately and said: "Now let me introduce myself. I am Uday Solanki. I too am a Barrister-at-Law."

Mona looked at him and Sheela in turn and then started laughing, as if something had greatly amused her. She remarked: "Oh! now I see. I would have committed a blunder. I thought you were husband and wife.

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Now I understand." Sheela was greatly put out and could not bring herself to look up.

"Just a moment. This is Mr. Kalidas Vidwan, the editor of the well-known *Sanatan Yug*, a weekly paper."

"I did think he was a character straight from a Seventeenth Century canvas. "How do you do?" Kalidas merely brought his hands together; his face mirrored the disgust he felt towards the woman.

"Now, Mr. Barrister, let us go for a walk and let us show these people a thing or two. Why are you behaving like a raw school boy?"

"Mrs. Chudgar, before you joined us, we were discussing poetry and the joys of travel. Now will you please let us continue our conversation?" remarked Kaviraj. "You say you are a 'comrade', presumably such topics will not interest you."

"I take a great deal of interest in cultural affairs. It is pure nonsense. What is your culture? You keep your women-folk imprisoned in your houses as if they were nothing more than machines for bearing forth children."

"I suppose you would prefer to put yourself to auction." The poet's interest was aroused and he became ready to join issue with Mona.

"Your Ramachandra banished Sita into the forests. Would it not have been better had he auctioned her? After all, what did the Dharmaraja do except to auction Draupadi?" Mona's manner began to irritate everybody.

"You are talking nonsense. You do not appear to have the slightest idea

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ture and polite society. Did you any good school?"

h! I would like to have an op- nity of teaching all of you in my ." Mona was completely self- sed and indeed took particular t in angering her opponents. t is all this talk about culture? anything different from making oor realise the humility of their ty? How are the hungry to y their hunger? How are the d to obtain clothes? Why Mrs. ter, why do you not say some- g."

na took a cigarette and started g it. Sheela had enough of and she felt she had to hit out. ewaben, it would be a good if you too were to spend a little in our school. You and I live in different worlds. You do not seem derstand wherein lies the true e of India. Do you understand dian woman? You do not seem e heard of 'jauhar': Do you that the Rajput wives preferred n themselves in order to protect virtue. You do not seem to know e hundreds of women who have lated themselves out of love for husbands. You have no under- ing of Sita. Much less can you any understanding of Draupadi. perhaps you have not heard of i. If our culture has survived, it y because we have had women as Savitri. It is difficult to make see such matters. We do not talk me language."

ela stood up as she finished ing and walked away. Uday fol- her. Mona retorted with a

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derisive laugh, and a broad meaningful wink.

The enraged poet also approved this method of showing their displeasure, but before going, he could not resist making one last dig at her: "So you see. That lady is our ideal of Indian womanhood and people like you are monsters."

Kalidas accompanied the poet. Mona, a cigarette in her mouth, was thus left alone to gaze around her in triumph. She was angry at this empty victory and had no alternative but to go back to her room. She kept muttering to herself: "These old fossils, all dead, not one of them, a live personality!"

In the meantime, in his room, Ravi was repeating Sanskrit verses as they came back to his memory. The sight of Uday and Sheela had made him think of his grandfather and his early life. His mind dwelt upon Sanskrit works he had studied and memorised. What great changes had taken place in his life!

While he was thus engaged, Mona entered the room, looking both annoyed and happy. "Ravi," she called out, "I gave all those persons a little bit of my mind. One of them is a poet, Proud Peacock. I have shorn him of some of his feathers. And those two lovers whom we saw on the first day we arrived here near the "Arrow" making love to each other, are also here."

"Oh, you mean Uday Solanki and Sheela Dalal?"

"How do you know who they are?"

Ravi immediately realised his mistake and tried to cover it up: "I went through the names [illegible] the hotel. Besides, I have met them before. And that is why I have kept myself to my room. I do not wish to be recognized."

"Oh! I see. They were all talking about culture and I frankly told them what it was. I gave my interpretation of Sita and Draupadi; that immediately aroused the anger of the beauty, Sheela. She started to give me a lesson in India's cultural history. She does not realise that I had learned all this long before she was born."

"I did not know that you were that old!" remarked Ravi jocularly.

"If I had married early enough I would now have had a son of your age", rejoined Mona spiritedly. "Medical books show that women have given birth to children at the age of ten! But you wait. I shall teach that beauty a lesson. That Peacock dares to tell me that she is the very model of Indian culture and I am the exact opposite, a degenerate Indian woman. I shall show them what I am. How dare anyone insult me!" Mona stamped her foot, and went to her room.

After Mona left him, Ravi once again became immersed in all manner of old memories and thoughts. Sheela had once saved him, looked after him when he was not well and took interest in his education. He recollected her as she sat by his side and made him drink his milk. It was thereafter that his life with Mona had begun. He re-created before his mind's eye Sheela's face, her gentle manner, the grace with which she moved about and the meaning and friendliness in her conversation. How was he to compare Mona with such a woman—M

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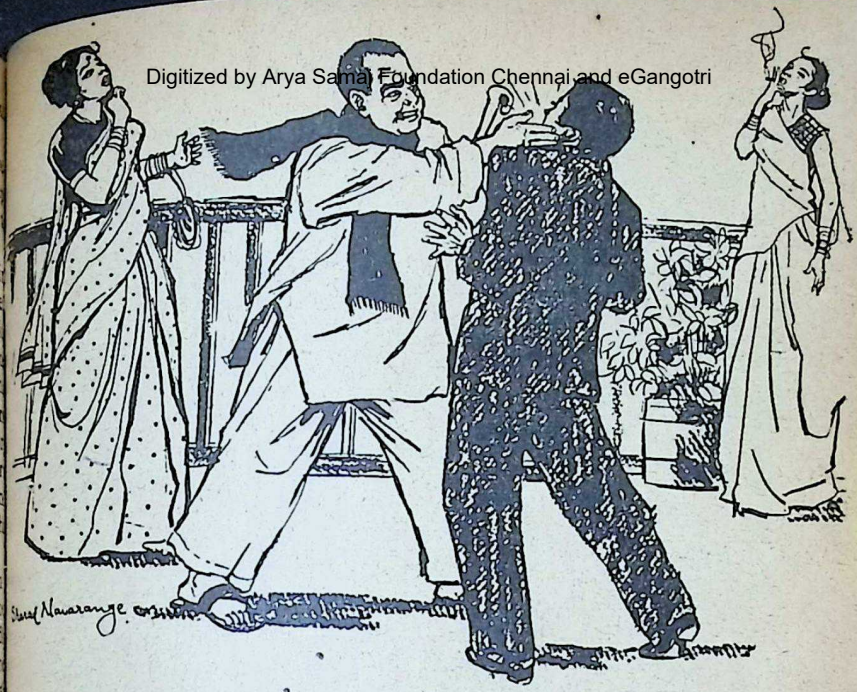

who, had she been in the service of Kaikeyi, would have outclassed her Manthara in intrigues? But now his time was tied up with Mona's.

Mona, Ravi realised, was certain to be vindictive. There was only one way he could save Sheela from Mona's anger: she and he must leave Matheran immediately.

The hotel rooms looked out upon a wide and long verandah. And opposite every room, some chairs and a table had been placed for the visitors to sit. After leaving Kaviraj and Mona in their bad temper, Sheela and Uday, instead of going into their rooms, sat down in the chairs in front of Sheela's room. "I wish we could leave this hotel and go somewhere else", said Sheela when they were seated.

"There is unfortunately no other good hotel."

"It seems I have landed from the frying pan into the fire. Wretched Mattamayur seems to think that he must monopolise all my time. I am really very angry, but what is to be done?"

"I can understand your irritation, and indeed am myself very angry. As it is, don't let us forget it, there is one advantage in having the poet as our watchman. Don't you agree? Otherwise these people would be making your life really miserable."

Sheela smiled at Uday as if to indicate her appreciation and asked in surprise: "Uday, why are you trembling in this manner? Are you feeling feverish?"

"No, I have just a headache."

"I am afraid you are going in for a temperature again. Let me bring you an aspirin. In the meantime you go and put on some warm clothing."

Uday complied immediately. As he

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entered his room, he found Kaviraj and Kalidas engaged in confidential conversation. They stopped talking on seeing him. Uday did not attach any importance to this. He changed into a warmer coat and went out again to the verandah. Sheela had in the meantime brought a glass of water and an aspirin, which Uday immediately took. Then they sat quietly awaiting Kaviraj for their usual walk.

Suddenly they saw Kaviraj emerging from his room, his eyes bloodshot with anger. "Durlabhji, Durlabhji", he shouted at the top of his voice. Durlabhji came running in response to this imperious summons.

"Have my luggage taken out from this room and put it in Kalidas' room."

Uday and Sheela were dumbfounded at this display of anger and could not understand what had happened. Kaviraj came towards them, waving his stick as he remarked: "Come along Sheelaben, let us go for our walk." Sheela, still at a loss, stood up to accompany him.

Uday was not sure whether to follow Sheela or not and while he was still debating this point in his mind, he took a couple of steps after Sheela. Kaviraj immediately turned round and shouted in a loud voice: "How dare you come with us? You have forfeited your right to the company of good women."

Quite understandably, Uday's first reaction was that of anger, and he was tempted to hit out, but he controlled himself with an effort. Whatever the provocation, it would have been foolish to have hit an aged person like Mattamayur, who was, in addition, a well-known poet. Instead, therefore, he inquired quietly and with such dignity as he could muster: "What exactly do you mean?"

"Do you want to know? Well, then, take this," said Kaviraj as he slapped Uday. He then turned his back on him and started walking away.

Sheela was both surprised and angry at this display of bad manners. Without a moment's hesitation, she remarked: "You call yourself a poet and a guardian of our culture! Is this how cultured people behave? I do not care to go out for a walk with you". Saying thus she ran off into her room.

Uday had guessed and guessed correctly that Kalidas must have discovered from Suryashankar who 'Piyush' was, and had passed on the information to Kaviraj. Angry as he was he thought it best, therefore, to ignore the whole incident.

Mona, who along with one or two hotel servants had witnessed the entire incident, approached Kaviraj Mattamayur who further enraged by Mona's appearance at this moment, raised his stick as if to hit her. Mona, however, kept herself at a safe distance, and said, venomous cat that she was: "Peacock, you are a fool. You had better ask that model of Indian womanhood, what she was doing on Thursday night round about 11 o'clock near the 'Arrow'. If you want evidence, you have mine and Chudgar's."

[To be continued]

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The Intrepid Gambler

It was the turn of the younger Princess on the eighth night to keep the company of Chaturya in the nuptial chamber. She therefore dressed herself appropriately for the occasion and entered the room. After exchanging pleasant banters, the girl left Chaturya in no doubt of her eager intentions when Chaturya cleverly switched on to a wonderful story to which the Princess listened with rapt attention. Said he:

There lived in a village of the Chola country a not very well-to-do Brahmin. He could not boast of any properties nor for that matter did he follow any regular profession for earning his livelihood. Gradually he drifted into the notorious avocation of gambling. In course of time he developed such cunning tact in it that he always came out as the victor.

Having exhausted all big quarries he was forced to challenge even the meanest man on the road for a bout and rob him of what little money he had in his pocket on the gambling board. So much so, people were afraid of meeting him in the streets. As soon as the people saw his silhouette at the end of the street, they would duck for safety and bolt the doors. Yet he managed to earn a rupee or two each day from some forlorn men.

One day it came to pass that not such a stranger came his way. As he was returning home broken hearted, he saw the door of the local Vishnu temple open. It flashed across his mind that the temple-priest must surely be inside and him he decided to victimise that day.

South Indian temples are notoriously dark inside the sanctums and the priests who have cat-like eyes could easily spot others without being seen and prove often of great comfort to visitors. But the gambler was no welcome visitor and so the priest

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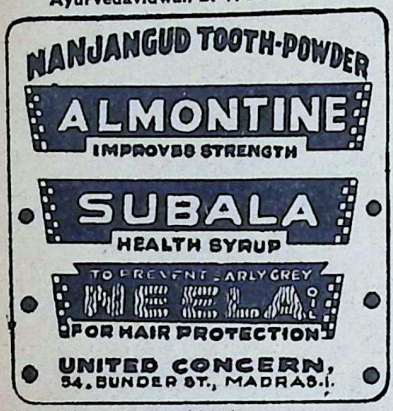

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ran for cover behind the huge figure of the deity.

Puzzled at not finding the priest anywhere about, the gambler shouted: "O priest! Don't you see a pilgrim come for worship? What are you doing?"

The priest was too worldly to rise to the gambler's bait and so kept mum. Indeed he even subdued his breathing lest the other man should detect him.

Not having any reply, the gambler was nevertheless loath to return home empty-handed. As he started thinking of his next step, the image of Lord Vishnu standing before him suggested itself to him as a possible quarry. There was little doubt about his own victory in a game, but how could he make the idol pay him in that event? Easy! With a clear conscience, he could walk out with any piece of jewellery belonging to the deity should the Lord become indebted to him!

So he spread the mat and threw the dice, first on his behalf and next on behalf of Lord Vishnu. Indeed the gambler became so comfortable with the choice of Lord Vishnu as his partner that he lavished all his attentions and artistry both on his own and on the Lord's side. Jettisoning all his hat-tricks he came out, quite fairly, the victor.

Wrapping up the dice tenderly, he addressed the Lord: "Thank you Lord for obliging me today. I hope I have your permission to take the idol of your noble spouse Lakshmi with me in lieu of your payment. That will do for the present. See you later. Ta-ta!"

The priest who was an eye-witness to all that happened had his tongue parched out of fright. Although he saw the other man walking away with the idol, he did not have the courage to stop him for obvious reasons.

Lord Hari who was a silent witness to this drama could not help admiring the gambler for his temerity and so called out to him and said: "My boy! Why are you in such haste about the money? Leave the idol here and come for the money tomorrow when I shall pay you!"

The gambler looked back with a smile and said: "Ha ha! I knew Lord you will call me back. It all depends on which button you press. Now listen ; will you promise me you won't default, for, I don't want to take any chances?"

"Surely, I shall pay you" replied Lord Vishnu and the gambler replac-

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the idol at the feet of the Lord went home.

The divine dancers Rambha, Tilot-ma, Urvasi and the lot of them had practice of appearing before that of Lord Vishnu each midnight dance before Him and offer their sance. That night when they had pleted their worship and were ut to start home, the Lord asked mbha to stay back at his temple ng the others to return. Rambha ed.

Early next morning the gambler ap-ed before the Lord of the tem-right in time and demanded pay-t.

The Lord replied: "My child! You expecting a paltry sum of money m me, but I am going to present magnificent gift to you as a mark my esteem for your conduct. Look! is is Rambha, the divine damsel. I giving her in marriage to you. Go d live with her. Rambha! This is r husband; you should obey him the letter, do you hear? Now, both you come near and be united. Bless ."

Greatly pleased with Rambha's uty and divinity the Brahmin took to his dwelling place and intro-ced her to his first wife.

Finding the habitation too small, mbha by her powers conjured up huge mansion and furnished it with ll amenities. She next hugged the mbler's wife and said: "We are now ers; let us make our husband as ppy as we can!" She made the gam-r's wife look as divine as herself h her touch and fitted her with all e jewels she could think of. No nder the other woman took to Rambha as her own Mother Goddess and preferred to serve her like a dog while allowing her husband to have all the fun with the other. Thus they started life in right royal manner.

After the lapse of a week Rambha said to her husband: "Lord! Give me permission to go to Devaloka for a few hours, for it is my turn to dance before Devendra today. If I don't go, he will become angry which may prove calamitous to us!"

"What nonsense do you talk? Once you are married to me, no one else has any power over you. I won't permit you to go anywhere," replied the gambler angrily.

"Excuse me, Lord! The rules of Devaloka are different. I promise I shall not fail or default you. Pray allow me to go!"

"If you so insist, I too shall accompany you to Devaloka!"

As it is not possible for mortals to proceed to Devaloka in human bodies, Rambha caused him to become a flower-garland. Wearing it she proceeded to Devaloka. Reaching it, she reconverted him to his original form and leaving him at the foot of a tree in the outskirts of Devaloka, went inside and performed her wonted dance —recital before Indra.

As the gambler was witnessing the performance unseen by others, he saw that at a certain stage Rambha became so exhausted in her performance that she fell down, when all Devas including Devendra came running to her and with great deference gave her first aid.

At this the gambler's chest heaved with pride at the thought he was the husband of that lady whom even the

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Devas treated with great respect!

After taking leave of the Devas, Rambha came to where she had left the gambler and turning him again into a flower-garland descended down along with it and touched the earth on the banks of the holy Kauveri where she reconverted him into human form.

They had to go further on to reach their distant home, but seeing some of the angels taking their bath in the sacred river, the gambler changed his mind and told Rambha: "Rambha, you had better go by yourself to our place. I want to stay behind for a short time and shall follow you later!"

Accordingly Rambha started on her onward journey while the gambler went near the Devas who were taking bath. He spotted some of them as the same people who had revered his wife in the Devaloka a short while ago. He strutted before them like a vain peacock but none of them took note of him. It stung him to the quick at the thought that those Devas did not consider him, the husband of one whom they revered, fit enough even for recognition, not to speak of reverence.

Infuriated by their neglect, the gambler reached out for a couple of withy twigs from a nearby tamarind tree with which he started flogging them shouting at them "You don't consider me, Rambha's husband, good enough for your reverence, you waifs! Eh, you are drunk with power, aren't you? To hell with you all."

Bewildered by this unprovoked attack, the Devas were first inclined to think that he was a mad man, but his recognition of them and his reference to Rambha made them alter their opinion and hie themselves back to Devendra to report.

[*To be continued*

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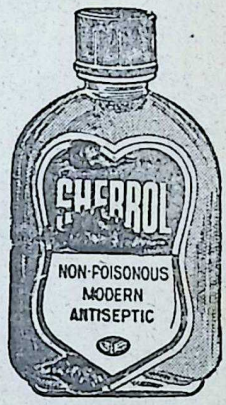

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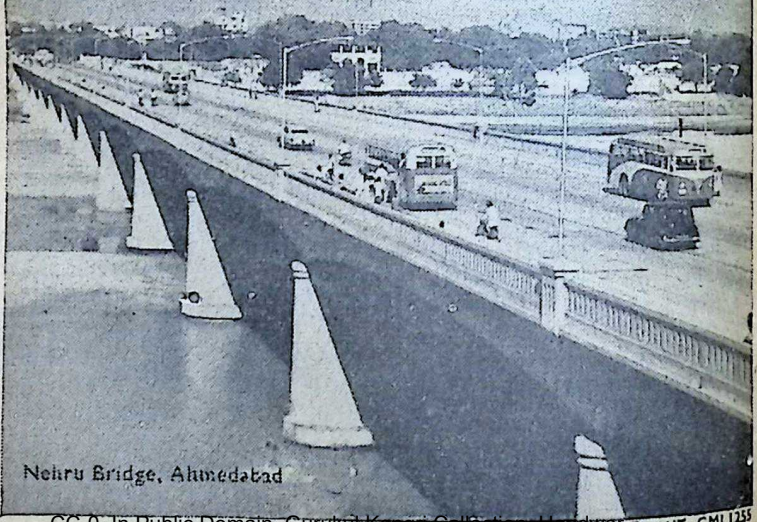

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e Veda and the Upanishads are
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others, so that it could, with its shrinking powers, better succeed in realising it in its fulness. The decline of spirituality was accompanied by a waning of national vitality. Gone was the large sweep of vision of the ancient Rishis, which embraced the unity and harmony of all existence from Spirit to Matter, from the supreme Light to the densest darkness. There followed, instead, a narrowing of the spiritual vision, and an exclusive and intense pursuit of the Spirit in one form or another, or as the Formless, the Unthinkable, the relationless Absolute. The tragic result of this narrowing of vision was a neglect of life and matter with all their spiritual possibilities.

There is, however, a marked tendency in the present times to heal this divorce between Spirit and Matter by a return to the integrality of the ancient vision and experience. There is a growing aspiration for the realisation of Purna Brahma or Param Purusha, the all-embracing Reality, by the integrated being of man. There is a swelling note of life-affirmation.

Sri Aurobindo is the prophet and pioneer of this integrality of vision and realisation. His is the most inspiring message of the unity of existence and the divine fulfilment of man. His interpretations of the Vedas and the Upanishads in the light of his own yogic experiences is a new revelation. It is a clarion call to the soul of humanity to hark back to the ancient gospel of the all-reconciling truth of existence and make that the pivot of a divinised, creative life on earth.

In the book under review, some of Sri Aurobindo's interpretations and expositions have been translated into Bengali by Sri Nalini Sen, who is himself a follower of the Integral Yoga of Sri Aurobindo. The translation has been done with scrupulous care and fidelity to the original, and in a diction which is chaste and dignified. The book will open up a new vista to lovers of ancient Indian culture. The get-up of the book is excellent.

—*Sri Rishabhchand*

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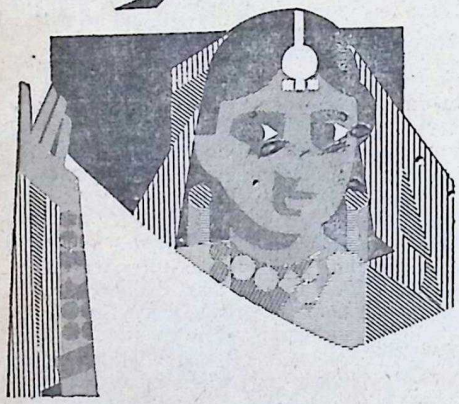

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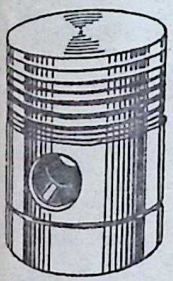

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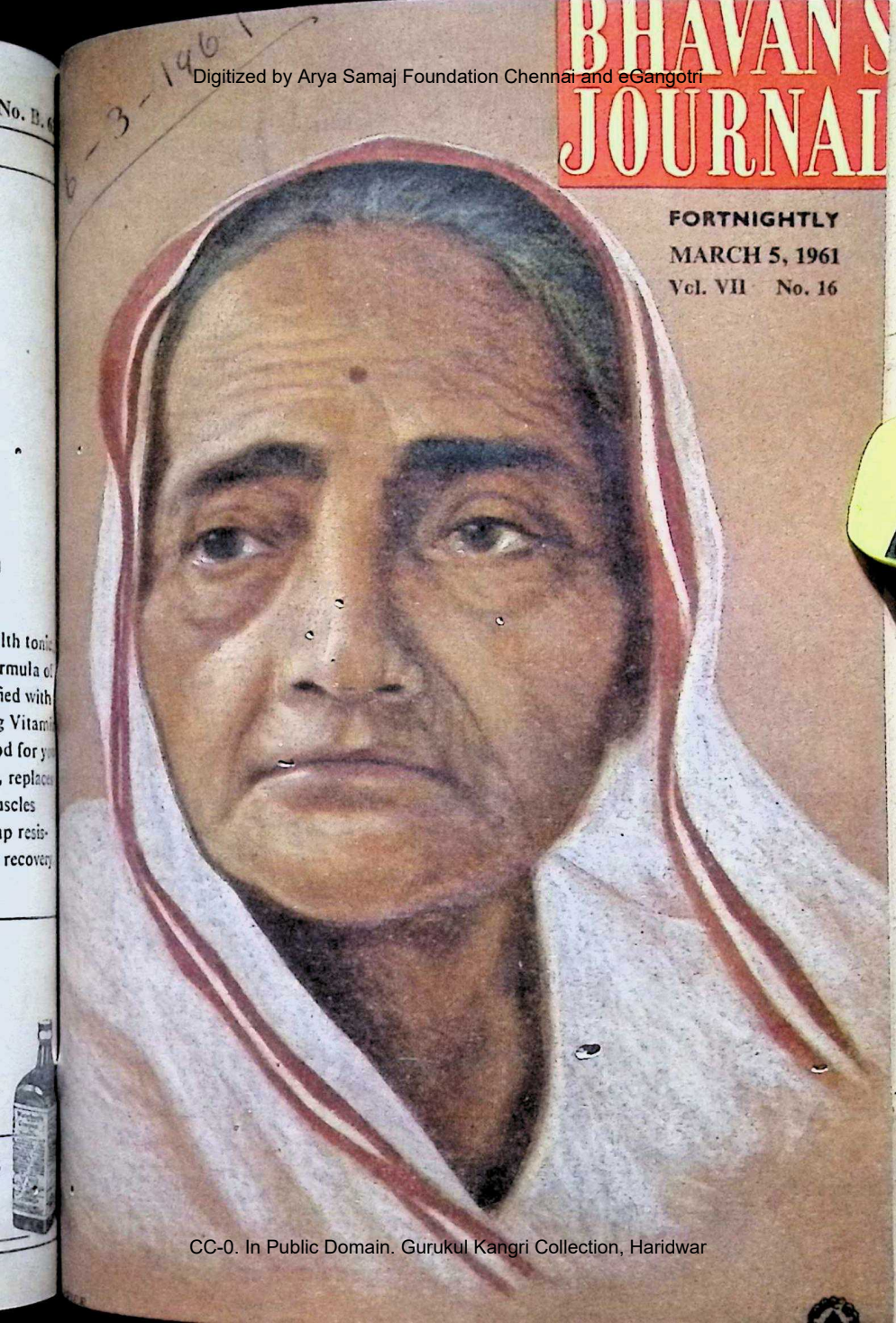

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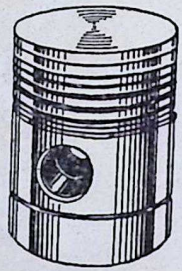

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।
Let noble thoughts come to us from every side
—Rigveda, 1-89-1

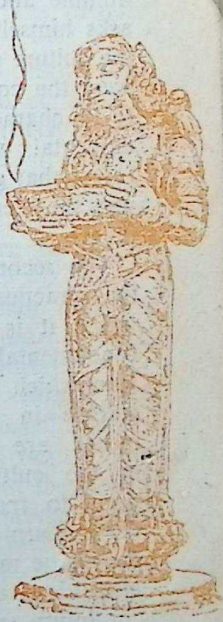
BHAVAN'S JOURNAL

VIII° MARCH 5, 1961 No. 16

THE HALLOWED GALAXY

प्रह्लादनारदपराशरपुण्डरीक-
व्यासाम्बरीषशुकशौनकभीष्मदाल्भ्यान्।
रुक्माङ्गदार्जुनवसिष्ठबलिविभीषणादीन्
पुण्यानिमान् परमभागवतान् स्मरामि॥

I contemplate on these great and virtuous devotees of God—Prahlada, Narada, Parasara, Pundarika, Vyasa, Ambarisha, Shuka, Shaunaka, Bhishma, Dalbhya, Rukmangada, Arjuna, Vasistha, Mahabali, Vibishana and others.



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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 226

★ *FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN CULTURE* ★ *GATHERIN*
OF ELEMENTS ★ *THE VEDIC ARYANS*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAV
BOMBAY.
MARCH 5, 1961

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

WHAT is important in the study of a culture is the way in which it is approached.

The first approach is that of the humble and sympathetic student. He asks himself the questions: How did the culture come into existence? What were the conditions which gave birth to its characteristic form and its fundamental values? What were the forces that gave them direction? What was the Central Idea which radiated them?

The second approach is related to the practical needs of the time in which it is studied. What are the fundamental values and the Central Idea which have given vitality to the culture in the past? What adjustments are required to be made in the cultural norms and institutions to maintain their vitality under modern conditions? What changes should be made in the old forms and institutions without breaking up their continuity and thereby opening the gates of disintegration?

The third approach is the superi attitude of the arrogant modern. H approach is characterised by this a tude: If I had been Vyas or Ma 3,000 or 2,500 years ago with my m ern outlook, how would I have sh ed this culture?

This attitude is both illogical a unhistorical. It ignores the differe between conditions in which Vyas a Manu worked, and the modern co ditions which, consciously or unco sciously, have moulded our outlo and provided the standards by wh to judge values. With such a hig superior attitude, it is assumed that the inquirer had been born 3,0 years ago, he would have been wi than the wisest of the day.

I want you to approach the study our culture as an humble student w wants not merely to know it, but a to feel it. How did the Indian Cult come into existence? What were t forces which led to its growth? Wh patterns and fundamental values d it throw up? What was the Centr

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which shaped those values, and
gh them, the cultural norms, tra-
s and institutions? How did it
the vicissitudes through which
passed during the last 3,000
? What was the source of this
ry?

●●●

th this approach, let us consider
Indian Culture came to be found-

e first step in the enquiry is, what
the geographical determinants
hich our culture came into be-
nd who were the carriers of its
ingredients?

illions and millions of years ago,
a as we know now did not exist.
rea south of the Aravalli Moun-
was a part of a land mass named
the geologists as Gondwana land,
ich was connected with Mauritius
e west and the South-east Asian-
ipelago in the east. The Hima-
as and the whole of North India
e under the sea, similarly named
Sea of Tethys.

Then the Himalayas rose out of the
of Tethys inch by inch. As ages
t past, a huge land mass arose
s place. The rivers flowing from
brought down silt, to be deposit-
to form what is now North India.
e waters of the Sea of Tethys spilt
r to what is now the Arabian Sea
d the Bay of Bengal. The rivers
the Deccan flowing to its shores
e buried under the alluvial plains
Rajasthan, U.P., the Punjab, Bihar,
gal, Assam and Manipur.

, was this geological upheaval
ich formed the India of today, the
malayas providing the land with
immense fertility and with comparative seclusion from the rest of the world, a factor of great importance in the evolution of our culture.

Ages ago, peoples of different races possessing varied speech-forms migrated into this newly-formed land. Geographical determinants began to shape their life. A composite race began to come into existence by contact.

Among the early migrating races were the Negritos who came to India from Africa; the Proto-Australoids, an Early Mediterranean people; the Mongoloids found in small numbers only in the northern and eastern fringes of the country; the Later Mediterraneans identified with the Early Dravidians; the Alpines considered a pre-Vedic, Aryan people, and, later, the Vedic Aryans who are racially considered Nordics.

The languages of our country can be traced to four distinct speech-families. The Austric speech-family, otherwise called the Kol or Munda, is mostly confined to the hill tribes. The Tibeto-Chinese or Sino-Tibetan is confined to the eastern fringes of the country.

Of them, the Dravidian and the Aryan or the Indo-European, speech-forms are the most important. The speech of the Early Dravidians and that of the Vedic Aryans combined to produce the texture of most of our modern Indian languages, the Dravidian elements predominating as we go south of the river Godavari.

The inter-mixture of these two speech-forms is evidenced by the common words and idioms found in the Indo-Aryan languages of the North

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and the Early Dravidian languages of the South.

The Early Dravidians, who arrived in India prior to 2,000 B.C., possessed a highly developed material culture, as would appear from their early speech-forms and the finds in Mohenjo-daro, Harappa and Lothal. They had forts, public baths, shipping activities, international commerce, a special feature inherited by the Later Dravidians of the historical period. We also know many things of their habits, their dress, their burials and their gods.

We have little information about the other races occupying regions north of Narmada at the time, but from stray references we find that there were large tribes which went by the generic name of Nagas.

At the time, U.P. and Bihar were occupied by a race called Copperheads by the archaeologists from the copper weapons they used. It is likely that the non-Aryan people of the region, the Nagas, the Nishadas, the Asuras, whom we come across in the *Mahabharata*, belonged to this stock.

We have no information about the races which lived south of Narmada at this period, nor do we know of the races which opposed the Early Dravidians when they pushed to the South.

Before 2,000 B.C., the Aryans entered history and in about a thousand years they spread over Europe and Asia, from Lithuania and Finland to North India upto Kanauj and Lucknow. This is proved by the evidence of the language they used and by the finds of grey-ware pottery distributed

> Nations, like individuals, derive support and strength from the feeling that they belong to an illustrious race, that they are the heirs of their greatness, and ought to be the perpetuators of their glory. It is of momentous importance that a nation should have a great past to look back upon. It steadies the life of the present, elevates and upholds it and heightens and lifts it up, by the memory of the great deeds, the noble sufferings and the valorous achievements of the men of old.
>
> —Samuel Smiles
>
> A people that takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors will never achieve anything to be remembered with pride by remote posterity.
>
> —Lord Macaulay

from Thessally in Greece to Lucknow in India.

There is also further positive evidence of clay tables of the period about 1400 B.C. showing that the Aryan gods like Indra and Varuna and certain Aryan speech-forms were known to the people of Cappadocia and Syria.

There is evidence to show that the Indo-Iranian Aryans pushed their way into North India through Afghanistan. At one time these Indo-Iranians had a common religion. *Zend Avesta*, the sacred books of Zoroastrianism, contain several verses which are found in the *Rigveda*. The Vedic Yama is the Yima of *Zend Avesta*; Vivasvat is Vivagnant; Atharvan is Atharnan; Asur Maghaba is Ahura Mazda.

Sometime before 1,500 B.C.—there may be an error of a couple of centuries either way—the Vedic Aryans entered India with their gods, their sacrificial rituals, their

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s and horses, and their conquer-
zeal. They came into conflict with
Dasas and Dasyus, the Harappans
he West and the Asuras, the 'Cop-
heads' of U.P. and Bihar.

The excavations at Rupar in the
jab show that for some centuries
e was a settlement of Later Ha-
ans on the spot. About 1,500
C. a new settlement was built on
debris of the Harappan settle-
, which lasted for about 500
rs. It was built by a people with
fferent material culture from that
the Harappans. They used the paint-
grey-ware; all available evidence
ints to their being Vedic Aryans.

Similar excavations at Hastinapur
w that the lowest settlement be-
ged to the Copper-heads, and on
ruins, about the same period of
00 B.C., rose an Aryan settlement
ich flourished for about 500 years.
was destroyed by the floods of the
nga. This supports the evidence
the *Brahmanas* that Hastinapur
d to be abandoned by the Kurus
account of floods, when King
hakshu, a descendant of Arjun,
Pandava hero of the *Maha-
rata*, led them to Kausambi.

During this period, roughly cover-
five centuries, the Aryans waged
easing conflicts with the non-
yans and even fought among them-
ves. During their victorious march
ough the country, the races min-
d, customs and beliefs were adjust-
d, a new harmony was evolved. The
yan kings, referred to in the *Maha-
rata*, ruled over the Punjab, Delhi,
thura, U.P. upto Kashi and parts
Rajasthan.

The military conquests of the Ar-
s were of minor significance com-
pared to their cultural vitality and influence. Their culture flourished in the *ashrams* of the Vedic rishis which were mostly situated in the heart of Sapta Sindhu, the Land of Seven Rivers, and particularly on the banks of the river Sarasvati, profusely lauded in *Rigveda*. It was a mighty river which flowed from the Himalayas westward into the sea which covered parts of modern Rajasthan. What was left of the river now is the dry bed of Ghaggar. About the end of the Vedic period, evidently there was a geological upheaval, which dried it up and diverted its waters eastward to become the Jamuna.

By the end of the Vedic period, the use of the painted grey-ware disappeared among those who inherited the Aryan material culture. Evidently life had undergone a change by large scale inter-marriages between the Aryans and the non-Aryans; the new woman perhaps ceased to be particular about using the characteristic Aryan pottery.

Several definite events preserved by authentic tradition are recorded in *Rigveda*, indicating the conquest of the Aryans. For instance, the Aryan king Divodasa fought Shambar, the king of Dasyus of the ninety-nine forts. About the same time the Harappan settlement disappeared from Rupar and the Copper-head settlement from Hastinapur.

I shall deal with the subject in another letter.

Yours sincerely,

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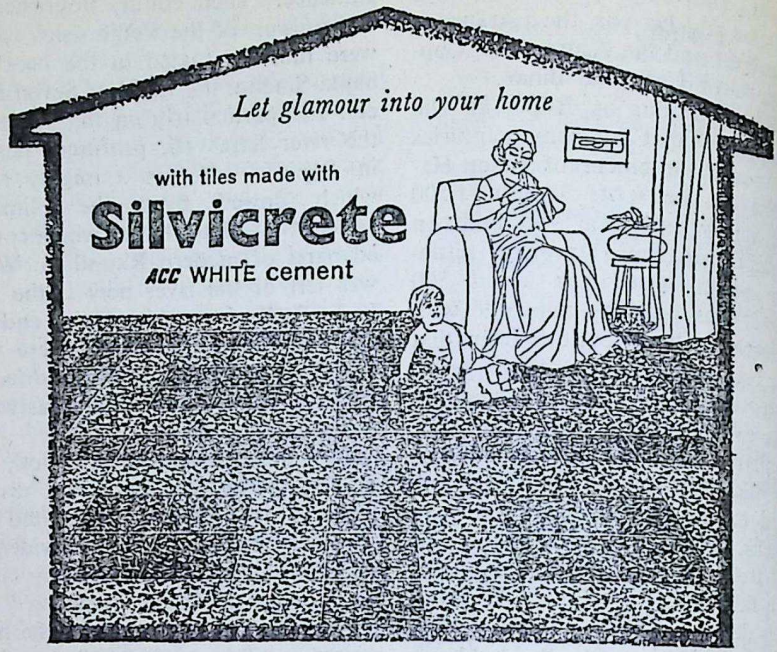

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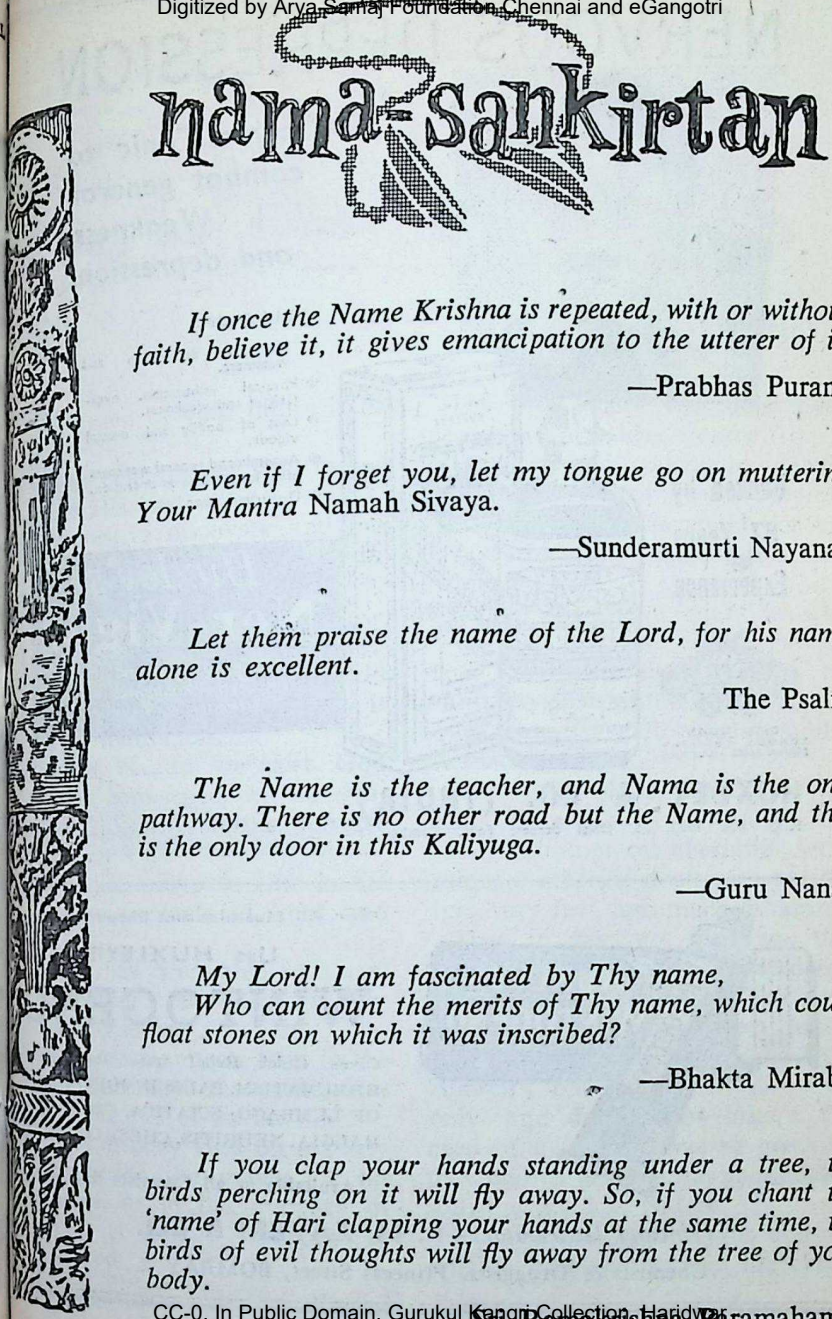

If once the Name Krishna is repeated, with or without faith, believe it, it gives emancipation to the utterer of it.

—Prabhas Purana

Even if I forget you, let my tongue go on muttering Your Mantra Namah Sivaya.

—Sunderamurti Nayanar

Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is excellent.

The Psalm

The Name is the teacher, and Nama is the only pathway. There is no other road but the Name, and that is the only door in this Kaliyuga.

—Guru Nanak

My Lord! I am fascinated by Thy name,
Who can count the merits of Thy name, which could float stones on which it was inscribed?

—Bhakta Mirabai

If you clap your hands standing under a tree, the birds perching on it will fly away. So, if you chant the 'name' of Hari clapping your hands at the same time, the birds of evil thoughts will fly away from the tree of your body.

—Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

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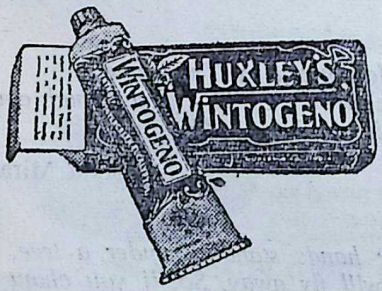

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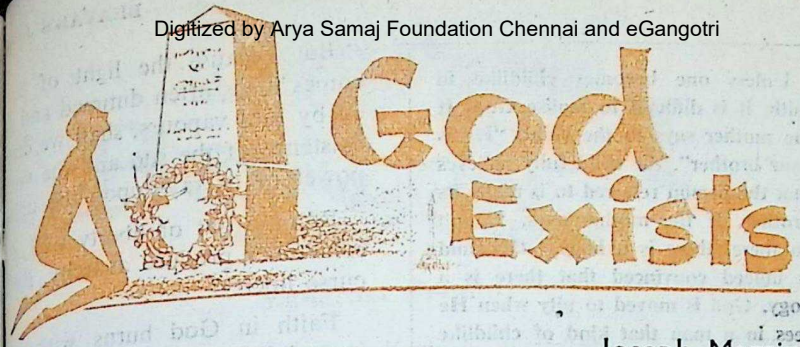

Joseph Mazzini

THE origin of your duties is in God.

The definition of your duties found in His law.

The progressive discovery and the application of His law is the task of humanity.

God exists.

I do not need nor do I wish to prove it to you; to try to do so would seem to me blasphemy, as to deny it would seem foolishness.

God exists, because we exist. God is in our conscience, in the conscience of Humanity, in the universe which surrounds us.

Our conscience invokes Him in the most solemn moments of grief and of joy.

Humanity has been able to transform, to pollute, but never to suppress His holy name.

The Universe manifests Him in the order, the harmony, the intelligence of its motions and of its laws.

He who can deny God on a starry night, or beside the graves of his dearest ones, or in the presence of martyrdom, is greatly unhappy or greatly wicked.

The first atheist was doubtless a man who had hidden a crime from all other men and sought by denying God to rid himself of the only witness from whom he could not hide it, and to suffocate the remorse which tormented him.

Perhaps he was a tyrant who had stolen half the soul of his brothers from them with their freedom, and who tried to substitute the worship of brute force for faith in duty and in Eternal Right.

After him there came now and again, from century to century, men whom philosophical aberration led to insinuate atheistic doctrines; but they were very few, and much ashamed.

Then in days not long ago there came a multitude who, irritated by a false and stupid idea of God which some caste or tyrannic power had set up for its own advantage, denied God Himself; but it was for an instant only, and during that instant their need of a divinity was so great that they had to worship the goddess Reason, the goddess Nature.

Today there are men who abhor all religion because they see the corrup-

From his *Essays*

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Unless one becomes childlike in faith, it is difficult to realise God. If the mother says to the child, "He is your brother", the child fully believes that the person referred to is really its brother. If the mother says, "Don't go there, there is a bogy," the child is indeed convinced that there is a bogy. God is moved to pity when He sees in a man that kind of childlike faith. None can attain God with the calculating nature of the worldly-minded.

—Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.

tion in actual creeds, and do not divine the purity of those of the future; but not one among them dares to call himself an atheist.

There are priests who prostitute the name of God to venal calculations, or to fear of the powerful; there are tyrants who blaspheme it by invoking it as the protector of their tyranny.

But because the light of the su comes to us often dimmed and cloud ed by foul vapours, shall we deny th existence of the sun and the vivifyin power of its rays upon the universe

Because out of liberty wicked me sometimes produce anarchy, shall w curse liberty?

Faith in God burns with an im mortal light through all the lies an corruption with which men have dark ened His name.

Lies and corruption pass away, a tyrannies pass away; God remains and the People remains, God's imag upon earth.

Even as the People, through slavery suffering, and poverty, conquers, ste by step, conscience, strength, emanc pation, so out of the ruins of corru systems of religion the holy name o God arises resplendent, surrounded b a purer, a more fervent, and mor rational worship.

We who have seen Italia in the throes,
Half risen but to be hurled to the ground, and now,
Like a ripe field of wheat where once drove plough
All bounteous as she is fair, we think of those
Who blew the breath of life into her frame:
Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi: three:
Her Brain, her Soul, her Sword; and set her free
From ruinous discords, with one lustrous aim.

—George Meredith.

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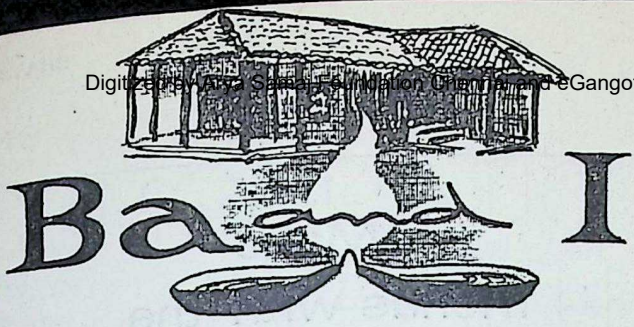

Bapu

Mahatma Gandhi

[At 7-45 p.m. on February 22, 1944, Kasturba passed away on Gandhiji's lap during their detention at Aga Khan Palace, Poona].

"I cannot imagine life without Ba. I had always wished her to go in my hands so that I would not have to worry as to what will become of her when I am no more. But she was an indivisible part of me. Her passing away has left a vacuum which will never be filled. How God has tested my faith!....And she passed away in my lap! Could it be better? I am happy beyond measure."

—Mahatma Gandhi

It seems to me that the root cause which attracted the public to Kasturba was her ability to lose self in me.

She never insisted on this self-abnegation. She developed this quality on her own.

At first I did not even know that she had it in her.

Accordingly to my earlier experience, she was very obstinate. In spite of all my pressure she would do as she wished. This led to short or long periods of estrangement between us.

But as my public life expanded, my wife bloomed forth and deliberately lost herself in my work.

As time passed, I and my service of the people became one. She slowly merged herself in my activities.

Perhaps Indian soil loves this quality most in a wife.

Be it as it may, to me this seems to be foremost reason for her popularity.

What developed the self-abnegation in her to the highest level was our brahmacharya.

The latter turned out to be more natural for her than for me.

She was not aware of it at first. I made a resolve and Ba, as she was affectionately called, accepted it as her own. Thenceforward we became true friends.

From 1906, really speaking from 1901, Ba had no other interest in staying with me except to help me in my work. She could not live away from me.

She would have had no difficulty, if she had wished, in staying away from me. But as a woman and wife she considered it her duty to lose herself in me ever after.

She did not cease looking after me till her last breath.

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the core of DEMOCRATIC FAITH

Earl Attlee

[Earl Attlee, a distinguished world statesman and former Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, is currently on a visit to this country.]

> We have to stand for those whose freedom is threatened all over the world. We have to fight for the freedom of the human spirit. I believe that everyone of us knows what is the thing of most value in life, what we prize above anything else. Life without liberty is not worth living. Let us go forward and win that liberty and establish that liberty for ever on the sure foundation of social justice.
>
> —Earl Attlee.

UR Western civilisation has been built up in the main on the acceptance of the moral rds of Christianity. Even those nd themselves unable to accept in dogma accept in the main ical standards. In our everyday ourse we assume that most men nest, truthful and kindly, and in al we are not disappointed. We t expect that we shall be viol- attacked or maltreated by our ours. This mutual confidence is undation of a civilised peaceful

no time in history have these rds been fully maintained in lations between States. There always been those who have been ed to put apparent national in- s before moral principles, but ave done it shamefacedly.

s essential to remember that civi- ion takes long to build and is destroyed. Brutality is infec-

ristianity affirms the value of individual soul.

Labour Party owes its inspiration not to some economic doctrine or to some theory of class domination. It has always based its propaganda on ethical principles. We believe that every individual should be afforded the fullest opportuntiy for developing his or her personality. The founder of our Party, Keir Hardie, always made his appeal on moral grounds. He believed that the evils of society were due to the failure to put into practice the principles of the brotherhood of man.

The struggle for the freedom of the individual soul takes different forms

From a broadcast.

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at various periods. In Britain we achieved freedom of conscience, dom of thought, freedom of and action within the law, for workers to combine together. are victories which we will not to be reversed, but the fight for dom continues.

We are fighting the battle of sation against barbarism. To do successfully we must bring to our the spiritual forces in all coun We must see to it that in this co we do not allow the evil things we fight to master our own souls. aims must be such as commend to the conscience of mankind. If seek a peace wherein moral princ are to prevail, we must carry out principles ourselves. If we are scious all the time that our pra is not in accordance with our pre we shall be weakened.

If we want to persuade others we wish for a world free from perialist domination, we must put selves right. We must press for the policy of extending self-go ment wherever that is practic We must rid ourselves of any tai imperialism. Only so can we put selves into a position to ask fo world organised on the democra principle.

But it is not enough to put practice moral principles in our tions with those outside our own b daries. We have to moralise our s relations at home.

If we really believe in the supr value of every human individual, this is the core of our democra faith, we must change a syste society which does not express thi its institutions.

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ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

THE NATURE OF ATMAN

Learning about the arrival of Bharata, Sage Vasishtha went to the palace, accompanied by ministers, where he saw Bharata weeping. Vasishtha therefore consoled Bharata saying that King Dasaratha had departed after living a full life and was presently sharing half the seat with Devendra. He added:

तं शोचसि वृथैव त्वमशोच्यं मोक्षभाजनम् ।
आत्मा नित्योऽव्ययः शुद्धो जन्मनाद्यादिवर्जितः ॥

"You are unnecessarily grieving over what you ought not to be sorry for; his (Dasaratha's) is a liberated soul. Atman or the soul is eternal; it is indestructible; pure; it has neither birth nor death (and the like).

शरीरं जडमत्यर्थमपवित्रं क्षिनश्वरम् ।
विचार्यमाण शोकस्य नावकाशः कथञ्चन॥

"Body is inert; exceedingly unholy; decaying. When you look at it in this light, there is no room at all for lamentation (at death).

पिता वा तनयो वापि यदि मृत्युवशं गतः ।
मूढास्तमनुशोचन्ति स्वात्मताडनपूर्वकम् ॥

"Be it one's father or son that is dead; only fools lament over him beating their breasts.

निःसारे खलु संसारे वियोगो ज्ञानिनां यदा ।
भवेद्वैराग्यहेतुः स शान्तिसौख्यं तनोति हि ॥

"(On the contrary) to Gnanis (who know life to be without substance) berievement in this worthless life should help develop *vairagya;* and indeed it does bring about the ineffable peace (of mind).

जन्मवान् यदि लोकेऽस्मिन् तर्हि तं मृत्युरन्वगात् ।
तस्मादपरिहार्योऽयं मृत्युर्जन्मवतां सदा ॥

"Once taken birth in this world, death will surely follow. Therefore, for embodied beings death can never be averted.

स्वकर्मवशतः सर्वजन्तूनां प्रभवाप्ययौ ।
विजानन्नपि अविद्वान्यः कथं शोचति बान्धवान् ॥

"Even a layman knows that these (life and death) flow out of one's past Karma; therefore how can even he grieve over the death of a relative?

ब्रह्माण्डकोट्यो नष्टाः सृष्टयो बहुशो गताः।
शुष्यन्ति सागराः सर्वे कैवास्था क्षणजीविते॥

"Crores of Macrocosms have dissolved; innumerable creations have gone by; all the great oceans will dry up one day. Why then lay any store by this fleeting life?

चलपत्रान्तलग्नाम्बुबिन्दुवत् क्षणभङ्गुरम् ।
आयुस्त्यजत्यवेलायां कस्तत्र प्रत्ययस्तव ।

"Life is as unstable as a particle of water deposited on a trembling leaf and it departs at most unexpected

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times (as in childhood death). (When that is the case) how is it that you repose faith (in it)?

देही प्राक्तनदेहोत्थकर्मणा देहवान् पुनः।
तद्देहोत्थेन च पुनरेवं देहः सदात्मनः॥

"Atman enters a body dependent upon his actions in a previous birth; he will occupy another body based on actions of this body and so on *ad infinitum*.

यथा त्यजति वै जीर्णं वासो गृह्णाति नूतनम्।
तथा जीर्णं परित्यज्य देही देहं पुनर्नवम्॥

"Just as (we) discard torn clothes and wear new ones, so does Atman cast away an impaired body and enter a new one again.

भजत्येव सदा तत्र शोकस्यावसरः कुतः।
आत्मा न म्रियते जातु जायते न च वर्धते॥

"Inasmuch at Atman forsooth neither dies nor is born nor grows but continues to exist for ever, where is the occasion for sorrow?

षड्भावरहितोऽनन्तः सत्यप्रज्ञानविग्रहः।
आनन्दरूपो बुद्ध्यादिसाक्षी लयविवर्जितः॥
एक एव परो ह्यात्मा ह्यद्वितीयः समः स्थितः।
इत्यात्मानं दृढं ज्ञात्वा त्यक्त्वा शोकं कुरु क्रियाम्॥

"Devoid of the six-fold characters (*see last issue*) Atman is endless; an embodiment of truth and wisdom; bliss incarnate; witness to all mental functions; non-decaying; the only one; supreme; without a second and resides equally in all. Knowing firmly Atman to be like this, give up sorrow and perform the rites."

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krishnavatara

PART I

16.

'Stand Up, Garuda'

VAINATEYA lay huddled up in a corner of the hut. With a heart-break, he heard the joyous shouts of his people as they welcomed the new guests whom his father was meeting in the open space on which the huts of the chief's family abutted. He lay helplessly on a bed of dry grass and peeped out of a hole in the bamboo wall of the hut to see whether he could catch a glimpse of the guests.

Vainateya, that was the name derived from his mother Vinata, was the eldest son of the chief. Five years ago he had been a bright Garuda, the hope of his father and their tribe, brave, intelligent and buoyant, excelling every young Garuda, running up and down the Gomantak Hill. The whole tribe had then looked upon him with pride as its future chief.

Then the bright-eyed young Garuda, who jumped from crag to crag if he was flying, became seriously ill. For days he lay in bed, groaning, tossing in high fever. When the fever came down, his legs were paralysed. He was a cripple and was no longer what he was. All his bright world of hope was destroyed; his sunny temper was overclouded.

As months followed months and the hope of recovery was given up, Vainateya developed a deep melancholy. He felt it a torture to lie huddled up in bed all the time to be lifted from place to place only on occasions.

On the craggy heights of Gomantak and in the forests which surrounded it, the ability to run and to jump, to shoot at birds with flint-tipped arrows, to race with wild beasts, was

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sport but a necessity. Whoever
d not do so was looked upon as
ed by the gods. Vainateya there-
could not bear to see himself
ed upon with pity. It was galling
see that his own father, once so
ld of him, looked upon him with
empt. He had sensed that the chief
ashamed to have as his son a
rable creature cursed by the gods.
brothers, who used to look up to
as a leader, now thought of him
a nuisance. No one wanted him.
s bitter conviction poisoned his

Day after day Vainateya would
am of the sunny days hat he had
t in the forests, of the moonlit
ts when at the head of his com-
ions, he had jumped from crag to
leading the game of playing at
es. For the tribe of Garuds thought that all its members were born of the spirit of Suparna, the golden eagle, their divine guardian. Often in a waking dream, he would see himself running, jumping, racing down the Hill on swift foot, covering the distance from Gomantak to Karvirpur and back on a single night. But now even those dreams had ceased to be vivid. If at all he dreamt of those experiences, it left him shivering with a devastating sense of helplessness.

When the sun set every evening, he looked forward to those dreams though they left him more miserable than he was during the day. When the sun rose, he had to prepare himself to face neglect, contempt, sneers, whispers, which were always aimed at his helplessness.

The proud spirit of Vainateya was crushed. He wanted to die rather than

...stand up, Garuda!...

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live as a contemptible heap of bones, cared for by none. Often he had thought of dragging himself to the precipice and taking the fatal jump into the sea. But every time the will failed him. Then he heard of the arrival of Sage Parashurama to Gomantak with two young strangers. Since he had become a cripple, the only visitor whom he saw occasionally was the sage when he visited the Hill—and that too at a distance. When the sage came, everyone rushed forward to greet him enthusiastically, and no one cared for the poor helpless Vainateya.

All the members of the family were excited about the new visitors. He had never seen a fair person except Parashurama and his pupils. But these were princes, they said, very handsome and very kind. His heart was gripped by despair, though it an unfamiliar thrill of excite about the stories he heard about t princes. Soon he began to ask h self the questions: Would he be to see them? Would they come to m him?

He heard everyone talking bre lessly outside the hut. Yes, they talking of the new visitors. How wished he could go out and meet th But he was a pitiable creature. E if he could beg his father to b them to him and even if he agr to bring them, which was doub they would look upon him—the h less cripple—with pity. And he w ed no one to pity him; that hurt more, driving him to spend slee nights in sobbing out his sense of solation.

Every Garuda was happy outsid hut. He hunted day after day bows and arrows fitted with flint roamed over the hill whenever could, danced at night to the throb music of the war-drums, ran down hill and raced to the distant Ka pur to get some necessities or to c destruction to some neighbouring tile tribes. He, Vainateya, was de these joys. His corner of the hut all his world; all he could do s times was to slither towards the and watch the birds hopping from to tree. And now he could not go out and see the new visitors.

He heard loud jubilant shouts. visitors were coming towards the He wanted to see them through hole in the thatched wall, but c only see four legs—two heavy muscles, two well-formed and, Alas! If the gods had not been a

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would have been walking with em. But that good fortune was never ing to be his. He glanced at his m legs and shivered with disgust. Mother came in for feeding him. e lived in the inner compartment the hut and was the only person o cared for him. But even she at mes became irritated with his help- ssness and wished herself dead. Now e was very excited. 'The two visi- rs are wonderful. One—they call m Balaram—is a giant, bigger than yone you could think of. When he ughs, you hear the sky thundering. e other—the younger one—is by r the most wonderful human being have seen. They call him Vaasu- eva. He is bluish in colour—almost y like. You could never think that yone could have such a colour. And e smiles, oh, so beautifully. He pat- d every child on the head. He smil- d at me also. Your father says he ust be a god to be so nice looking nd so kind. Some day, my son, I will ring him to you, she said and added, We have prepared three nice huts for em on the great rock, just facing the ea.'

Vainateya's eyes were filled with ears. Such a fine young man, who as like a god, would never come and mile at him and say a few words to im. At the most he would say a word f sympathy. And he was sick of peo- le's sympathy; that meant that he as not one of them but something ar, far different from others—some- hing useless.

'I don't want to see him,' he mut- ered resentfully. He turned his face o the wall. His throat was choking ith tears.

When his mother left, the sun was setting. Soon it would be time for everyone to go to sleep. He tried to sleep, but could not even close his eyes. He wanted to see the two god-like men whom everyone else, except him, had seen and admired. But he would never see them—no, never—as others see them.

Vainateya sobbed for a while in the solitary hut. Then he dozed off out of sheer exhaustion. After a little while, he woke up. His mind began to work impatiently. It conjured up the sky-blue young man who was like a god —with a smile 'oh so wonderful,' his mother had said. He patted every child, she had said. Would he ever come to him and pat him on the back? How was that possible? If he at all came to him, he would only pat him out of charity, not of love. All people thought he had been cursed by the gods, though he knew he was cleverer than most people. But it must have been so, he thought; otherwise why should he alone, among all the swift-footed young Garuds, be not able to jump from crag to crag?

The fact was that he was a cripple, Vainateya bitterly thought, and always he was going to be one, and he would never see the princes whom everyone admired, greeting them by joyous shouts. But, why can't he see the sky-coloured prince whom they called Krishna?

As he tossed about in his bed of dry grass, an idea slowly formed in his mind. He, the cripple, would go and see him. Yes, that was clever. He *must* see him. Yes, he will see him, whatever the cost.

Vainateya tried to sleep, but do

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what he could, sleep would not come to him. His imagination was on fire. It tried to see a sky-blue prince with a wonderful smile, who looked like a god, but it failed. He had never seen such a person. He and his people were dark, and none of them he knew could smile the way Vaasudeva did on all accounts.

Vainateya was tired of thinking of the prince who was like a god. He had never seen a god, maybe Krishna was not like a god, but a god himself. He must, therefore, see him—and that too as early as possible.

Yes, it was a moonlit night and he could slither to the hut on the great rock near the sea. But how could he? For years he had never slithered such a long distance; the utmost he could do was to pull himself out of the hut and lie gazing at the tree-tops as they swayed in the breeze. Snakes and wild beasts also made the forest paths dangerous to go by at night. How could he, a cripple, go and see the prince who was like a god? But his heart cried out: 'You must go and see him. Don't lose any time. Perhaps the young guest might go away the next day and you would never have a chance to see him.'

Vainateya, with an effort of his arms, sat up. The moolight was everywhere over the Hill, as he could see from the half-open door—on the forest path, on the trees, on the leaves as they swayed in the breeze. He pressed his lips, rested his elbows on the ground and pulled himself out of the bed. His paralysed leg slithered along.

He gained the door. Everything was quiet. He waited for a while to

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bout whether his mother was awak-
ed by his movement. No, she was
oping soundly in the next room. He
ade another attempt to pull him-
lf out of the door, and his legs fol-
wed him. He looked at the Moon
oddess; she was smiling encourag-
gly at him.

A doubt assailed him. How could
e slither all the way to the precipice
d the sea? He had not the strength
pull himself all the way. He simply
uld not do it.

However, he *must* see the young
an who was like a god, whatever
ppens. If he died on the way, that
uld be an end of him. He would
ve release from this wretched lot
which he had been condemned.
hen perhaps his spirit would jump
out the Hill as his body had never
en able to do. Anyway that would
e a happier change.

He slithered forward on the path
hich led to the precipice which over-
ng the sea. His hands, never hav-
g been used to carry him over for-
t paths, were soft, and as he made
s way, stones and thorns cut into
em. He lay quiet for a while, tired
d panting, removed some thistles
hich had clung to his body and look-
d at the Moon Goddess. The God-
ss was smiling encouragingly. Per-
ps she would help, thought Vaina-
ya. Perhaps she would ask the prince
ho was a god to meet him half-way.
Perhaps, she would not, for the Moon
oddess would like to test his deter-
ination to go to the hut on the pre-
ice near the sea.

Vainateya gathered his strength
gain and began to slither forward,
opping out of breath, resting and then
ing off now and again, rubbing off the thistles and removing the thorns from time to time as he went forward. As he was going along, he saw some wild beast glaring at him from behind a hedge. He trembled in every limb; he thought he would be killed, but the beast took to its heels. The Moon Goddess had protected him, or perhaps Vaasudeva, who, as his father had said, was a god.

A little further he saw a snake winding its way along the path. He was frightened again. But he thought Vaasudeva might come to his help if he was a real god. He lay still, calling upon the sky-blue god to save him and closed his eyes, expecting to be bitten the next moment. But the snake went past him without turning to him. He was saved! The prince must be a god, Vainateya thought.

After this miraculous escape, Vainateya felt a buoyancy he had not felt for years. Whatever happened now, this adventure of his was worth undertaking. He felt sure that the young god was calling him. And with new strength he started again on his laborious journey. His progress was very slow. The path was now stony and his hands and his body were bleeding at places. But he did not mind. The Moon Goddess was now disappearing below the sea and Aruna—the morning star—had risen in the east. It was a good sign, Vainateya thought. Aruna was the god of his tribe, being the elder brother of Suparna, the great Garuda of the golden wings, the divine father of his tribe.

Now Vainateya was crawling up the precipice. He felt the cool breeze of the sea and felt revived. He could

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see the three huts which had been constructed for the guests. He knew that the third one was empty, for the mighty Parashurama, whom his father called the Master, had left Gomantak the day before.

Vainateya made a final effort to pull himself over the plateau of the precipice. He strained his strength almost to the breaking point to lift himself. But his hand slipped. He lost his hold and fell into a pit, a huddled heap. A piteous moan escaped him, and then he began to cry. He would not be able to see the god and must lie there till someone found him during the day or he must lie there unnoticed, then die.

The dawn was breaking, when he saw a giant shadow on the precipice with a big bamboo in his hand. Vainateya lay still in spite of the pain his fall had caused him. Someone had been attracted by his moans and that one would surely kill him thinking he was some prowling beast.

The shadow shouted at him in a strange tongue and a fearsome voice. Vainateya held his breath. This man with the fearful voice might jump at any moment into the pit and break his head, and soon he would be dead. Oh, if he could only see the young god before he died!

The dawn was now over the sky and the earth, and the shadow turned into a stalwart young man, who was trying to probe into the tall dried grass with the pole he had in hand near where he lay. As the bamboo thrust in the dried grass hit him, a moan escaped him.

Suddenly he saw the hand of the tall young man arrested by another person, whom Vainateya could not see. But he felt sure that it was the prince who was a god, whom he had come to see. 'Oh! If I could see him once—once daily before I die,' he muttered and became unconscious.

Vainateya regained consciousness. Someone was cleaning the dirt from his body and washing his bleeding wounds—someone who had a very soft hand. His whole body was aching and was smarting at places. He slowly opened his eyes a little. He saw a young man looking at him. He was the god! The sky-blue skin, the compassionate smile, the long curly hair falling over the shoulders—there was no mistaking them.

He opened his eyes and looked at the handsome face eagerly. And the god smiled. His eyes, full of love, were enveloping him with a tenderness which he had never seen in any one before. He knew now that this was his journey's happy end. He had found the god who loved him—him, who was an unhappy helpless cripple, whom no one cared for. He closed his eyes. Now he could die happily. He stretched his bleeding hands and clung to the god's feet.

'You are my last refuge,' Vainateya muttered and fainted.

Vainateya did not know how long after he regained consciousness. Now he heard familiar voices: his father talking excitedly to his uncle; his uncle, who knew the young man's language a little, trying to talk to him with some effort; his mother interrupting them in a voice choked with fears. And a pleasant voice—it must be that of the sky-blue god,—speak-

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in a language which his uncle only derstood a little.

Vainateya opened his eyes and look- at his father, the great chief of the be. He shivered. His father was w scowling at him. 'Why did you n away, you fool? We all got so xious about you.' Vainateya knew at his father always despised him r being a cripple and therefore a ot on the proud family of the chief, ery member of which was expected outrun every other member of the be.

'How did you come here all the ay, you mad fellow?' asked his uncle. His mother added in a kindly voice: You are bruised all over the body, oy.'

All exultation went out of Vaina- ya's heart. He had not died on the way as he thought he would, and now e would be taken back to his corner f the hut to wait for death; that was orse than death. His father extend- d a hand for him to take up and ith its aid to lift himself to a sitting osture, but he turned away from the roffered hand. Clasping it would be o go back to his old misery, never erhaps to see the god again. In ill- onceived fear of the prospect, he rned away from his father and look- d at the god, whom his uncle had een addressing respectfully as Vaa- udeva.

Vaasudeva was smiling at him fond- y. It was a smile of affection which o one had wasted on him for years. No, no, no. He did not want to go ack to his corner to be neglected, neered at, scowled at. He would live ere with this god or die.

He lifted himself on one elbow and

RESULTS OF ONE ACT SOCIAL PLAY COMPETITION

We have pleasure in announcing the results of the above Competition:

1st Prize Rs. 250|- to { **K. Raja Rao, Bangalore, for his play "THE ACCUSED".**

2nd Prize Rs. 150|- to { **R. Kesavamurthi, Varanasi, for his play "PEDDI".**

3rd Prize Rs. 100|- to { **T. Rajagopalan, Jangaon, for his play "CHARUMATI".**

We take this opportunity of acknowledging our grateful thanks to the eminent judges: Kulapati K. M. Munshi, Sri Harindranath Chattopadhyaya, Smt. Enakshi Bhavnani, Sri Premnath and Dr. A. K. Das Gupta who, despite their heavy pre-occupations, had scrutinised all the entries very carefully and adjudicated on their merits.

The first prize-winning drama will be published in the next issue.

—Editor.

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clung to Krishna's legs with the other arm, looking up to him plaintively. Krishna bent down and, supporting the cripple by an arm, helped him to sit up.

'Garuda, don't you want to go with the noble chief?' asked Krishna. His uncle translated the question to him.

'No, no. I want to stay with you,' said Vainateya. He heard all his people laughing at his stupid words and felt crushed, and fearing that Krishna would send him away, clung to his legs tightly.

'Vaasudeva, Vainateya says that he wants to stay with you,' translated his uncle. 'He is a little mad,' he added apologetically. 'You can't be troubled with a cripple.'

Krishna bent down further and enveloped Vainateya in his arms.

'Will you stay with me, Garuda?' asked Krishna.

His uncle translated the question to young Garuda, who broke into tears. 'How can I? I am a cripple,' he said as he sobbed. 'But—but, I have no one in the world but you,' he broke down completely. His father, mother and others of his people laughed at this silly reply, when it was translated to Krishna.

Krishna looked tenderly at young Garuda. 'And I am yours, Garuda. Who says that you are a cripple?' he asked, and the uncle translated his exact words.

In reply young Garuda looked tragically at his paralysed leg and hung down his head, as tears rolled down his cheeks.

'Are you going to keep this cripple with us, Krishna?' asked Balaram.

'Of course, I am,' Krishna said and Balaram threw up his hands in despair.

'You are not a cripple,' said Krishna and pulled up young Garuda.

Young Garuda looked at Krishna who spoke with authority, and a magic vigour coursed through his veins as he felt somehow that he could not but obey the god.

'Get up and stand on your legs,' commanded Krishna.

Everyone looked in surprise. Young Garuda did not understand the words but understood their significance. He tried to move his legs.

Krishna pulled him up. 'Stand up, Garuda.'

Young Garuda looked at Krishna worshipfully. The voice of quiet command gave him confidence. Supported by Krishna, he stood up.

'Now come with me,' said Krishna.

Unable to think what he was doing, he took a step.

His people dazed at what they saw, looked at Krishna with silent awe, as Krishna, supporting young Garuda, led him to take steps for the first time in years.

A triumphant smile was on the emaciated face of Vainateya as it lit up with a new brightness. Then the silence was broken. Young Garuda's mother rushed forward and sobbing with delight fell at the feet of Krishna.

[To be continued]

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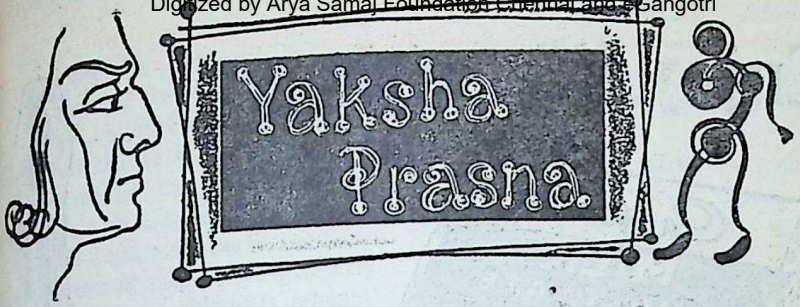

10

K. BALASUBRAMANIA AIYAR

THE Yaksha next asks the following questions:

कथं स्यात् पुरुषः कथं राष्ट्रं मृतं भवेत्।
कथं मृतं कथं वा स्यात् कथं यज्ञो मृतो भवेत्॥

How will one be considered as dead? When will a Kingdom be considered as dead? When will a Sraddha be considered as dead? When will a sacrifice, Yagna be considered as dead?

Yuthistira replies thus:

यो दरिद्रः पुरुषः मृतं राष्ट्रं अराजकम्।
तं अश्रोत्रियं श्राद्धं मृतो यज्ञस्त्वदक्षिणः॥

A person stricken with poverty may be considered as dead. A country without a government may be considered as dead. A sraddha performed without men versed in the Vedas may be considered as dead. A yagna (sacrifice) without dakshina or remuneration to the ritviks may be considered as dead.

Neelakanta in his commentary interprets the word daridra to mean a person who, though possessing riches, will not spend or give i.e. a miser such a person will be of no help to society. A country without a sovereign or government will greatly suffer from anarchy. No trade or other peaceful activity or prosperity will be found there. Hence Dharmaputra says that a country in the above conditions may be considered as practically dead. The condition of the people in a country without a sovereign or sovereign government is forcefully depicted in the Ramayana, Ayodhyakanda, 67th Sarga. The Slokas which begin with the words:

नाराजके जनपदे।

describe the deplorable conditions of the citizens in such a country. In a country without the sovereign, says Valmiki, there will be no rain, and there will be no sowing of seeds in the land and the people will be in distress. In this way there is a powerful picture given of anarchy that prevails in society, in all departments of activity and the description ends with the following stanza:

अहो तम इवेदं स्यात न प्रज्ञायेत किंचन।
राजा चेन्न भवेल्लोके विभजन् साध्वसाधुनि॥

"O! There will be darkness here. Nothing will be known if there is no

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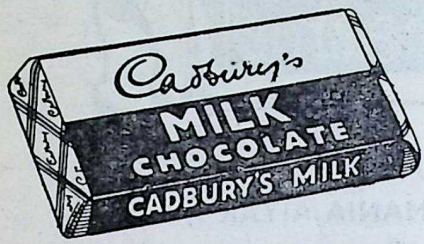
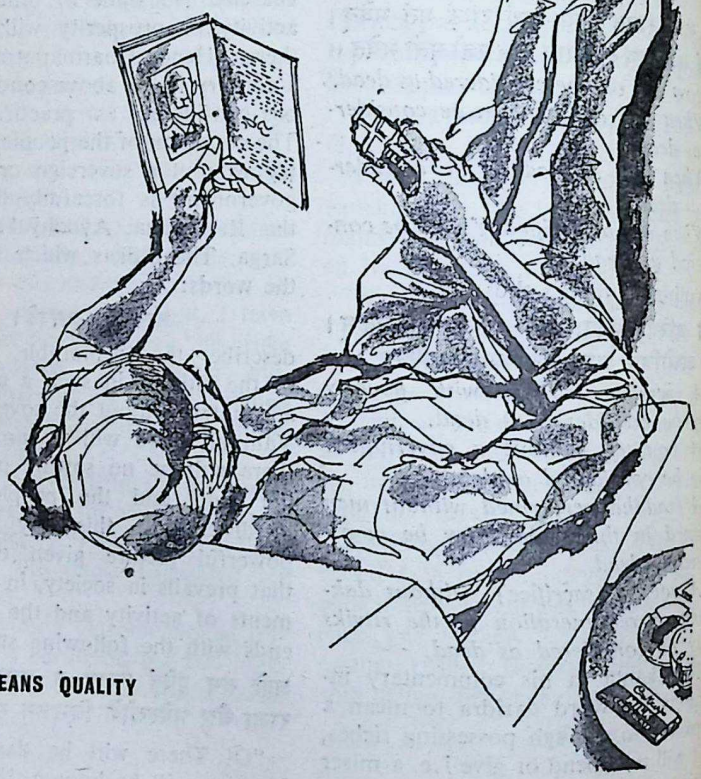
Enjoy life with



more than a sweet...a food!



CADBURY MEANS QUALITY

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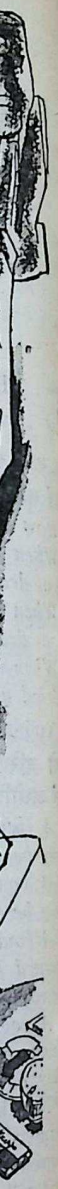

...reign in the world discriminating ...ween right and wrong." Now-...ays instead of 'sovereign', we will ...e to say "a stable government." ...e can well realise the truth of this ...en we consider the political situa... in Laos and Congo.

A sraddha ceremony performed for ...'s ancestors is said to be properly ...e and will have religious efficacy ...propitiating the *pithrs*, only when ...ople learned in the Vedas are in... ...ed to officiate in the sraddha in the ...ce of Visvedevas, Pithr, Pitha... ...ha, Prapitamahas and Vishnu.

Persons devoid of Veda-adhyayana ...e unfit to officiate in the sraddha ...remony. This is clearly laid down ...y Manu in the 3rd Adhyaya, 168th ...oka:

...ह्मणस्त्वनधीयान स्तृणाग्निरिव शाम्यति।
...स्मै हव्यं न दातव्यं न हि भस्मनि हूयते॥

The person who is not learned in Vedas or who has not studied the Vedas is like grass in a fire, extinct soon. To him the *havya* should not be given because in ashes no *homa* can be done.'

There can be no yagna without the ...tviks and it is necessary that the ...tviks should be given proper re... ...uneration. This remuneration in ...agna is called Dakshina. Without ...uch remuneration the mantras which ...have to be meticulously pronounced ...and intoned will not have the desired ...effect and, in order to make the rit... ...iks do this efficiently, they should be ...properly rewarded.

In the Sabdakalpadruma, the word Dhakshina is derived thus:

दक्षते इति दक्षिणा

The verb Dhaksha means *vriddhi* or increase of efficacy and it is considered as *yagnapatni* or wife of yagna. The following Vedic text is authority for this statement:

यज्ञो गन्धर्वस्तस्य दक्षिणा अप्सरसः

This idea has been woven into poetry by Kalidasa in his *Raghuvamsa*:

तस्य दाक्षिण्यरूढेन नाम्नामगधवंशजा।
पत्नी सुदक्षिणेत्यासीत् अध्वरस्येव दक्षिणा॥

"Born in the Maghada family, his wife was known as Sudakshina by this well-known appellation of Dakshinya just as Dakshina is of the Yagna." In this sloka, the poet has referred to the different meanings of the word 'Dakshina' when applied to the king's wife Sudakshina and when used in connection with yagna. It has then the meaning which has been above referred to, namely, increase of efficacy.

दक्षते वर्धते

This is also based upon a Vedic text.

तेऽदक्षन्त दक्षिणां प्रतिगृह्य

"Receiving the Dakshina they increase in efficacy." From all these references, it will be clear that without the Dakshina the yagna may be considered as practically useless.

The Yaksha further asks as follows:

का दिक् किमुदकं प्रोक्तं किमन्नं किंचवै विषम्।
श्राद्धस्य कालमाख्याहि ततः पिब हरस्व च॥

What constitutes the way?
What has been spoken as water?
What is food? and
What is poison?
Tell me what is the proper time for Sraddha? Then drink and take away water.

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Dharmaputra answered thus:

सन्तो दिक् जलमाकाशं गौरन्नं प्रार्थना विषम्।
श्राद्धस्य ब्राह्मणः कालः कथं वा यक्ष मन्यसे॥

The way is the good.

Akasa or space is spoken of as water.

The cow is mentioned as food.

Wants are poison.

Meeting a man learned in the Veda is the proper time for Sraddha.

What do you think?

Neelakanta interprets the word Dik as:

दिशति उपदिशतीति दिक्; उपदेष्टारइत्यर्थः namely, those who instruct. It really meant those who show the way. In the Mahabharata Vanaparva there is a sloka:

वेदा विभिन्नाः स्मृतयो विभिन्नाः
नासौ मुनिर्यस्य मतं नभिन्नम्।
धर्मस्य तत्त्वं निहितं गुहायां
महाजनो येन गतः स पन्थाः॥

"The Vedas are diverse. The smrithis are different. There is no sage whose view is not different from that of another. The principle of Dharma is concealed in the innermost recess. What the good have followed, is the way." This sloka shows the truth of the statement of Yudhishtira that the way is shown by the good. What is spoken of as water in the Vedas and Upanishads, treating about cosmogony or creation is really Akasa or space.

[*To be continued*]

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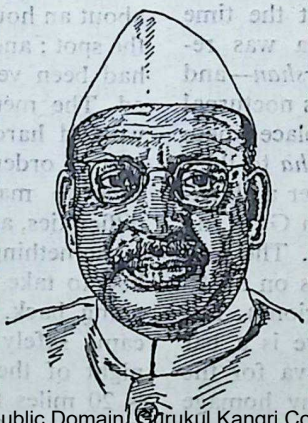
Pilgrimage to KEDAR and BADRI

SRI PRAKASA

[*Continued from last issue*]

ORIGINALLY I had scheduled to be in Badrinath only for a day. I had heard so much of the Valley of Flowers that I was anxious to pay it a visit if at all possible. Unfortunately urgent wireless messages started reaching me that the road between Deoprayag and Rishikesh had absolutely broken down since we traversed it on the outward journey, and it would not be available for our return for about a month. The road between Joshimath and Pipalkoti was also reported to be in a bad condition. I feared, therefore, that instead of travelling back via Rishikesh and Hardwar, I might have to make a detour from Srinagar, and go on to Pauri, Kotdwara and Najibabad, and take the train thence. I also feared that I might be held up and be unable to use jeeps after Joshimath, and might have to make the journey on foot or horse or *dandi* instead. I, therefore, decided to cut out the Valley of Flowers. I felt disappointed, but there was no help. On the good principle of "sour grapes", I also solaced myself on the strength of stray messages that reached me that the rains had killed off all the flowers, and there were none visible in the valley. We had seen plenty of beautiful banks of flowers in great array on the mountain sides, on our way to Kedarnath, and people told me that the Valley could not have better ones than these; and that because some English lady had happened to see the Valley and made it known, we were all also unnecessarily running after it. I cannot say. This visit which was to have taken three days, was, any way, cancelled, however much I regretted to do so. I had already saved one day at Rudraprayag. I had, therefore, four days in hand. I found that I could afford two out of these for a further stay at Badrinath, and thus I fulfilled the usual custom of staying there for three nights. The extra two days I kept for possible stoppages and delays on the way, whether I came via Najibabad or Hardwar. I was glad I stayed the conventional three days at Badrinath and was able to look round things.



Badrinath is a very big place now with many institutions. There was one of the Telugus under the auspices of the Vishishtadwait Ramanuja Sampradaya of Ahobal Math (Kurnool district, Andhra Pradesh) known

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प्रभावादद्भुताद्भूमेः सलिलस्यच तेजसः ।
परिग्रहान्मुनीनाञ्च तीर्थानां पुण्यता स्मृता ॥

Tirthas are said to be sanctified or considered holy by the great efficacy of earth, water, and fire and by the fact that munis or sages have lived there.—Shuddha Tattva

as Vadgal or Vadkalai. Curiously enough, my family also belongs to the same Sampradaya. I was therefore quite at home when at their invitation I paid them a visit at Badrinath. They have built up a nice and useful institution with a very large hall where they have their prayers and meetings. They have also constructed rooms which provide comparatively comfortable accommodation for visitors. I paid repeated visits to the Badrinath temple, and saw the worship of the deity Vishnu in the mornings and the evenings at the time of the *shringar* when he was properly decked up and decorated, and also at the time when all the paraphernalia was removed—called *nirvana darshan*—and he was bathed or left to his nocturnal repose. Badrinath is also a place where persons perform the *shraddha* to their ancestors. It is said that after a *shraddha* is performed here, as in Gaya, no further *shraddha* is needed. The soul attains beatitude and passes on swiftly to the higher *lokas* (regions). For some reason or other, there is a bar to our family going to Gaya for the purpose; and so I paid my homage to the memory of my own parents by performing their *shraddha* there. Badrinath has a beautiful setting, and the snow-clad mountains seen particularly in the Neelkanth gap are very beautiful indeed. The skies were clear when we got there, and so we saw Badrinath to the best advantage. There are very nice hot springs; and I took my daily bath in a tank of refreshing hot water. I could get into it, though I could not at the one I saw at Gaurikund on the Kedarnath route earlier. I enjoyed these baths very greatly. I was almost sorry to leave when at last I had to do so. Reaching there on September 11, we left the place on the morning of September 14, and traced our way back along the same route that we had traversed on our upward journey.

We spent the night of the 14th at Pandukeshwar, and on the 15th, at Pipalkoti, passing Joshimath in the middle of the day, where we took back our jeeps. We met serious obstructions between Joshimath and Pipalkoti. At one place, the road was blocked by huge boulders that had slipped from the mountain-side only about an hour or so before we reached the spot; and at another place the road had been very badly torn and tattered. The men in charge of the roads worked hard to bring them in some sort of order. Still how the jeeps were able to manage to surmount these difficulties, and bring us safely through is something I still wonder at. We had to take the risk for there was no going back. Luckily we took it, and came safely through. We passed the night of the 15th at Pipalkoti which is 20 miles from Joshimath, which in its turn is 20 miles from Badrinath.

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e next day, that is, September 16, reached Rudraprayag, also by ps, at a distance of 50 miles, and shed on soon afterwards to Sri-gar at a distance of another 20 les, and passed the night there. At draprayag, we were assured that road between Deoprayag and shikesh had been made jeepable, d so we cancelled our train arrange-nts from Najibabad and decided come back the same way we had e. The Government inspection ngalow at Srinagar is most de-htfully situated, and we had per-ps our best night halt there of all the long journey.

On the morning of the 17th, we t Srinagar, and came on to Rishi-sh at a distance of 68 miles. Be-een Deoprayag and Rishikesh, the ad at places was very bad indeed; t the Uttar Pradesh engineering ff was hard at work, and they made possible for us to pass through, ough not without some anxious mo-ents as the jeeps rolled along. At shikesh, the Baba Kala-kamli-wala ople gave us a very warm and thusiastic reception. Indeed this ba Kala-kamli-wala has left a great me behind, and has been very right-gratefully remembered by pilgrims r over 60 years. He is so called he used always to have a black nket—*kali kamli*—on his person. t was he who first thought of the ed of looking after pilgrims who ffered very greatly indeed in those ys. His movement deservedly caught , and things have considerably anged since his days. During this urney to Kedar and Badri, I saw any pilgrim shelters called *chattis*, in some of which my party and I also rested for a few short hours now and then. They can be very cooped and uncomfortable, and I can only imagine what our ancestors underwent in not only centuries but even decades past. Baba Kala-kamli-wala deserves our deep gratitude and admiration for all he did and strove to do, and for the legacy of noble endeavour he has left behind. A Temple Committee has also come into existence; Government have made jeepable roads; but still the Baba Kala-kamli-wala people play a very important role in the matter of the care and comfort of pilgrims. I received every assistance on their behalf all along the route to Kedar and Badri; and I cannot be sufficiently grateful to them for their courtesy and considerateness. We

Know that there must be manifestation of God in places where countless people have for long practised austerity, Japa, meditation, prayer and worship with a view to realise Him. Through their devotion, spiritual ideas are present in these places in a solidified form, as it were. Hence there man easily feels the awakening of spirituality and realises Him. From time immemorial, numberless Sadhus, devotees and men of realisation have come to these holy places to have a vision of God, and have prayed to Him with an outpouring of their hearts, setting aside all worldly desires. Therefore, though equally present everywhere, God manifests Himself specially in these places. Water can be had anywhere by digging into the earth. When, however, there is a well or a tank or a lake, one has not to dig for water, but can get it whenever one likes.

—Sri Ramakrishna

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spent a few hours at Rishikesh in their establishment enjoying their hospitality, and pushed on to Hardwar. I was thus able to complete the pilgrimage in 17 days which took—and continues to take for many—over 2 months, for it is not possible to do on an average, more than 7 to 8 miles a day on the long trek, up and down, of about 475 miles.

The two days that I had feared I might have to spend on the way because of bad roads, were actually saved, and these two we spent at Hardwar instead. I first went to Hardwar, as I have said before, in 1904 with my father. I tried to compare the Hardwar of that time to the present one. I could recognise but few places, for the city is completely changed, and numerous engineering projects are now visible which were nowhere then. The great educational institution of Swami Shraddhananda, Gurukul-Kangri, as well as Pandit Nardeva Shastri's Mahavidyalaya, flourish there. The flow of water at the famous Har-ki-pedi is now controlled, and bath there in the clear cool pool is as delightful as it ever was before. Extended platforms and numerous new houses on the riverside afford much comfort to the masses of pilgrims that always congregate at that holy place. The Uttar Pradesh Government are doing their best to provide for the convenience of pilgrims of this age-old route to Kedar and Badri. There is, however, still much to do. Most probably jeepable, if not motorable, roads will soon be available up to both Kedar and Badri; and there may be better housing accommodation than there is now all along the routes. At present, Government have constructed latrines and urinals at various places; and at various places on the stone slabs of the mountains, one finds inscribed in bold red letters, instructions by the roadside as to what one should or should not do. Pilgrims are very rightly warned against drinking water everywhere. They are told to drink water after boiling it, or only out of the pipes where they are available, considerately put up by Government, and supplying safe chlorinated water, and not from any stream that may be flowing. It is so difficult to resist the temptation of drinking any water that may be available as one feels completely parched, marching up the steep hills. Hill diarrhoea is the usual result.

Governmental instructions also tell the pilgrims of the necessity of inoculation against cholera which is compulsory, and of the beneficial uses of D.D.T. Numerous dispensaries are provided on the routes, and there are doctors to look after pilgrims. Useful instructions in social service are also given on behalf of the health department (Swastha Vibhag) of the Uttar Pradesh Government. Another necessary piece of advice is not to touch or smell unfamiliar leaves and weeds. Once, by inadvertence, I happened just to touch a leaf, and I felt as if ten thousand ants were biting my fingers though I saw none. I was told that the leaf was *bichchhu* (scorpion) leaf. I had an unpleasant sensation for quite twenty-four hours before it wore off. Evidently different parts of India have their prescribed seasons for visits to

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ese shrines. At the time I went, I et a number of pilgrims from Bihar, ast Uttar Pradesh and Nepal—Gaya, uzaffarpur, Chapra, Gorakhpur, asti and Kathmandu predominated. here were scarcely any from other arts. An elderly woman from the aya side was making her way pain-lly up a steep slope when I accosted er as I came down walking. The anner of wearing her *sari* told me at she came from that side. As I lked to her, she told me that she as feeling painfully tired for the lls were very steep. She seemed, owever, to be more concerned about e than about herself, and asked me hy I was not taking a *dandi* and alking instead. I was very greatly ouched, and told her where she hould rest for the night only a little rther up, and not go too far as it as already coming on to be evening. I did not see any Jhampans (a basket-ke contrivance in which a person its cross-legged, carried on shoulders f men), rather a well known means f transport in the earlier days, but here were a few *dandis* seen on the ay with their human freight. I also aw some *Kandis* in which I found omen being carried on backs of men. The passengers therein look backwards ll the time. The fatigue of the journey s so great that I fear few pilgrims eally enjoy the natural sights. Their ind is concentrated on their own hysical difficulties. I doubt also if any care to read—much less to ollow—the useful instructions regard-ng health inscribed throughout the oute for their edification and safety. Men still carry heavy loads on their acks though mules are quite popular or the purpose now.

Incidentally, enquiring how the names Badri and Kedar came into existence, I understood that at one time there used to be Badri fruit trees round the place commonly known in Hindi as Ber. It must have been a rare phenomenon having these tropical trees at such a height. None is left there now, but still the name of Badri persists. It cannot obviously have any reference to the Ber fruits first tasted by Sabari and then offered to Sri Ramachandra of the Ramayana story, for that incident obviously must have happened somewhere in the South. The temple of Badri is dedicated to Vishnu all the same; and we have Tulasi leaves that are everywhere offered to Him in worship, in abundance there which are not known in Kedar dedicated to Shiva to whom the Bilva or Bel leaves are supposed to be dear and acceptable. But here at this height, there is no Bilva either; and so *sthala-kamal*—sweet smelling light green coloured land lotus flowers —are offered to the God. These grow in crevices in the rocks, and have beautiful legends attached to them. Kedar is one of the names of Shiva and it also means "rock", as Shiva is in the form of an almost unhewn rock at Kedar. It may be mentioned hat there is a South Indian touch at Badri as worshippers are not permitted to enter the holy of holies or touch the image. The decorations and ceremonials are also very elaborate. In Kedar, however, during the morning worship, the pilgrim can go right inside and touch the deity, as is not uncommon for us to do in the North, and the evening ceremonies are also comparatively simple.

[To be continued]

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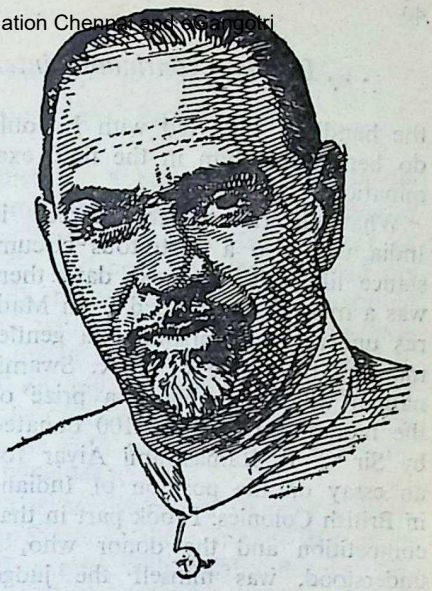
. . . The greatest of all lessons
is the lesson of humility . . .

What Life has Taught me



Sardar K. M. Panikkar

ONLY one lesson I may claim to have learnt from my life. It is that the success of all human endeavour depends to a considerable extent on chance. Undoubtedly no one can succeed in life without determination, industry and certain qualities of head and heart, but with all this a man may still achieve nothing worth while without opportunities coming in his way and circumstances being favourable to him.

I had but an indifferent education in India. Having failed more than once in my high school classes my guardians more or less in despair decided to send me to Oxford to acquire "a gentleman's education." I had only passed the matriculation examination of Madras and therefore it was not with any serious hope that I applied for admission at Christ Church. No one could have been more surprised than I was when that College admitted me in preference to others with brilliant university degrees. Later on I came to know that Dr. John Murray, the Junior Censor of that College in charge of admission, was gifted with what he called a fifth sense, of judging from handwriting the character of young men and deciding their fitness for admission to the College on that basis. That is how I was admitted to Oxford.

That I graduated with first class honours in modern history may no doubt be credited to my industry. But even this had an accidental motivation. Most of the Indians at Oxford in my time being graduates with honours degrees from India were inclined to look upon a raw matriculate with a certain amount of patronage and to emphasise the inadequacies of his background. Resenting this attitude I challenged one of the most aggressive of them and said that whatever

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. . . Life is a continuous interpretation of past experience . . .

the handicap I started with I would do better than him in the final examinations.

What determined my career in India was also a fortuitous circumstance like this. In those days there was a magazine published from Madras under the editorship of a gentleman by the name of T.K. Swaminathan which announced a prize of the modest sum of Rs. 100 donated by Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar for an essay on the position of Indians in British Colonies. I took part in that competition and the donor who, I understood, was himself the judge awarded the prize to me. It was small enough achievement. But it had strange consequences. Sri Swaminathan had the essay published with an introduction by Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar under the title of: "The problems of Greater India." That little book by an unknown undergraduate at Oxford was reviewed in a lengthy essay by Sir Ronald Wilson, Baronet, in one of the London reviews, which led to my being invited to address the East India Association, then the citadel of retired Anglo-Indian orthodoxy. This lecture which was on the problems of Indian education not only attracted wide attention, but earned the distinction of an editorial in the *Times* Education Supplement. It is this article that brought my name to the notice of Nawab Ross Masood, who on the strength of my first class and the favourable comments in the *Times* editorial recommended me for appointment to Aligarh.

I was at Aligarh only for three years. The non-cooperation movement caught me in its whirlpool and from 1922 to 1925 I was associated with the political struggle. I had a singular experience at this time which is worth recording. A palmist whose professional name was "Aeriel" called on me at the Swarajya Office and wanted me to give him a print of my palm. I did so with reluctance. He took it away and ten days later I received a type-written document which stated that I would give up my political activities in a year, and will join the service of a State in North India in December 1927. I took no notice of it at the time but strange to say his prognostication came out literally true.

In the year 1925 I was again in Europe living mainly as a journalist but also completing my terms at the Middle Temple. I had developed a general interest in the history of the Portuguese in India and in the winter of 1925 I visited Lisbon to work in the national archives there. There standing on the beach at Belem from where Vasco da Gama sailed to India the idea came to me of writing a history of European dominance in Asia. Then it was no more than a vague ambition but the idea lay dormant in my mind for over 27 years to find realisation in 1952. I began to gather together in one volume the fruits of a life time study entitled "Asia and Western Dominance". This was only one of the many instances which reinforced my conviction that an idea

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. . . It is only through work and through internal discipline that a man can find contentment and happiness . . .

ich is once firmly planted in mind
ows and bears fruit in time.
Another instance which was no less
cking and had even a greater in-
ence on my life related to my in-
est in Indian States. In the January
ue of 1919 of the *Modern Review* I
blished a lengthy article entitled
The Future of the Indian States."
was written as an essay while I
s at Oxford. At that time I had no
ention of writing a book on the
pic, but six years later, when I was
Delhi editing the *Hindustan Times*,
began in my leisure moments to
dertake a serious study of the sub-
ct the results of which were embo-
ied in a volume entitled "The Rela-
ions of the Government of India
ith the Indian States." As in the ear-
er case of "The Problem of Greater
ndia", it was the publication of this
ork which changed the course of
y life. A few days after the book
ame out, with an introduction by
ord Olivier, a former Secretary of
ate for India, I was accosted in front
f the Ritz Hotel, London, by an im-
ressive-looking personage, whom I
id not know. He asked me if I was
ot so and so and on my replying
n the affirmative he said rather ab-
uptly: "I am Col. Haksar ; I have
een trying to get into contact with
ou for the last few days. Would you
ome up to my room? I want to have
talk with you."

I agreed to go up with him and in
is suite in the Ritz Hotel he told me
hat he had negotiated with the India Office the appointment of the Butler Committee to go into the relations of the States with the Government of India and how after having read my book he was anxious that I should join with him in preparing the case of the Princes. That is how I embarked on my career in the service of Indian States which was to be my major field work for over 20 years (1928-1948).

The Ministers and Dewans of leading States in those far off days were either men with local influence, distinguished politicians from British India or retired officials who had the backing of the Political Department. Coming from far off Travancore without either a public career or political influence, it was always a surprise to me, no less than to others, how I maintained my position practically to the last days of the existence of these States. Apart from steady, honest work there were two things which helped me. I was lucky enough to earn and maintain the confidence and friendship of some of the most distinguished men I had to work with, most notable among them being Col. Kailas Haksar who was originally responsible for my appointment to a State and Sri V. T. Krishnamachari whose career in the States synchronised with mine. Others whose help, advice and support were available to me, though to a lesser extent, were Sri Manubhai Mehta and Sir Maurice Gwyer, a former Chief Justice of India's Supreme Court. The second

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...Loyalty to friends and loyalty to certain basic ideas are essential to success in any sphere...

was a line of conduct. It was a steady refusal to concern myself with intrigues and palace affairs or to be a courtier—a policy which the rulers whom I served came in time to appreciate.

Two lessons I learnt during my service in the States as being essential to success in any sphere: loyalty to friends and loyalty to certain basic ideas. I could not have continued for twenty years in the States without a strict adherence to these. The idea to which I was committed from the time of the first article I wrote in the *Modern Review* in 1919, and which I elaborated in my book in 1927, was that the future of States lay in association with the rest of India, and that any activity which widened the gulf between what had come then to be known as Indian India and British India would be disastrous to both but mainly to the States. When I joined the service of the Chamber of Princes there was a dominant school of Princes and Ministers who, influenced by Sir Leslie Scott, Rushbrook Williams and others, believed seriously that the future of the States lay in separating themselves from the rest of India. I made no secret of my determined opposition to this view and though some of the Princes I was most intimately associated with, like Maharaja Ganga Singh of Bikaner, disapproved of my views, such disapproval did not come in the way of their giving me their confidence. The steadiness with which I held this view that the Princes and the people of the States can fulfil their destiny only in a free India enabled me in 1946-47 to play a part in bringing about the integration of the States.

For most of the time between 1948 and 1958 I was posted abroad as Ambassador first to China, then to Egypt and lastly to France. All these three countries witnessed during the period of my mission basic revolutionary changes. Judged by any standard, the Revolution in China was a major event of world significance. The period of my stay in Egypt also synchronised with another revolution, which, though not of the same world significance, was important as affecting areas of vital strategic importance. Nor was my stay in France devoid of revolutionary interest. The collapse of the Fourth Republic and the return of de Gaulle to power after wandering in the wilderness for over 10 years had a dramatic quality which could not be overlooked and had far reaching effect on European politics. There is one lesson which I learnt from my diplomatic experiment in these three totally different circumstances. An Ambassador earns respect and can succeed in his work only if he holds steadily and unswervingly to the point of view of his country, however unpopular it may be, to the Government to which he is accredited. Political integrity is the first thing required in an Ambassador and what-

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r success I have had as a diplomat s due mainly to my determination all times to uphold the Government India's point of view in my dis- ssions with foreign Governments atever might be the opinions I ght myself pass on to my Govern- ent. When you are in a representa- e capacity no other course is open you.

The work of the States Reorganisa- n Commission (1954-55) also had lesson for me. It enabled me to vel all over India and see at first- nd the problems that the State Go- rnments were faced with. Every ate had its own claims which it put rward with an almost imperialistic sire for additional territory. It was range to see national leaders, even ose who had suffered and sacrificed r the freedom of India, quarrelling mong themselves about a village here d an *ilaqa* there and prepared to go e extent of offering civil disobe- ence to enforce their claims. The sson I drew from it was that with e generality of people in times of ace narrow parochial interests unt for much more than broad tional interests.

Early in life I had come to the nclusion that it is only through rk and through the internal dis- pline which creative activity deve- ps, that a man can find contentment nd happiness. I had an inherited ste for literature and from the time I was at school I had begun to write poetry of a kind. Strangely enough it was at Oxford that I took actively to the cultivation of Malayalam literature and nothing has given me that sense of contentment in times of difficulty and crisis as the writing of poetry. There was never a period in my active life when I did not devote at least an hour a day to literary pursuits in Malayalam. I found in translations a discipline of mind which kept away worries and overcame troubles. During a period of the greatest difficulty in Nanking, when the Chinese communists had withdrawn even the privilege of free movement from diplomats and we were more or less placed under domiciliary arrest, what sustained me was this discipline of translating classics. It is at that time I translated *Kumara Sambhava* into Malayalam verse and also undertook a rendering of the famous chinese drama 'The Western Chamber' from its English translation.

Life, after all, is a continuous interpretation of past experience but all experience teaches that human effort however carefully planned and wisely guided, is only a part of what contributes to the result. The element of luck, fortune, chance, whatever you may call it, is there and cannot be overlooked. The most powerful brain may be laid low by the bursting of a blood vessel. The greatest of all lessons, therefore, is the lesson of humility which human beings in their belief in self-sufficiency are apt to forget in times of success.

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Homage

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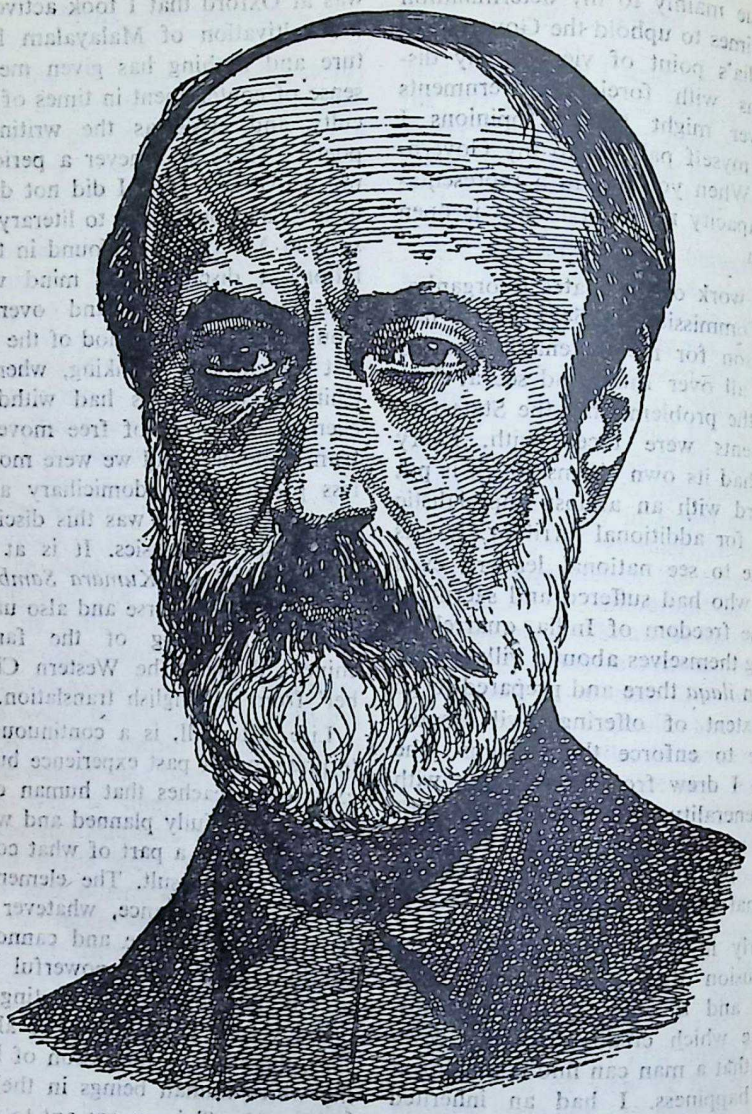

[Joseph Mazzini: b. June 22, 1805; d. March 10, 1872]

"....the prophet of Italian nationalism."

—Jawaharlal Nehru

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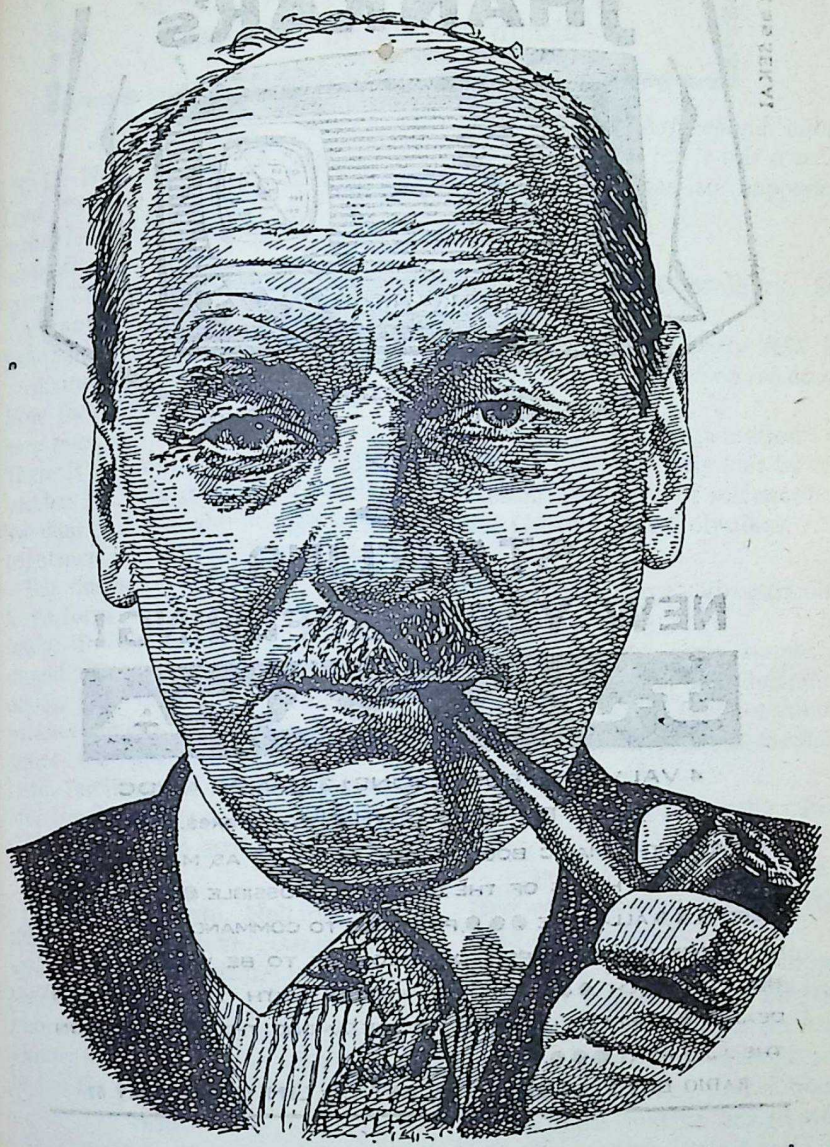

[Earl Attlee: b. January 3, 1883]

...Attlee's modesty in expression conceals a firmness of purpose. He is infinitely patient. I trusted Attlee completely as a colleague and respected him as an opponent.

—*Sir Anthony Eden*

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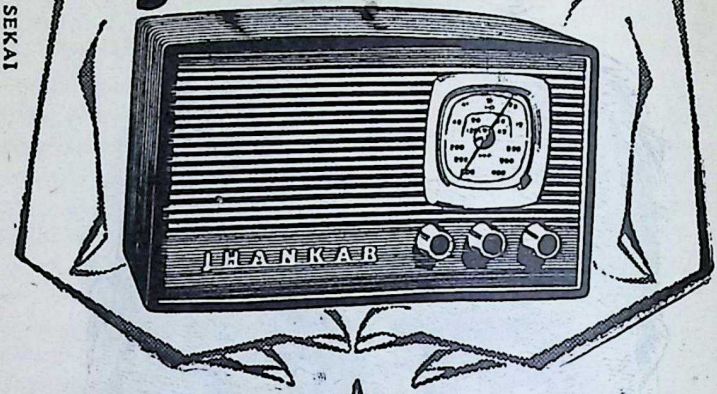

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QUESTION BOX

Answers by K. M. Munshi

868

Sri S. D. Nagaraja, K.R. Nagar.

Q: Lord Krishna in His Gita Sandesha to Arjuna has stated two contradictory ideas:

Sarva Dharman parityajya mamekam sharanam vraja,
Swadharmamapi chavekshya na vikampithumarhasi.

How far is this true to an ordinary man?

A: There is no contradiction. Everyone has his own mission of life—Swadharma. He should not be frightened of fulfilling it.

But normally we are not able to perform our Swadharma fearlessly. In order to do so we should offer our Swakarma, our duties, to God. 'Mat karma paramo bhava'—'Perform your duties for My sake', says the Lord. Fulfilling the mission of our life, treating it as an offering to God, must be the goal of life.

869

Sri K. Ranganayakulu, Nellore.

Q: What is God's next course of action? Will you please make a guess?

A: I am not in God's confidence. But I know that whatever he wills will be for the good.

870

Sri V. Ganeshan, Tellippalai.

Q: It is said that a person who attains premature or accidental death, knows beforehand about his death. How far is this true?

A: Sometimes it has so happened. Not always.

871

Sri Bimal Nath Chowdhury, Silchar, Assam.

Q: We hear about a party RSS by name. Can you enlighten me about the party?

A: R.S.S. is an organisation of Hindu youths, closely knit by discipline and spirit of self-sacrifice. Its Guruji is Sri Golwalkar.

872

Sri C. Thammanna, Virupasandra, Bangalore.

Q: Where lies the main source of man's satisfaction and salvation?

A: In his soul, which functions above and beyond the urges of the flesh.

873

Dr. Syamsundar Sathpathy, Parikud, Puri.

Q: Is man's soul after his death a free or dependent agent? How does it function?

A: According to the Karma theory, in which I believe, the soul takes another life to work off the association—samskaras—created in his past births. The soul is bound in the sense that he has to work off the samskara, it is free in the sense that it can, if it so wills, work them off in a single birth.

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the sound of the dance,
and lilting songs move
on waves of bells.
The voice of the shahnai
weaves a new theme —
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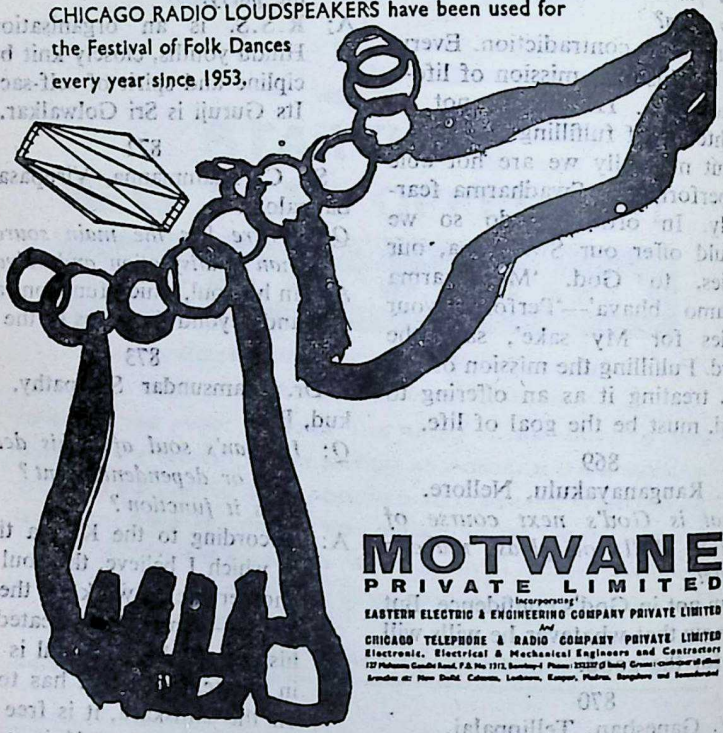

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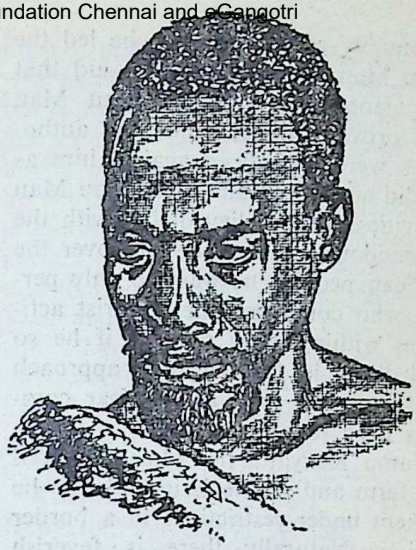
JOMO KENYATTA



IN a few weeks Kenya will become independent and will elect a new Legislative Assembly where the African members will be in a majority. And then the question will naturally arise as to who should lead the Government in Kenya. A predominantly African Assembly will not tolerate a Government headed by a European or a non-African. Therefore the question is who among the African leaders can shoulder the responsibilities of Government backed by popular support and at the same time acceptable to all the communities in Kenya.

It is of course difficult to find such a personality in any country where communal minorities exist; especially it is difficult for a minority community which has held power and ruled over the majority for decades to reconcile to the position of being ruled by the leader of the 'ruled'.

But in a democratic set-up majority rule through the elected representatives is inevitable, and it seems that the European community in Kenya has decided to bow to the inevitable. The only question is whether they would allow the African choice, Jomo Kenyatta, who was accused of having managed or given inspiration and lead to Mau Mau activities, which was, of course, violent and murderous and was directed against the European and other non-African communities, to be installed in power. Their fear dispite the Corfield Report would appear to be unjustified because it is wrong to associate an intelligent, learned, vigorous and a sane leader and a powerful orator like Jomo Kenyatta with every violent and terrorist activity committed by tribal groups stamping it with 'Mau Mau'.

Jomo Kenyatta was arrested on October 21, 1952 on a charge of being manager of Mau Mau and was tried in November and was sentenced in April, 1953 to seven years imprisonment. During the trial it was not in-

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disputably established that he led the Mau Mau activities; it was said that his association with the Mau Mau was proved. It seems that the authorities were prejudiced against him as he did not cry a halt to the Mau Mau activities. They believed that with the tremendous influence he had over the African people, 'he was the only person who could end the terrorist activities within a few minutes if he so willed'. It is this negative approach that is at the root of the fear complex even today.

Jomo Kenyatta has already served his term and yet he is in exile, as he is kept under restrictions in a border region. Naturally there is feverish activity among the African leaders to get him released, for they know that none but Kenyatta can establish order and peace and command the unstinted support of all Africans in Kenya.

Kenyatta belongs to the Kikuyu tribe. He was born like many a tribal child in a thatched hut in the tribal village near the town of Nairobi. No record is available about his date of birth, but according to Crown records he was born in the year 1893. While the Missionaries who put him to a Mission School say that he was an orphan, Jomo recollects that as a boy of eight he carried a bow and arrow to protect his father's cattle from lions and leopards. He also remembers that his grandfather was a seer and a magician and that he had travelled the whole of the tribal region with him. This experience must have given young Jomo an indelible impression of his tribe, the extensiveness of the land they occupied and their main source of livelihood—agriculture in the tribal fashion.

It was at the Mission School that young Jomo found that 'Lord God' of the Old Testament had a lot in common with his tribal God En-gai. Therefore he readily embraced the Christian Faith, when he was asked to do so. His native name was Jomo ('Burning Spear'), but the Missionaries baptized him under the name of Johnstone Kamau. Later, when Jomo grew to be a matured man and developed a consciousness of his race and country, he adopted the name of Kenyatta, symbolic of the country whence he hailed.

After completing school, he joined the Nairobi Municipality as a clerk and then became a supervisor. But Jomo found that a desire to improve the people of his tribe burned aflame in him and now he directed his energies in the field of social work.

In 1922 he became the General Secretary of the Kikuyu Central Association. He started the first Kikuyu journal *Muigwithamia* in the same year. The main purpose of this journal was to cultivate public opinion or say tribal opinion regarding the recovery of tribal lands which were lost to the tribe when the Crown Colony of Kenya was formed. As the Kikuyu tribe subsisted entirely on land, loss of land was a death-blow to the tribe, and it was Kenyatta's view that the survival of the tribe depended solely on the recovery of land.

He also started the Kikuyu Independent Schools Association to establish schools for the education of the tribe.

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Jomo's keen interest in land reform de him represent his tribe on eral Royal Commissions before ich he vehemently pleaded for the urn of the land to the tribe.

Kenyatta had travelled widely in rope and had spent two years as student guest at the University of scow. He also studied under Pro- sor Bronislaw Malinouwsky at the ndon School of Economics and litical Science. His studies resulted his book *Facing Mount Kenya*, a st-rate study of his tribe.

He spent 17 years in England and rope, where he made himself an ex- rt in primitive anthropology and blished a scholarly work on Kikuyu stoms.

When the Second World War oke out in 1939, the Kikuyu Central ssociation was declared illegal to- ether with other African Associa- ons, but the Independent Schools ssociation was allowed to continue. uring the War years Jomo was al- ost idle.

In 1946 Kenyatta became the Prin- pal of the Githunguri College, a eachers' Training College conducted the Association, and there he in- ctrinated the young teachers in bal and national consciousness.

In 1947 the Kenya African Union as formed with Jomo Kenyatta as resident. The objective of the Union as the promotion of Negro advance- ent. Unfortunately the same year mours got about regarding the acti- ties of a secret society known as au Mau, and the rulers asked Jomo enyatta to dissuade the tribesmen om violent terrorist activities.

When Jomo Kenyatta went to address a gathering of his tribesmen he was astounded by the vast mass of humanity that waited patiently to listen to him. There was a crowd of nearly 20,000 people and he told them how they should conduct themselves peacefully and agitate for the reclamation of their land. The authorities said that he did not condemn the Mau Mau activities and so he must have had a hand in directing it. It was on this score he was arrested along with five others. His arrest only intensified the violence of Mau Mau which the government ultimately put down.

After the imprisonment of Jomo Kenyatta, the Kenya African Union was outlawed.

During his sojourn in England (during the War years) Jomo married a white girl, a Sussex School Mistress, and he has a son by their union.

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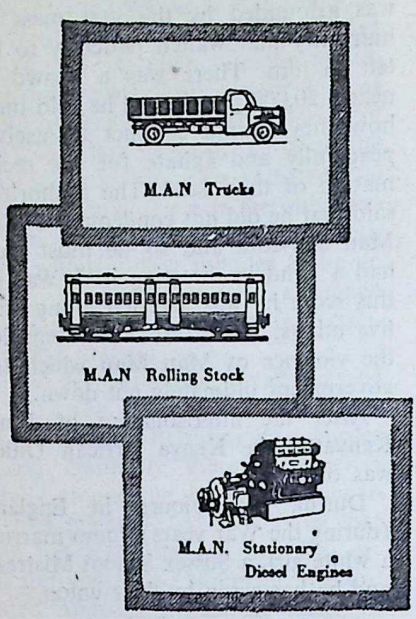

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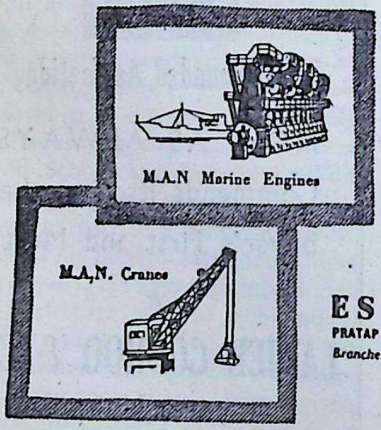

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[Contributions for this feature from readers are invited and the accepted ones will be paid for.—Ed.]

SERIES VIII

Smt. V. Ramaswami, Golmuri (Bihar).

1. *She floats in mid-air,*
But is not a baloon.
She comes in two shades;
She is fluffy and cold;
You can go through her,
But you cannot touch her.
Who is she?

★

Sri N. Vaikuntam, Warangal (A.P.)

2. *It would be called spacious, but not the sky;*
It would have wrinkle of waves, but not the ocean;
It would quote your destiny, but it is not your palm;
It would not be seen by your eyes, but it is not your back;
It cannot be obliterated as long as your life lasts,
Yet is not a mole or taboo.
What is it?

★

Kumari K. R. Malathi, New Delhi.

3. *In marble walls as white as milk,*
Lined with skin as soft as silk,
Within a fountain crystal clear
A golden apple doth appear.
No doors there are to this stronghold,
Yet thieves break in and steal the gold.
Tell me what is it.

★

Sri Dhirendra Prasad, Motihari (Bihar).

4. *One may live without book,*
What is knowledge but grieving?
One may live without hope,
What is hope but deceiving?
One may live without love,
What is passion but pining?
But one can't live without me,
That is everything for life.
Who am I?

RIDDLES—Answers to Series VII

(1) Honey Comb (2) Mind (3) Fire-fly (4) Fountain Pen (5) Money.

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The Love Tryst

'Banaphool'

THAT day the train was running well behind time. Purandar lighted his torch, and read the time from his wrist watch.... It was past midnight.

He was worried.

It was not so much the time lag which separated him from his wife as the gloomy prospect of having to traverse the two-mile long stretch of open countryside all by himself in the inky darkness of this unearthly hour that made him so uneasy.

The members of his father-in-law's household did not know that he was coming. Purposely he had not informed them in advance. For, a love-tryst was a love-tryst, and always pleasurably thrilling—even if it were the lawfully married wife one met on such occasion.

Besides, his wife's relatives were rather a rough sort of people, in appearance as well as manners. Education and culture, the *noblesse oblige* of every gentleman, had never been their strong point. But they were undoubtedly very rich, and growing richer and richer with days.... Perhaps that was all they had to their credit.

Papa (-in-law) was about sixty years old, but his outward appearance belied his age. He had a robust frame with an iron constitution, and looked more like a giant in human form. With the dense whiskers and bushy moustaches even the very king of beasts quailed before his face. He had his two rows of shining teeth all intact and consumed two and a half seers of heavy, undiluted buffalo's milk each day.

His sons followed in the steps of their father. All the education they could boast of, they had received at the local village Pathsala. But this sad scarcity in one direction had amply been compensated by abundance in another. For, wrestling or clubplay or any other form of strenuous physical exercise had attracted these intellectual pygmies from their boyhood and they had been practising them regularly with avidity and had grown into physical stalwarts. They all wore luxuriant moustaches above their lips. Though they were a pretty well-to-do lot, owning about a thousand bighas of land, still nothing in their ways of life betrayed their opulence. For example, they could easily afford an aircraft, but still had not purchased even an automobile. What they had by way of conveyance were just a few bullock-carts, and they were the only vehicles that could ply on the local roads.

Purandar looked out of the window. Impenetrable darkness enveloped the entire surrounding landscape.... Still there were two stations in between. Even the most obscure place conceivable, so it seemed to him, was

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ore easy of access than this remote llage, usually reached by an offshoot f a branch line of the railway.

Slowly and inevitably these unleasant thoughts gave place to rosy ticipations about Subhadra, his weetheart. His loving wife, he was re, would in her eagerness be standg at the open window of her bedom, waiting impatiently for his beted arrival....

After his marriage he had taught her the merest rudiments of the vernacular so that he might receive the outpourings of her heart in charming love-letters.... Ah, how sweet were they really, though scrawled clumsily in a big, uneven hand!

Now that he came to think of letters he was reminded how he had done quite an unusual thing in his last correspondence. He had composed a doggerel on this occasion. In it he had intimated to her in plain and easy language the date and time of his coming visit to her.

This was what he had written:

Eagerly do I wait for June twenty-eight
To meet my darling at dead of night.

He again consulted his watch.

Alas, how long did the night drag before he had his wife with him.... Purandar sighed heavily.... Of course, if he could have passed his B.A. by this time, his father, highly placed in office as he was, would surely find for him some decent job. But try however he might, he could not pass the B.A. examination. It stubbornly refused to open its portal to admit him into its paradise. And, woe of woes, his father, too, was as unshakable in his dogged obstinacy. He would not have his daughter-in-law live with them until his son earned his living.

Plainly, thus to slip away from the hostel without the knowledge of the authorities to visit his wife at her place, could not be repeated for long without detection.

It was one o'clock when he got off the train.

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"Now for it, the two-mile long stretch of interminable waste," he thought with a sinking heart, and a cold shiver ran down his spine... Not even a ramshackle vehicle was in sight anywhere near the station. There was nothing for him but to walk every yard of it. Of course he had his torch with him. Besides, the happy prospect of meeting his dearest Subhadra at the end of the journey inspired him.... So without much thinking he stepped out of the station and started trotting towards his destination at a brisk pace.

Either because he was completely engrossed in his thoughts or because of the impenetrable darkness around him, little did he know a moment ahead that he had stepped within an ace of death. Had he but an inkling of the impending danger he might have run for life or shouted for help. When the cudgel actually fell on his wrist and the torch dropped on the ground from his fingers there was neither time nor opportunity for him to avert the catastrophe. For, immediately the blow hit him from behind and a pair of sinewy hands quickly tied a piece of cloth on his mouth.

In the twinkling of an eye these ruffians, who were some five or six in number, treated him most shabbily. He was dispossessed of all his valuables—his ring, his watch, studs and all. They snatched the silk *punjabi* and the *dhoti* and he was literally stripped to his skin. Indeed these robbers were smart fellows, extremely quick at their job. In a matter of seconds they had finished the job, and melted away in the surrounding darkness.

At first it all seemed like a dream to Purandar. At last our dazed hero, as he stood in his birthday attire, vainly tried to reap some consolation from this illusion. Then suddenly it flashed across his mind that time was fleeting. Instantly he untied the knot at the back of his head and stretched the piece of cloth between his hands. From its length and breadth it appeared to be a bathing napkin. He draped it round his waist and started running.

Probably his wife had been, as expected, waiting for him at the window, or she could not have responded to her husband's whispers. But at the very first sight of Purandar her eyes stared out of their sockets.

"Oh my.... What's this?.... What on earth's the matter?"

"I was waylaid.... Come now, just give me a *dhoti*, and be quick about it.... How I was scared lest you had fallen asleep and.... Well, where are your brothers?.... All well with them, eh?"....

"They returned home but a few minutes ago. They had all been out."

"Fetch me a *dhoti* first, darling."

Purandar tried his utmost to regain his composure and appear calm and normal.

Subhadra went out and brought a *dhoti*. As Purandar was about to put it on he received a shock.

"My eye.... How could it come to be here?.... This is the *dhoti* I wore when I started from the hostel. Why, I had specially purchased it for this occasion.... this fine *dhoti* of Santipur with the border woven with thread of gold. It had been washed only once!... Well, let me look at

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laundry mark.... Ah, here it is. the same as ours."

Subhadra was grave.

Put it on all the same, will you? and then sit down to your meal. re it is over there, all neatly serv- and covered."

But tell me all about the *dhoti* ."

Visibly, a marked change came the features of his wife. She cast eyes about her to see if anybody within earshot. "Please don't kick a row," she whispered under her th. "They have all taken to high- robbery lately—my father, bro- s and all. At first it was a hearsay; now I find that it's a fact.... ectly you finish your meal, you better go straight to the police on."

Goodness gracious...."

They are a dangerous lot. If they ll that you are in the know of secret, then as sure as eggs are you will kick the bucket.... They are just upto anything.... Only recently there had been a murder hereabout. Surely it was they who did it .... There is not a moment to waste. Finish your meal as quickly as you can, and then run upto the local police station.... Do you know the way? Don't you?"

"I do."

"Then off you go, right now."

The first thing that met his gaze at the police station froze him cold. The watch he saw tied round the wrist of the officer-in-charge had belonged to him only a short while ago. He even noticed the letter 'P' he had got engraved on the band.

Instinctively he would have bellowed accusingly,—*you mean, rascally thief*.... but what his parched throat actually bleated out instead was a low moan,—*your worship*....

Purandar had clasped his hands, and was trembling like an aspen leaf.

[*Translated from Bengali by Sree Gopal Maheshwary 'Pratap'*].

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...Two eyes are necessary...Man and woman are not two, but one... H. Fielding Hall.

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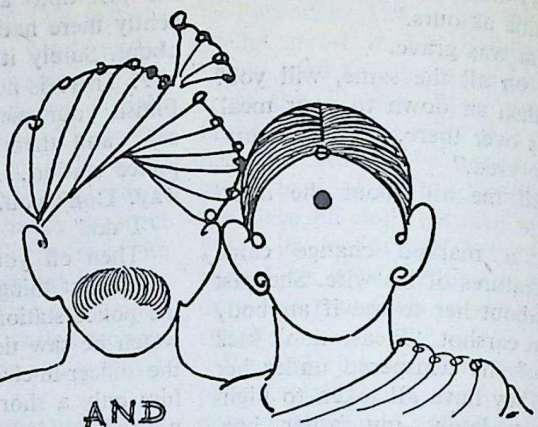

AND MAN WOMAN

R. K. Dalal

I HAVE since many many years been wondering at the phenomenon on this earth of *MAN AND WOMAN*. I have in my own way been asking myself what is the phenomenon—man, created by God. Who is he? What does he signify in the world of creations? And what is a woman? What created man and then as the Bible has it, out of his rib He created a woman, so that the race of man be perpetuated on this earth. Perpetuation of race being their creative functions may be one of the important objectives, one may concede, but my mind refuses to believe that Man and Woman's life on earth begins and ends with procreation. To imagine such low ideal for God's highest creation is to do injustice to Nature. If man and woman's function in life is to procreate, then how are we better than beasts, who perform the same act guided by sheer instinct? Good and bad, virtue and vice do not affect them because behind their instinct there is no light of reason. This faculty of reasoning is given only to human beings among the species created by God. Therefore, it must be acknowledged that man and woman's function in life is higher than the 'beastly' procreation in species endowed with life. If it be so, then what is the main purpose of their life? What higher ideal can and do move human beings in life?

Man and woman are God's highest creation—the highest development of the evolutionary process. The highest purpose that can be associated is this

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attainment of complete, entire and perfect joy. In other words, attainment of 'Sat-Chit-Anand', i.e., Nirvana. Towards that consummation the whole creation moves.

God has created man in his own image. Therefore a soul by his endeavours and strivings through births and deaths and again rebirths may attain perfection. This perfection is not possible in the lower stages, the human evolutionary process in a 'single blessedness' of existence. Man by himself may represent strength of mind and body, greater endurance, more daring spirit. He thus represents the harder qualities of existence. In order to make Man's life more beautiful and complete, God has created his complement. A woman is therefore made soft, beautiful, imparting grace and charm to existence. While together they would fulfil a Destiny, singly they would be each one imperfect existence, neither full nor complete, nor entire.

What would life be worth if there were all men on earth? It would be too horrible to imagine. There would be no charm, no grace, no beauty, no aesthetic sense of joy to enjoy the beautiful things of Nature. In the same way life would be equally bleak and miserable by the creation of all women on earth. Where would then be that strength of limbs to protect against onslaught of adverse circumstances? There are occasions when feats of strength alone save great catastrophes. In such an emergency the soft, graceful contours of a female form will be of no avail. Like a flower it will soon be wilted. Thus we see that the purpose of Nature is to create man and woman so that each becomes a complement of the other, and each helps the other forward in the ultimate realisation of life's purpose, viz., attainment of complete and perfect joy of existence.

Now let me take you a little further in the mysteries of creation of man and woman. Each represents an expression of a soul through a body which needs a coalescing to give the blend of perfect ethereal joy. Against the muscular handsomeness of man God has created the beautiful, graceful form of woman. To look at a female form is to realise how enchanting and rapturous idealised beauty could be. Every limb is chiselled by a master hand. Every part of her body, the face, the form, the eyes, the lips, the cheeks are a study in sheer artistry. The body with its swaying curves and contours, the round undulating breasts which heave in joy and depress in sorrow, the sweet, beautiful, well nodulated cooing whispering voice and above all the steady graceful gait make a bewitching whole—at once beautiful and radiant with the joy of life.

Take man. His tall build with muscular arms, large and intelligent forehead, deep penetrating eyes, lips which curve in command and relax in submission of the face, commanding and awe-inspiring. That is Man.

It is said that man is the work of God's apprentice hand. Woman is the creation of his masterpiece. And that is so. Woman, it is said, was God's masterful creation. Man, He had to hammer into shape.

What have we men—the boastful proud specie—done to this dual crea-

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tion of God? We have indeed made a mess. We have, in spite of our vaunted higher intelligence, done no better than beasts. In many respects we have been worse sinners. Look at beasts and birds. They also procreate and have their mating season. They meet in season and procreate in the natural course of things. There is no ignoring of this law of nature or the sexual urge nor overdoing it. What have we men done on the other hand? We have looked upon woman as an object of lust. We satisfy our lust for her body. And guided by no instinct nor by any discretion, we go in for the sexual act to get therefrom sheer carnal gratification of the flesh. It does neither the man any good nor the woman. After the first flush of romance has faded away each comes to regard this as a matter of dread and repugnance. What else can you expect at that low level of brute existence?

The ideal of woman that is being a complement of man is lost on man. If on the other hand while not entirely suppressing the urge we regulate it and even sublimate it to higher purpose and ideals of life, the pleasure would be more enduring and the dual existence capable of yielding better ultimate results. Let me give my ideal.

To me a woman beautiful of form and face is an aesthetic creation of God to give grace and charm to man's existence. Her charm and grace of life should not be destroyed by subjecting the body to mere carnal gratification. Look upon her as 'Shakti', born to help and forward the evolution of man. She would supply the qualities which are inherently lacking in man. Man on the other hand would impart strength, courage and intelligence. Let man regard woman, not as an object of self-satisfaction but an object of worship as an ideal. Fill your life with the charm and grace that she instinctively commands in her person and impart to her your strength and steadfastness and grit. Together, therefore, you rise higher and attain the complete fusion of two souls. There will then be one mind, one soul, though manifested in two bodies. If you idealise woman, you will learn to respect her. And derive from her form and face inspiration—inspiration which will not only lighten life's load, but make life sweeter, more joyful, more endearing and more perfect.

When your heart throbs in unison with hers, when your thoughts are illumined by her grace and charm, when her heart rests and leans on yours in complete self-forgetfulness, you have attained oneness of existence which ennobles and glorifies both Man and Woman. Let me close this by a quotation:

In that glance will flow the stream
bubbling divine music of the eye
So that when the two hearts meet
under the upsurge of the same
ecstasy, you experience the one-
ness of Soul, though encased in
two bodies.

I am the poet of the woman the same as the man,
And I say it is as great to be a woman as to be a man,
And I say there is nothing greater than the mother of men.

—Walt Whitman.

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Tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

42. Sheela's Ordeal

UDAY went to his room, a broken man. Tears came to his eyes; he could not help them. He switched off the light, lay down on his bed and gave way to his pent-up agony. He felt hot with fever, covered himself with the blanket and wept unreservedly.

In the semi-conscious state in which he lay, enveloped in the darkness of the room, he felt as if the door had been opened, as if someone had come close to him; he also felt a breath blowing on his hair and a touch as of a feather on his forehead. He sat up and looked all around him. There was no one in the room.

When he woke up in the morning, he had developed high temperature, and feeling faint, found himself unable to sit up.

It was Monday. Kalidas Vidwan returned to Bombay by the morning train; so did Chudgar and Mona.

Durlabhji came in and gave Uday a cup of tea which he could swallow with great difficulty. Sheela soon came to his room and finding him tossing in bed unable to speak, sat by his side. Whenever he opened his eyes, all that he could do was to look at Sheela as if in a daze unable to utter a word. Sheela threw all propriety to the winds, and with the aid of Gangu, began to attend to his needs; the Doctor who also soon came in diagnosed Uday's ailment as pneumonia.

It was only on the third day that the fever subsided a little. Sheela then told him that Radharaman had continued to send telegrams after telegrams. "Evidently," she added rather caustically, "he could not bring himself to lose a few guineas in fees, for otherwise he would have come over personally to fetch me."

"Who would be so foolish as to think you are not worth all the trouble in the world?" said Uday feebly.

"You do not understand why I am in so much demand," said Sheela. "Tomorrow we have invited His Excellency the Governor to a reception at our house. Invitation cards issued ten days ago have gone out in the name of Mr. & Mrs. Radharaman.

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On such an occasion the lady of the house must remain present," she added with a laugh. "Shortly there is going to be a vacancy in the Governor's Council and a member with a charming wife would be a great acquisition. What do you think?"

"I think you have made a mistake in not going to Bombay," said Uday. "You must go back."

"Of course, why not?" she replied bitterly. "Tapasvini must undergo the tortures of penance for the full period."

Uday smiled happily at this reply, but before he could say anything Durlabhji came in with medicine.

In the afternoon, Uday's temperature shot up again and he lay in bed in a semi-conscious condition. Sheela went out of Uday's room for a breath of fresh air, when someone came and enquired where poet Mattamayur was, saying that he had brought advance copies of the next issue of *Sanatan Yug*. The poet had gone out for a walk and Sheela could not resist the temptation of seeing for herself what the poet had written about *Tapasvini*. She took the packet, opened it and found two copies of the forthcoming issue of the weekly. She kept one for herself and sent the other with the servant to be placed in Mattamayur's room.

As she read the poet's letter published in the issue of *Sanatan Yug*, her blood boiled with rage. It ran:

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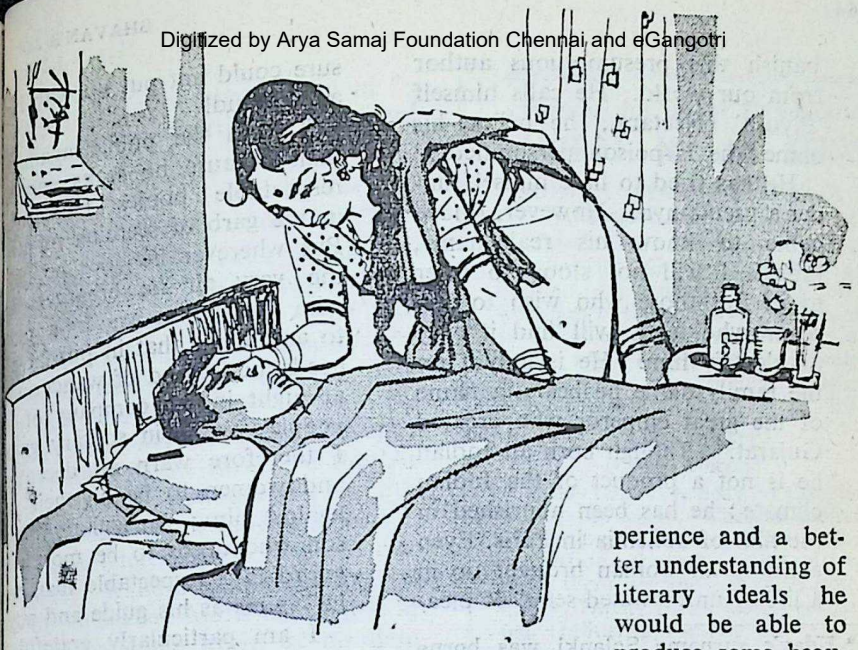

To the Editor, *Sanatan Yug*.

Dear Sir,

I read the leading article in your last issue with great interest and I deeply appreciate your reference about me.

All Gujarat knows how I have dedicated my life to upholding purity in life. My life's purpose has been to invest its literature with high idealism and I may modestly claim a share in moulding our literature to greater beauty and a greater harmony with Aryan culture. The confidence which Gujarat has reposed in me now compels me to accept a challenge to all the ideals we cherish.

When the novel *Bhagnahridaya* (The Broken Heart) first appeared I saw in it the effort of an immature author who bore the pseudonym 'Piyush'. I had then fondly hoped that with maturity and experience and a better understanding of literary ideals he would be able to produce some beautiful masterpieces. Today I am regretfully compelled to admit that I have been disappointed.

The same author has brought out a new novel under the name of *Tapasvini*. Though I read it with great care and sympathy, I am driven to express my views about it with complete frankness. It is neither a novel nor a literary work. There is nothing in it which is new, nothing of the touch of literary art. It presents a sordid episode of filthy lust, an unvarnished glorification of animal instinct masquerading as pure love.

I would urge every decent man and woman to shun it. To let it fall in the hands of the rising generation is to cause incalculable harm to them, to our family life and to our society.

However, this is not enough. We must learn to show our indignation in a proper manner. We must

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banish this presumptuous author from our world. He calls himself 'Piyush' (Nectar); he belies his name; he is poison personified.

He has tried to hide himself under a pseudonym. However, I have come to know his real name, though I will not stoop to refer to it. But those who wish to discover who he is will find it easy to identify him. He is a blot on the family name he bears, a name of the great emperor who created Gujarat.* Though born an Indian he is not a product of the Indian climate; he has been nourished in the filth of bohemia in Paris. Even a European woman brought up in a life of unrestrained sense of pleasure could not put up with him as a husband!

I warn the public against this man because he seeks entry into respectable homes masquerading in the garb of seeming refinement. But wherever he goes he pollutes the very air he breathes. Those who know him are in a position to assure me that in pursuit of his needs, he is fond of wandering late at night in the company of other people's wives in solitary gardens. I therefore warn all decent men and women to be on their guard against him; particularly the person who needs to be most on his guard is a respectable man whom he claims as his guide and adviser.

I am particularly grateful that I am given this opportunity of doing my duty in this matter. Le

* Uday's surname Solanki was borne by Siddharaja Jayasingh who founded the greatness of mediaeval Gujarat.

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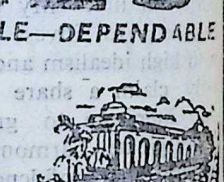

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everyone follow the precept of Sri Krishna and destroy the evil doer."

Matheran,
Kartik Sud—5.
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Yours,
Mattamayur.

As she read this letter Sheela was filled with rage and bewilderment. Now the world would know who 'Piyush' was and easily identify who Uday's friend and guide was. Soon the story how Uday lived with Radharaman at Matheran; how he spent the evenings in the garden of the 'Arrow' with her; how she left her husband's house and stayed with him in the same hotel, would be all over Bombay. Kalidas has only the venom as of the snake; Mattamayur had set fire to the whole world by his flaming tongue.

When Sheela decided to leave her husband she had steeled herself against calumny, but now things were different. He was charged with a gross misconduct. Radharaman who was of a revengeful nature would soon come to know of this and would have nothing further to do with him. Solicitors who gave briefs to him would now shun him like a leper.

Sheela could no longer control her tears. There was only one way out of all this mess. It was up to her to see that Uday did not come to harm... by suffering not a hundred tortures but a thousand tortures if necessary.

She bit her lips until they bled, made up her mind, put on her overcoat and went out to the telephone office to inform her husband that she was coming the next morning.

She made all arrangements to leave the hotel next morning and late at

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night went to Uday's room to find him in the same semi-conscious condition. She sat near his bed, gazed fixedly at his handsome face. His eyes were swollen, his breathing was hard and uneven. Her self-control gave way and her tears of helplessness flowed unchecked.

At about 2 past midnight Uday opened his eyes and stared at Sheela as if he did not recognise her. She bent low and put her hand on his forehead and whispered his name softly. Even in that condition he took her hand in his and put it on his heart. Deeply touched, she sat down on his bed and took his head in her lap. Only when she heard Durlabhji's steps coming to the inner room that she put his head down on the bed and moved away. The movement woke him up. He opened his eyes and called out in a state of delirium: "When are you coming? When are you coming?"

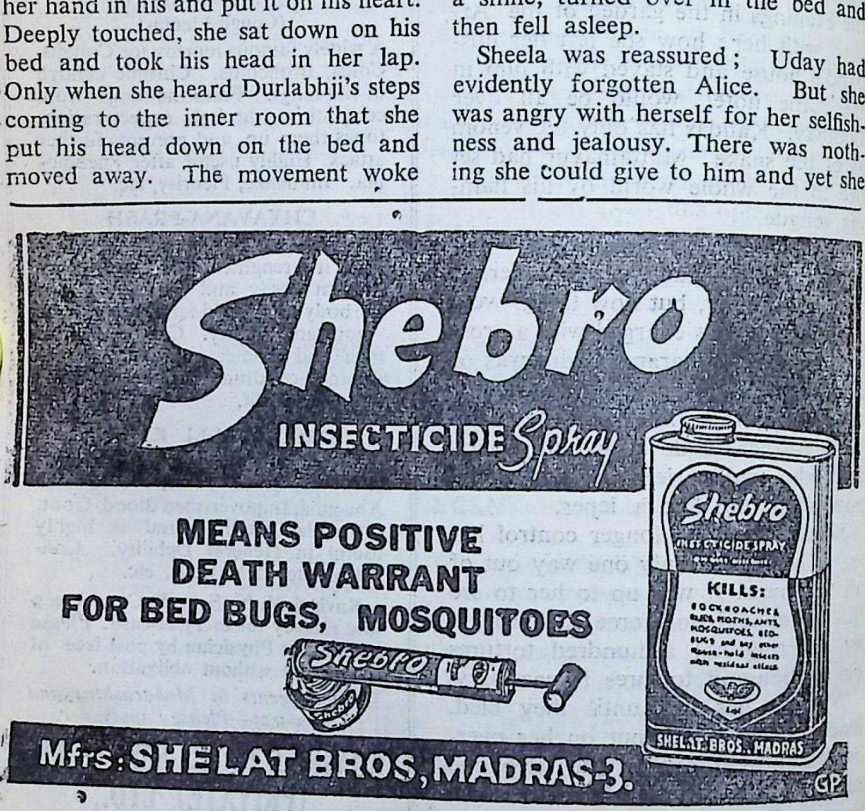
"Whom do you want? Here I am," replied Sheela. She thought that he was thinking of Alice in his delirium, and could not avoid being hurt, though she did her best to shut this jealous thought from her mind.

"She is coming, I can hear her coming," murmured Uday.

"Who is coming?" enquired Sheela.

"Raj is coming," he murmured with a smile, turned over in the bed and then fell asleep.

Sheela was reassured; Uday had evidently forgotten Alice. But she was angry with herself for her selfishness and jealousy. There was nothing she could give to him and yet she



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as longing for him!

"Durlabhji, it will soon be midnight. I will leave, when he saw the note which Sheela had left. He took it and read it.

"My *tapascharya* is not yet over. You have to get over this trouble of yours yourself. Tapasvini has still to suffer through not a hundred but a thousand tortures."

At first Uday could not understand the significance of those words. What had happened? What was the trouble? How could Sheela forsake him in this manner? Sheela was surely not so hardhearted, as to leave him to his own resources in this manner. Perhaps all women were by nature cruel and disloyal. "Sheelaben, Sheelaben, I had not expected this of you," he murmured.

Then he saw the 'Diwali' issue of *Sanatan Yug* lying on the table. He took it and began reading Mattamayur's letter which was printed on the very first page. As he read on, he literally trembled with rage. The last paragraph shocked him.

He recalled the occasion when Sheela had used the expression 'hundred tortures' and immediately understood the significance of the reference to 'thousand tortures.' He read Sheela's note again and only on rereading it, did he realise that Sheela's new penance had indeed begun.

That evening a reception was going to be held at Radharaman's for the Governor and she had gone to Bombay to save him from obloquy.

He buried his head in the pillow and sobbed aloud: "Oh God! Who said that you were the protector of the helpless? How utterly untrue."

[*To be continued*]

"Durlabhji, it will soon be midnight. I
g," she told the owner of the hotel.
I must go and get ready. Please do
ot leave him unattended. Uday's
other and sister will have returned
om Pondicherry. I shall arrange to
nd them over immediately. You
eed not take the trouble of coming
the station," remarked Sheela in a
aintive voice.

"Do not worry. If necessary, I shall
k my wife also to come and help
e."

Sheela did not take long to get dress-
d and be ready to go. She peeped
to Uday's room but found him
sleep. She sent Durlabhji to look
fter her luggage and then slipped the
ote she had written addressed to
'day under his pillow. Then she
ntly stroked and straightened his
ir from his forehead. As she mov-
d away she could not help sobbing
loud. Then she hardened her heart
nd said to herself: "You had better
et going, or else you will find it diffi-
lit to go at all."

At 9 in the morning, Uday woke
p. His temperature had come down
little. His first question was: "Where
Sheelaben?" When he was told that
e had gone to Bombay, he stared
t Durlabhji as though he had not
eard correctly. "To Bombay?"

"Yes, sir," replied Durlabhji as he
ent off to fetch a cup of tea for
im.

Uday was like someone possessed.
He pressed his fists deep into the pil-
ow to control himself.

"So, Sheela, even you could leave
e at such a time!" He could not
ring himself to believe it. He dash-
d his head against the pillow. His

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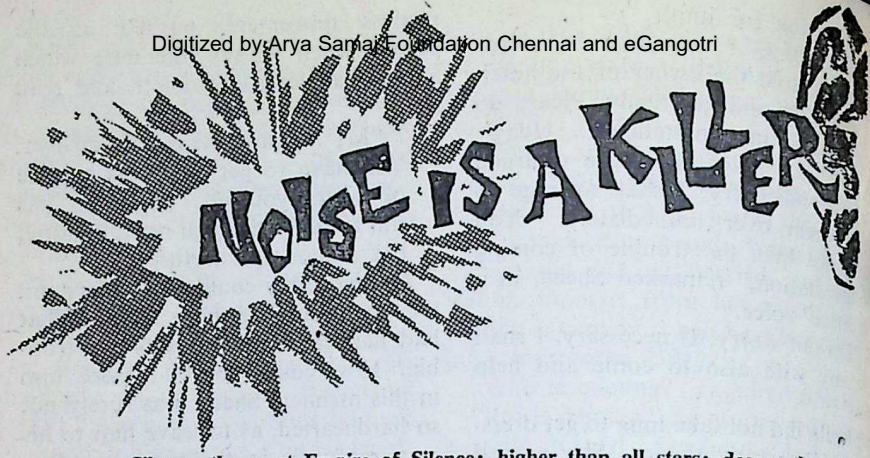

Silence, the great Empire of Silence: higher than all stars: deeper than the Kingdom of Death! It alone is great: all else is small.—Carlyle.

NOISE is a human plague. It is the bane of our existence.

The Good Lord in His mercy provided the majestic elephant and the lovely ass with ear flaps that would at least partially close the ear canal. But man, poor creature, was not so favoured.

A close pistol shot can rupture an ear-drum. Similarly sudden unexpected sounds produce widespread, potentially harmful changes in bodily activity. For instance blood and intra-cranial pressures rise; perspiration increases; muscles contract sharply; flow of saliva and gastric juices is drastically reduced; digestion ceases.

Prolonged exposure to severe noises of 135 decibels* and more as in the case of an airline pilot may result in permanent loss of hearing.

Loud noises also cause a number of unpleasant bodily sensations like dilatation of the head and eyeballs, loss of vision, loss of equilibrium and heating of the skin.

A noise of 160 decibels can kill rats and mice. The body temperature rises to a lethal level. The conversion of sound energy into heat energy kills. In human sounds near and above 160 decibels, the stirrup, one of the three little bones in the middle ear, may be driven into the inner ear thus inviting meningitis through infection of the fluid in the inner ear.

Noisy surroundings cause psychogenic ailments like nausea, fatigue, head-ache, loss of neuro-muscular co-ordination and reduced sex-desire.

Noise adversely affects human efficiency. It impairs both manual dexterity and accuracy. A company has found that by cutting noise levels by 14.5% by acoustic wall-board, the typist's errors dropped by 29%; the machine operator's by 52%, turnover increased and absenteeism declined.

By enforcing a strict programme of noise abatement, output of labour is increased; human welfare being improved. These more than justify the cost involved in it.

* Unit for measuring relative intensities of sounds.

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TRUTH ABOUT THE COBBLER

PARENTHOOD has been such a delightful anticipation to all living beings till now that its ial, providential no doubt, has al- ys been considered a curse.

King Angira was the happiest man know that his Queen expected to confined in a matter of days. In first flush of excitement, he doubl- and quadrupled his *danas* and *armas* till, on the expected day, the een developed labour pain. The ole city overjoyed to hear the news the next day that a boy child was rn to their Queen.

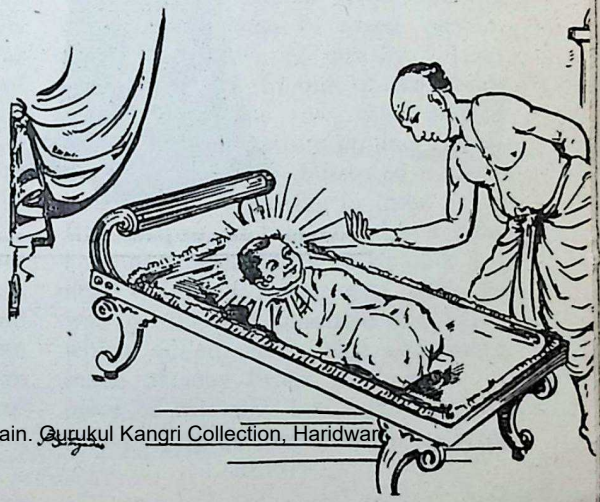
Scarcely had the child come out of mother's womb when, according the contract the King had made th the Brahmin from the South, he t for the latter and closeted him th the new-born babe.

The eager Brahmin, finding him- f alone with the babe, asked him: hild! Can you tell me the true ue of feeding *athithis?"*

On hearing it, the new-born ld laughed sweetly and re- ed: "Holy man! Don't you ow that the effects of *anna- na* are immensely beneficial? ok! You met me as a hunter e other day at the forest, aving lost your way. I had the od fortune to take you to my t and offer you a cup of honey d a few edible nuts. As a re- t of your partaking my hum- e offer, I am now born as a ighty King's only son and heir to a large kingdom. Now, if that paltry offer could confer on me such great benefits as my present birth and heritage, what indescribably great benefits should your life-long *anna- dana* confer on you! All that I can say is that no one but Lord Parames- hwara can give an adequate account of the benefits that are in store for people like you!"

After hearing these words, the Brahmin had a peeping understanding of the answer to his quest and so, after taking leave of Angira who greatly honoured him further, return- ed to sacred Kashi and reported to Mother Visalakshi about his inter- view with the new-born babe at He- mavat.

Replied Bhavani: "I am glad you have now had at least a partial un- derstanding of the value of *annadana*. That will serve your purpose. Now,



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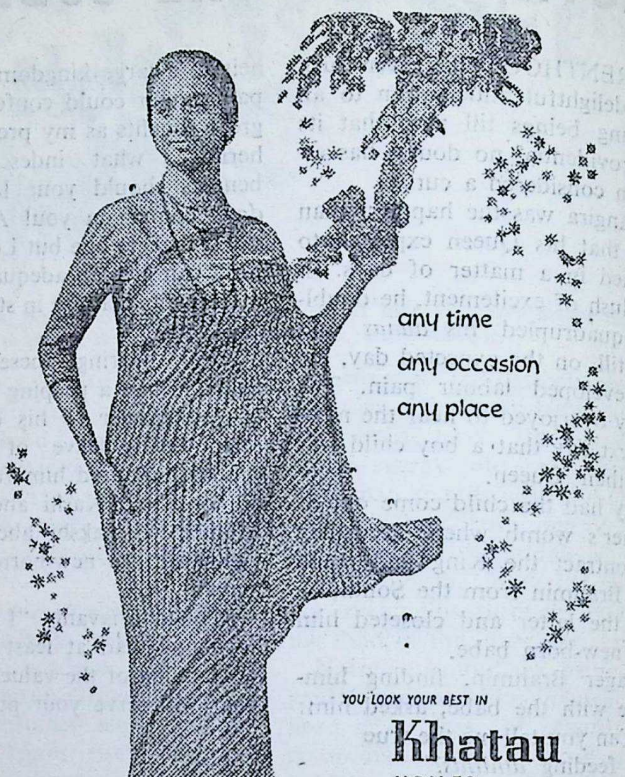

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quest having come to an end, ould advise you to hurry up to native place, for it ill becomes ands to absent themselves from e for too long. Don't you e that people belonging to all other three *ashramas* (Brahma- ya, Vanaprastha and Sannyasa) nd for their sustenance and pro- conduct of *dharma* on *grihasthas*, the latter cannot find their self- ment except by supporting the er? Know this too. In the event the householder neglecting his s towards his guests, all his earn- *unyas* and the sins of his guests fall squarely on the *grihastha*. Like day without the sun, the home out its lord will be dark. Hence had better hurry home direct out any other thought on your d."

Thus commanded by Devi, the hmin started homeward. On the he had to cross holy Ganga. That ght to his mind the strange re- st of the cobbler who had asked to convey his greetings to Ganga- a. Making up his mind to ask ga-Mata herself, he addressed the : "Mother Ganga! While I was ing to Kashi, a cobbler friend of e asked me to convey his greet- to you. Presently I am conveying you. Should you be pleased to on to him any reply, I shall be t happy to carry it to him."

As soon as he had said it, Mother ga appeared before the Brahmin in form of a beautiful maiden and ed: "O best of Brahmins! I can understand the note of scepticism your request. That man is no or- ary *chandala*; his conduct and character are exemplary. His heart is clear as crystal. He serves me most affectionately. He observes all the auspicious *vratas* meticulously. How is he these days? Does he live happily? Tell him that I, in the company of other rivers like Yamuna, continue to serve Lord Vishwanath here happily. Convey my well-being to him, will you?"

Needless to say that the Brahmin was thunderstruck by the words of Ganga-Mata praising the cobbler in such superlative terms. Clasping his hands above his head, he addressed Ganga Devi: "Mother Ganga! Fortunate indeed am I to have been vouchsafed this *darshan* of your divine form. By your grace, my heart is now full of bliss. I am convinced now how great that cobbler should be to earn such unqualified praise from your mouth. But, Mother, I have one doubt. Won't you tell me how such a great soul has to follow this profession of a cobbler?"

Mother Ganga smiled and condescended to reply as follows: "On the banks of the sacred river Gautami are vast stretches of green pasture where the cows of nearby villages come to graze. In one of the periodical floods, the river had washed ashore on that pasture ground a pregnant beetle which burrowed a deep hole and started living in those fields. It so happened that one day a cowherd had placed a kettle of milk just near the beetle's hole and while he was getting up, unsettled the kettle which rolled on its side and being made of clay broke into pieces. A piece of this clay kettle fell into the hole and on the beetle which, as a re-

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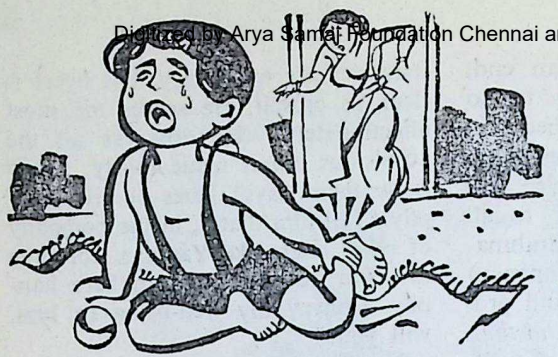

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of that shock, delivered itself of young ones betimes.

ow, the young ones soon clamber- out and for some days licked the as the latter was soaked with spilt milk from the broken kettle. r a few days, when the spilt milk completely eaten up, the eldest e-child complained to its mo- that the mud didn't taste as well did on the previous days.

xplained the mother then: "Child! now the mud was mixed with milk ch was spilt here, but now that as dried up or eaten up, the ordi- mud alone remains and that to does not taste well. What can I

sked the young beetle: "Mother! at is that stuff called milk and t does it look like? If the mud on ch it is spilt should taste so well, much sweeter should it be itself? What is life without milk? alone who drinks milk is worthy e born. Mother, how possibly can obtain milk?"

Mother beetle: "My child! Brahma ated nectar for heaven and milk the human world as their main- . But how can we, despicable crea- es, aspire for milk?"

Child beetle: "But, mother, tell me, at the human world is like and at heaven is like. Have you seen m? Do they have houses like ours? ve they who live there bodies like rs? Or do they look different?"

Mother beetle: "Child! We are es apart from men and angels, and dwelling place does not at all r any comparison with theirs. In heaven live angels and it is situat- in the sky. Below the heaven is situate this human world. The angels have worshipful feet; they have large chest, long and flowing hands, lovely faces and brilliant eyes. They have neither old age nor death. They have laudable qualities and they fly about in aerial vehicles.

"Although there is not much of a difference in form between humans and angels, humans are encompassed by illness, old age and death. These travel on elephants, horses and carriages. Those enjoyments of both categories are obtainable only by virtue of good *karma* of the past. Inasmuch as we are born beetles we have committed nothing but sins in our past lives."

Child beetle: "Mother, I understand now. But, can you tell me how this exalted knowledge came to you, although born beetle?"

Mother beetle: "While I was living on the shores of the sacred river Gautami, there used to come holy Brahmins from all parts of the country to perform *danas* and *dharmas* and conduct discourses on sacred subjects. I had the good fortune to listen to them by my living in their proximity. What little knowledge I have, therefore, is born out of that luck. Know then, my child, that no happiness is equivalent to the proximity or association of the learned and the good who discourse on *puranas*. By means of *puranas* we are able to distinguish between what is *dharma* and what is not. Indeed there is nothing on which the *puranas* do not throw light. Hence you must know that listening to *puranic* discourses will do us the greatest good. I derive my little knowledge of the sacred *tirthas* of the

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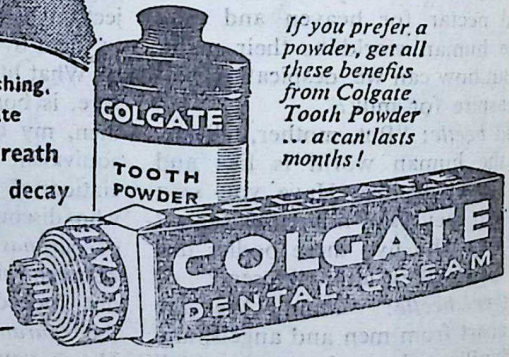

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ntry only through them. Of all red rivers Ganga is the holiest. A ed bath in that holiest river will ch one the *punya* which is unatnable by any other means."

Child beetle: "Mother! From what ve heard from you I feel I have sted all my life in not going to nga for a sacred bath. Won't you good enough to send me to Ganga the holy bath?"

Mother beetle: "O my darling! at a thought for you? Where is nga and where are you? You have idea where Ganga is. You have cross innumerable forests, rivers, cities and villages. The forest is infested by wild beasts and birds. Do you think you can escape being killed by them? You are really a fool to entertain this thought. Be a good child and think no more about it. The climate is now becoming warm. This pasture will soon become parched as rock. Let us all move into the river-bed where we can live in moisture."

So saying, the mother-beetle moved into the river-bed along with her family. There, drinking the cool water of sacred Gautami, the family lived happily.

[*To be continued*]

Intellect is a bondage; faith the liberator.

—Maktubat-i-Sadi.

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News & Notes

Sir H. V. Divatia replying to the felicitations. To his left are H. E. Sri Sri Prakasa, Smt. Jollybehn Divatia and Kulapati K. M. Munshi.

SIR H. V. DIVATIA FELICITATED

GLOWING tributes to the qualities of head and heart of Sir Harsiddhbhai Divatia, Senior Vice-President of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, were paid on the February 17, 1961 at the Gita Mandir of the Bhavan. The occasion was a dinner party organised by the Bhavan to felicitate him on completion of his 75th year. Kulapati K. M. Munshi presided and the distinguished guests included H. E. Sri Prakasa, Governor of Maharashtra, Sri Shantilal H. Shah, Minister for Labour and Commerce, Government of Maharashtra, Sarvashri V. A. Naik, B. N. Gokhale, D. V. Patel and V. S. Desai—Judges of the Maharashtra High Court, Sir Chunilal B. Mehta and other prominent citizens.

Kulapati Munshi recalled the memories of his close association with Sir Harsiddhbhai which started in 1906 (See Kulapati's Letter No. 225). He wished Sir Harsiddhbhai the Vedic span of a hundred years. Smt. Lilavati Munshi garlanded him.

In token of the affection and esteem of Kulapati Munshiji and other colleagues and workers of the Bhavan, a silver plaque was presented to Sir Harsiddhbhai.

Sri Sri Prakasa fully associated himself with the sentiments expressed by Kulapati Munshiji in regard to Sir H. V. Divatia's qualities. He drew special attention to the long-standing friendship of over 54 years between Sri Munshi and Sir H. V. Divatia and said it was an object lesson for all to emulate. He wished Sir Harsiddhbhai a long life.

Replying to felicitations, Sir Harsiddhbhai said he was essentially a student of human nature. Whatever he was able to achieve, he owed to his luck or fortuity. Adverting to his long association with Kulapati Munshi, he said what bound them together was a common ideal, *viz.* reintegration of Indian culture to suit modern needs which has taken the concreate shape of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, which he wished a very long career of useful activity.

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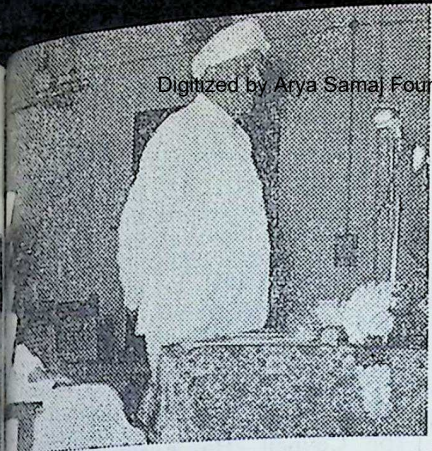


. A. L. Mudaliar, Chairman, Madras ndra of the Bhavan, inaugurating e Madras Kendra's Annual Celebrations.

ADMA SHRI FOR ACHARYA MUNIJI

CHARYA JINA VIJAYAJI MUNI, eneral Editor of the Bhavan's *Singhi in series*, a Founder Member of the avan and its Hon. Director from 43-54, has been awarded the title dma Shri this year fore Research Indology. Over fifty volumes have eady been published in the *Singhi in Series*. Acharya Muniji is also e Director of Rajasthan Oriental Research Institute.

He was associated with Mahatma ndhi in establishing the Gujarat lyapith. He now spends most of his e in a work-farm in Chanderia, ajasthan.

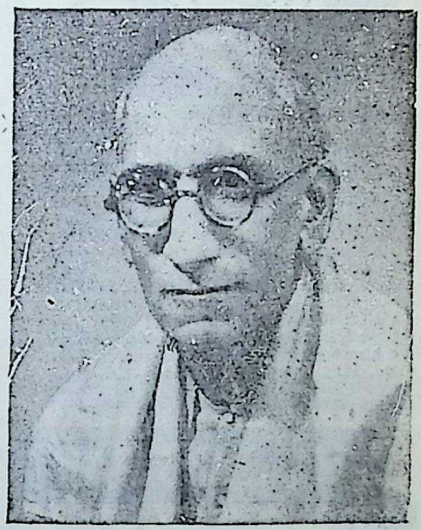
ADRAS KENDRA

HE Foundation Week Celebrations of e Madras Kendra that came off in e last week of January 1961 was ghlighted by two lectures by Kulati Sri K. M. Munshi on "Foundations Indian Culture", a symposium on Culture Trends in Modern India", and ter-Collegiate Drama Competition. The Competition was held at the ivekananda College open-air theatre, ylapore, and was inaugurated by Sri S. P. Ayyar, Retd. Judge of the adras High Court. There were eight tries for the drama competition—om the Vivekananda College, Shri Thiagaraja College, and the Government Arts College—in four languages, viz. Sanskrit, English, Tamil and Telugu. Besides the award of Silver Trophies for the best team in each language, individual prizes were awarded to the best actors. Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi's Rolling Trophy was awarded to the Vivekananda College for their play "The Scheming Lieutenant" in English, which was adjudged the best of all the plays staged.

The inauguration celebrations of the Foundation Week was presided over by Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar and it commenced with Kulapati Sri K. M. Munshi's lecture on "Foundations of Indian Culture."

The symposium on "Culture Trends in Modern India" was held at the University Examination Hall under the Presidentship of Sri K. M. Munshi. Prof. K. Nilakanta Sastri, Dr. V. Raghavan and Dr. K. K. Pillai took part in the symposium.

The celebrations concluded with the second lecture by Sri K. M. Munshi on "Foundations of Indian Culture" and the prize distribution ceremony was presided over by Sri C. Subra-



Acharya Muniji

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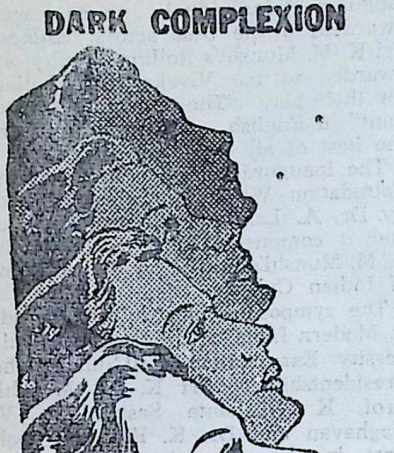

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SRI CHAMPAKLAL MODY

WE grieve to record the death of Sri Champaklal Mody at the age of 73 on 1st February 1961. Born in 1888, graduated in 1911, he was Judge of the Small Causes Court, Bombay, from 1936 to 1941. For nine years he was President of the Bombay Social Education Committee. He was associated with Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan from its very inception and was a member of the Council. He is survived by his wife and three daughters.

DR. MANILAL H. PATEL

THE sad and untimely death of Dr. Manilal Patel occurred on Sunday the 5th February, 1961. Dr. Patel was a Founder Member of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, and its first Director. Dr. Patel was deputed by the Government of India as lecturer on Hindu Philosophy to Istanbul University and he returned just four months back. His premature death at the age of 55 is a loss to India as well as Hindu philosophic thought.

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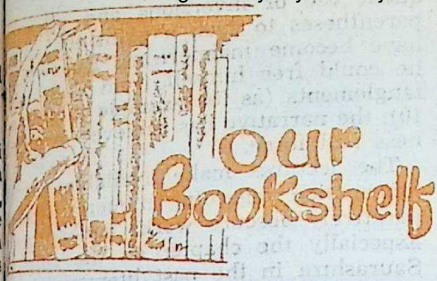
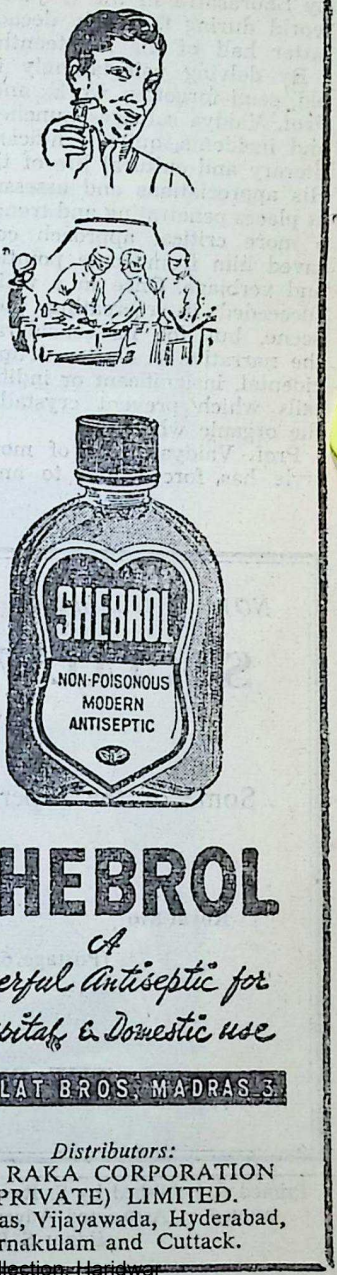


GUJARATI

GAT SHATAK-NU SAHITYA—ENA KETLAK AMSHO PAR DRISTIPAT (Some glimpses of the Gujarati literature of the previous hundred years). By V. K. Vaidya. Published by the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan, Bombay-7. 1959. pp. 308. Price: Rs.6/-.

THE volume under review comprises twelve lectures delivered by Prof. V. K. Vaidya, the veteran literary journalist, critic and author, in virtue of his appointment in 1952-53, as 'Smt. Lilavati Munshi Professor of Gujarati Literature' at the Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan. The admirable aim of the lectures, as stated by the esteemed lecturer in the foreword, is two-fold: first, to outline the emergent thought-currents and conflicts of the new era in Gujarati literature ushered by the cataclymic impact of the West, and to assess the same with reference to the values of 'Indian culture'; second, to rescue from unmerited oblivion some less known works and authors whose services to Gujarati literature the lecturer considers valuable.

Of the twelve lectures, lectures 2 and 3 deal with the motivating forces of the period prior to the advent of Mahatma Gandhi. These are followed by the lectures on the diaries of Bholanath and Narasimharav Divatia, on Narayan Hemchandr and Ranjitram Vavabhai. Further, two lectures are devoted to literary letters, one each to Bhimrav Bholanath and Krishnarav Divatia and one jointly to Uttamlal Keshavlal and Vadilal M. Shah. The



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last lecture relates to the part played by Saurashtra in the Gujarati literary world during the early decades of the latter half of the nineteenth century.

By delving painstakingly into some old, semi-forgotten works and records, Prof. Vaidya salvages bunches of facts and incidents, quite significant for the literary and cultural life of the period. His appreciations and assessments are at places penetrating and trenchant. But a more critical approach could have saved him from some pointless praise and verbiage. Once in a while he has succeeded in recreating the literary scene, but for its considerable part, the narrative is cluttered up with incidental, insignificant or indifferent details which prevent crystallization of the organic whole.

Prof. Vaidya's fear of monotony of style has forced him to an overfrequent use of inversions and piles of parentheses to such a point that they have become mannerisms. But where he could free himself from these entanglements (as for example in lecture 10), the narrative has achieved smoothness and force.

The lectures make available useful information regarding numerous comparatively obscure works and authors. Especially the chapter on the role of Saurashtra in the past literary life of Gujarat is richly informative and opens up an interesting subject for further fruitful investigation. Those busying themselves with the literary scene in Gujarat during the post-1850 and pre-1930 decades shall have frequent occasions to consult with profit Prof. Vaidya's present lectures.

—*Dr. H. C. Bhayani*

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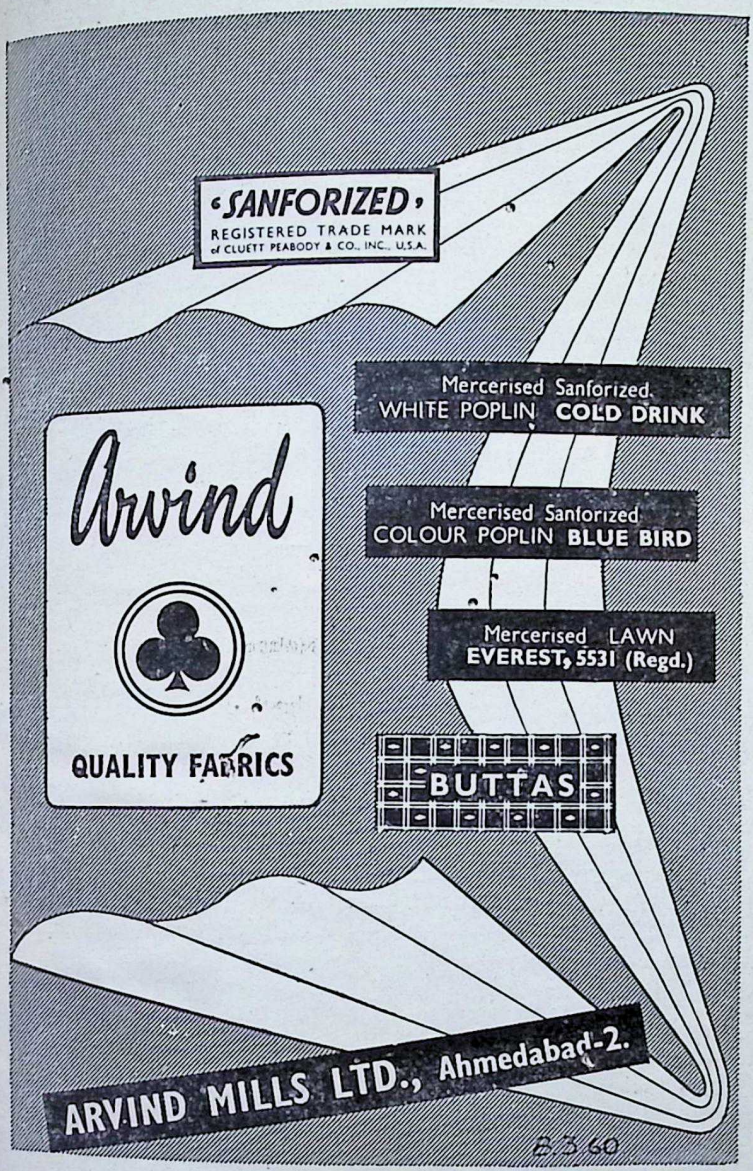

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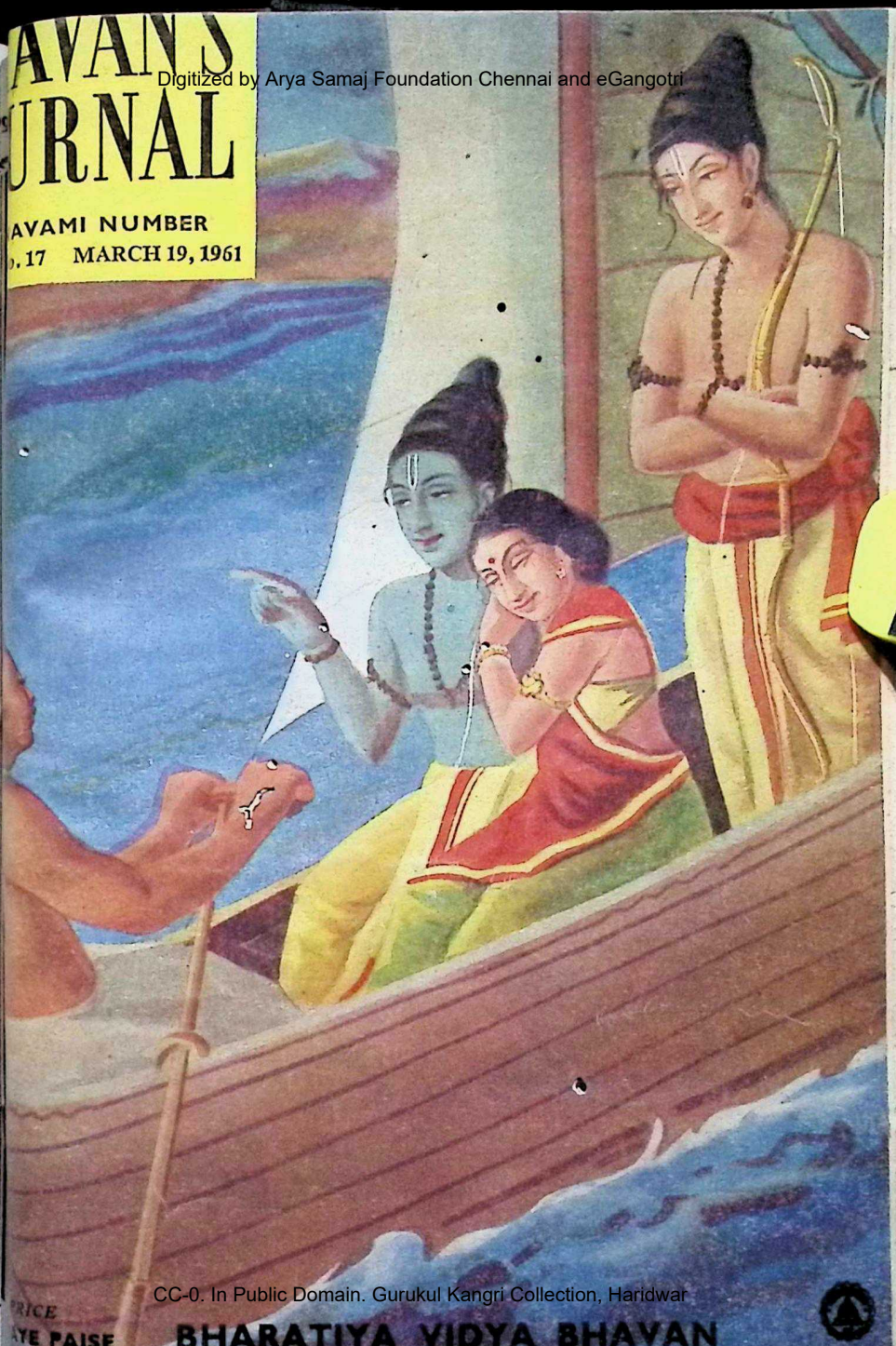

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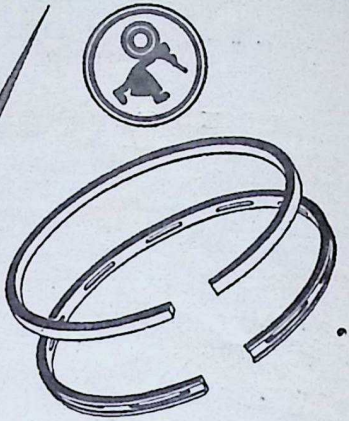

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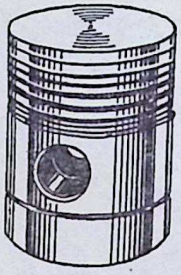

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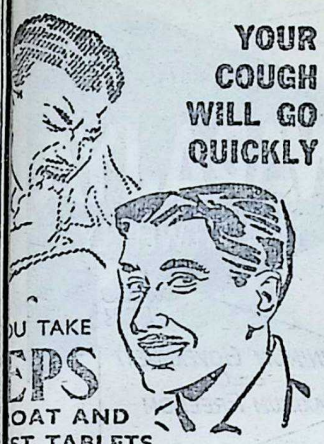

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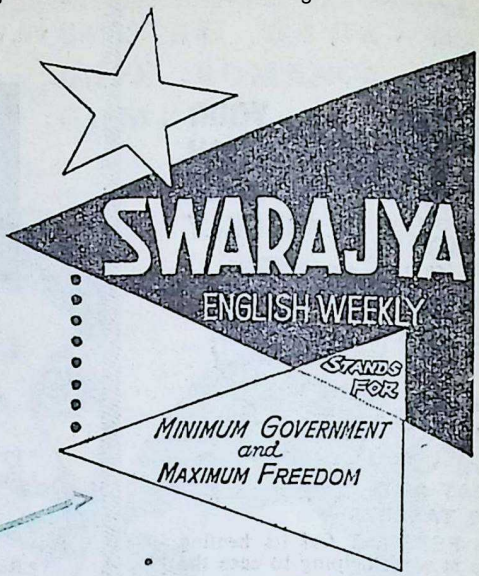

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आ नो भद्राः क्रतवो यन्तु विश्वतः।

Let noble thoughts come to us from every side

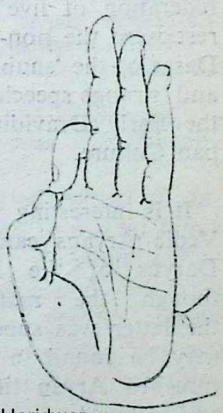
—Rigveda, I-89-i

PRAYER TO SRI RAMA

वैदेही सहितं सुरद्रुमतले हैमे महामण्टपे
मध्ये पुष्पकमासने मणिमये वीरासने
सुस्थितम्।
अग्रे वाचयति प्रभञ्जनसुते तत्वं मुनिभ्यः परं
व्याख्यान्तं भरतादिभिः परिवृतं रामं भजे
श्यामलम्॥

Adoration unto the dark-hued Rama who with Sita is seated steadily in virasana on a gem-studded seat of a golden pavilion in the middle of Pushpaka, beneath the Kalpaka-vriksha, surrounded by Bharata and others while Hanuman reads out the supreme truths for the Munis and Sri Rama expounds them.

—Valmiki Ramayana



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Kulapati's Letter
ON
LIFE, LITERATURE & CULTURE

No. 227

★ *FOUNDATIONS OF INDIAN CULTURE* ★ *KULA AND YAJNA* ★ *RITA AND TAPAS AS THE CENTRAL IDEA*

BHARATIYA VIDYA BHAVAN
BOMBAY.

MARCH 19, 1961.

MY YOUNG FRIEND,

AS the Vedic Aryan culture provided the formative and vitalising elements to Indian Culture, I shall deal with it in some detail. Unless we try to understand its significance, we can never understand what our culture stands for and how it came to flourish.

The Vedic Aryans who founded Indian Culture had certain basic social institutions—the *kula,* the family, the *jana,* the tribe, the *panchjana,* the federation of five Aryan tribes. The rest were the non-Aryan Dasyus and Dasas of the 'snub-nose' 'dark colour' and 'strange speech', in all probability, the Early Dravidians of the Harappan Culture.

●●●

It is interesting to enquire how the Vedic Aryans came to conquer the Dasyus of the Harappan culture, though the material culture of the latter was superior. The answer may be found in many special features of Aryan life, material, social and cultural.

The Aryans, besides being a mo virile race, had a powerful instrume of warfare in the horse. It was th who appear to have first domestica the wild horse and used it as a livi tank in war, tearing down opposi armies which operated either on fo or used only mules, asses or oxen.

In the *Rigveda,* the horse is giv fulsome praises. It is the symbol strength and vigour. The names warriors are formed by adding t word *'ashva'*. There is a science training horses; racehorses are mai tained to cultivate the vigour of th breed. *Dadhi-kravas,* the divine hors is lauded in one of the *mantras.*

Besides the horse, the Vedic Aryan had great cultural vitality, imparte by traditions, powerful social institu tions, a faith in their own superiorit and a collective will to action.

Among the most important socia institutions was the patriarchate. Th father was the lord and master of th family, both of its members and o its properties. The *pitris,* the mane

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he departed ancestors, were a liv- reality bound in intimate rela- with the family. They looked r their living descendants, who nd a great source of satisfaction n they joined their ancestors after th.

One of the fundamental values of an culture was the indissolubility he *kula*, a corporation of the male estors and descendants. As an in- ution, it was preserved by ceremo- l offerings like *pitriyajna, tarpana, da-dana* and *shraddha*. The grand- ners, fathers, sons and grand- s were thus one in spirit, tradition l property.

n many parts of the world, includ- India, the matriarchal system once sted in the past; it still survives in ne parts of the world, say, among Nairs of Kerala.

But in course of time, the patri- hate as a social institution has been nd to possess greater cohesiveness l collective urge than the matri- hate.

This fundamental value also increas- in scope and content. It led to the cept of *gotra*, a group of families, ming descent from a common an- or. There are still among us Brah- ns who claim descent from the es like Bhrigu, Vasishtha or Kau- a. A federation of *gotras* made the or the tribe claiming descent from anonymous ancestor like Yadu still her removed. Five *janas* or tribes med the Vedic community of Sapta dhu, believed to have been descend- from Yayati.

In this way, the patriarchate pro- ed the psychological bond mak- for the unity of common tradi- tions, which handed down from father to son created a collective urge to re- sist an inroad into the family. It also fostered a larger collective conscious- ness. Manu was accepted as the com- mon ancestor of all men and the world a family, '*vasudhaiva kutumbakam*'.

The institution of *kula* and the fun- damental value which it represented led to derivative institutions and values. The first was the family, the little community gathered round the sacri- ficial fire 'like the spokes of a chariot- wheel gather round the nave'. It was the elementary cell of the culture. It provided tradition and norms of con- duct; it trained members from in- fancy to collective action, inspired by love, sacrifice and pride of parentage. In this way it became the perennial source of the stability and continuity of culture as also of its vitality.

The *Atharva Veda* has a beautiful hymn about the family:

> I will make you of one heart, of one mind and free from hate,
> Love one another as the cow loves the calf she has borne.
> Let the son be loyal to the father, and of one mind with the mother;
> Let the wife speak sweet and gentle words to the husband:
> Let no brother hate brother, nor sister hate sister,
> Unanimous, united in purpose, speak you words with friendli- ness.

Another associated value of far- reaching importance to a vital family life, characteristic of Vedic culture but not usually associated with tribal life in those times, was the sanctity of the lifelong unity of man and wife. The marriage vow was a sacrament which fused two personalities in one:

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I take thy hand (in mine) for good fortune, that thou mayest live to old age with me, thy husband; Gods, Bhaga, Aryama, Savita and Purandhi have given thee to me to be the mistress of my home.....

Join this couple, O Indra! like the *chakravaka* and his mate.

Here is the invocation:

May you two dwell here, and not be parted; enjoy the full span of life, playing with sons and with grandsons, rejoicing in your own home.

Thus the sublimation of the marital bond became a value of importance. It was realised that neither the family nor the *kula* could preserve its continuity or its traditions if this bond was not upheld as sacrosanct, and therefore inviolable. Even Divinity is compared to 'the spotless wife, the beloved of her husband.'

The patriarchate was projected even to the world of gods. Though each god represented a higher power, he was lauded as the highest whenever he was made the object of special worship. At the same time there was family relationship, too, among them. *Aditi* was the mother of the gods; *Prithvi,* the earth, was the mother; *Ushas,* the dawn, was the beauteous maiden. But the Creator, *Vishvakarman,* was the father. He is thus lauded in a hymn:

Our Father, our Creator, our Disposer, Who knows all places and all the worlds, He is the only *One*, though He bears the names of different gods; Him alone other beings seek with their questionings.

Dyaus Pita—Jupiter of the Greek Aryans—was also the father of the gods.

The concept of a bond of union by virtue of a common fatherhood at different levels gave vigour and stability to Aryan life.

The socio-religious institution of the Vedic Aryans, next in importance and efficacy, was *yajna,* the ritual of sacrifice, which brought men their ancestors and the gods into intimate relationship.

In its pre-Vedic stage, *yajna* was the ritual of offering oblations to the sacred fire, or pouring out libations of the sacsed Soma juice. The daily *homa,* as also the ritual by which the domestic sacrificial fire was kept burning perpetually, were to be performed by every householder. There were also the seasonal sacrifices and the social and religious gatherings and festivals associated with the highly elaborate sacrificial sessions, which lasted for varying lengths of time. *Yajnas* were also ordained for the gods by primeval ordinances (*prathamani dharmani*).

Behind the ritual was a value—the spirit of sacrifice. '*Yajna* (the ritual) only prospers', says the sage, 'when it is performed with (the spirit of) *yajna*' — (*yajno yajnena kalpatam*). For *yajna,* if performed in the true spirit, was not only a means of bringing about the unity of gods and men to secure desired ends, but was a means to secure lasting creation.

In *Purusha Sukta* of *Rigveda,* perhaps the most magnificent hymn in the world's literature, the sage describes how *Purusha* was sacrificed. He was the Cosmic Being, who pervaded 'the earth on all sides and transcending it in all directions': who was 'all that is and all that will be' and was

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Lord of immortality transcending
er in all His splendour'.
he gods performed this sacrifice
the true spirit, *yajnena yajna*
ajanta devahs—when they offer-
he *Purusha* as an oblation. Crea-
followed: gods and men, Brah-
s, Kshatriyas, Vaishyas and Shu-
all came forth.
rihaspati, the divine sage, also sac-
ed himself for the welfare of the
and men.
hus, the spirit of sacrifice as the
ce of creation was accepted as a
damental value. All creation was
outcome of offerings made in the
spirit of devoutly surrendering
t was offered. This value, under-
d in this sense, became more arti-
te in the later periods.

he ordinances according to which
a was performed was prescribed
Rita, the Eternal Law, which up-
the Cosmic Order. According to
Vedic tradition, the Angirasas,
eminent among the sages, the sons
Heaven and of the Great Varuna,'
e the first to observe the ordinan-
of *yajna* to manifest the power
Rita. The gods, ancestors and men
had to conform to these immut-
ordinances—*dharmani*. Any-
g which did not conform to *Rita*
an-rita, untruth.
ita, the Cosmic Law, was all-per-
ing, omnipotent, inexorable, from
ch creation sprang, and by which
life was regulated and upheld. It
independent of the gods and men,
everything existed in and through
t was the strength of higher powers
natural and spiritual. The gods
e no more than its guardians; they

> **When traditions of a nation die, then the nation is dead, even if it persists as a great power in the world, yet it is nothing but an aggregate of meaningless individuals determinedly pursuing their contemptible aims.**
>
> **—Shri Krishnaprem**

were 'mighty' because of it, and with its aid alone could they function. It was the 'refulgent car' in which Brihaspati, the lord of prayers, drove in order to chase away wickedness. Mitra and Varuna were sovereign gods only because they upheld it.

Rita was not merely the source of strength, but also of beauty. Ushas, the goddess of the dawn, was beautiful because she was 'true to *Rita*'. She 'rose day after day only in obedience of its ordinances'.

A man could rise in nobility of stature only by it. 'The earth is sweet to the man who lived by *Rita*', says the sage. Even the streams of Soma juice made the world 'Arya'—noble—because they were its streams. Men could be 'led beyond pain and grief' only along its path. The Beautiful One (Ushas) inspired men to 'more and more blissful thoughts only because she was obedient to *Rita*'. One could taste immortality only on 'the lofty heights of *Rita*'.

Satya was that aspect of *Rita* which gave conduct the power to yield desired or expected results. '*Rita* and *satya* were born in the beginning of things out of *tapas*'. '*Soma*', says the sage, 'declares *Rita*; it is splendid because of *Rita*; it is truth speaking and truthful'.

Satya was therefore *Rita* translated into conduct by an accord between

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what was intended, said and done. It was something which made men 'unfailing, reliable, dependable'—*satya-shushma, satya-karman, satya-vakya.* When men prayed to the gods, their blessings have to be *satya,* true to expectations.

Social order also had to be regulated by *Rita. Kshatra*—rulership—endowed rulers with sovereignty because they upheld the Order prescribed by it. It is interesting to note that the name of one of the Aryan kings of Persia was *Rita-Kshatra,* corrupted by the Greeks into Artaxerxes.

'*Satya* and *Rita,* all-pervading and inexorable, consecration, *tapas* (brahmic), prayer and *yajna* (sacrifice)—these uphold the earth' says the sage.

●●●

We saw that *yajna* could only be fruitful if it was performed with the spirit of *yajna.* This spirit was *tapas,* which meant offering of life and all it means through consecration and prayer to the gods in order to conform to *Rita.*

This discipline purified the body and the mind. Scorning material comforts, it gave self-control to man, leading him to the path of sublimation ; it wrought the alchemy which transmuted human passions and weaknesses into strength, beauty and inspiration.

Through tapas *one found self-fulfilment, for only then one could live in conformity with* Rita, *the Cosmic Law.*

This is the Central Idea underlying all Aryan values.

Creation is not the product of a mechanical evolution, nor of the fiat of a personal God. It is the manifestation of *Rita* which, though of many aspects, was spiritual in its being and working.

According to the founders of our culture, *Rita,* as Cosmic Order, upholds and regulates the creation, its natural processes, its life and its evolution. In its moral aspect, it chases away wickedness, regulates individual and collective life. As *satya* it produces results by securing the dynamic unity of thought, word and deed. In its spiritual aspect, it inspires the beautiful in thought, word and deed and leads the uplifted soul to utter the Word, which gives vitality and mission to life. As *kshatra,* it upholds the social order through which life is fulfilled.

This is the highest tribute one can pay to the Vedic rishis. Four thousand years ago, when the human race was in varying stages of limited mental and spiritual development and men could only conceive of numerous gods behaving as petulant and zealous tribal chiefs, they saw this Central Idea in all its universality and through it sought to co-ordinate all values in life and shaped and vitalised institutions and norms of conduct in order to fulfil it.

This Central Idea runs like a golden thread through the changing shape of the millennial life of our culture. We have to keep this in mind in studying Indian Culture through the ages.

Yours sincerely,

K. M. Munshi

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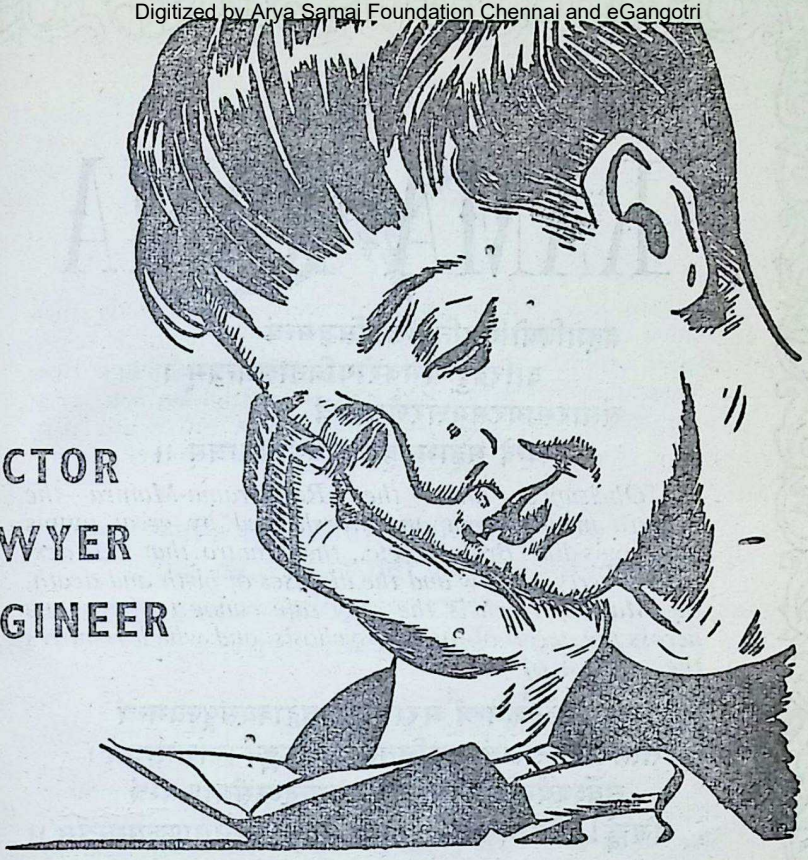

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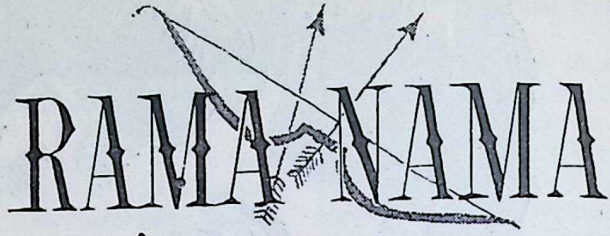

RAMA NAMA

ब्रह्मादियोगिमुनिपूजितसिद्धमन्त्रं
दारिद्र्यदुःखभवरोगविनाशमन्त्रम् ।
संसारसागरसमुत्तरणैकमन्त्रं
वन्दे महाभयहरं रघुराममन्त्रम् ।।

Obeisance unto the Raghurama-Mantra—the Mantra made potent and worshipped by great munis *and* yogis *like Brahma, etc., the Mantra that can destroy poverty, sorrow and the diseases of birth and death, the Mantra which is the only safe canoe to ferry one across the ocean of metampsychosis, and which removes the greatest of fears.*

शत्रुच्छेदैकमन्त्रं सरसमुपनिषद्वाक्यसंपूज्यमन्त्रं
संसारोत्तारमन्त्रं समुचितसमये सङ्गनिर्याणमन्त्रम् ।
सर्वैश्वर्यमन्त्रं व्यसनभुजगसन्दष्टसंत्राणमन्त्रं
जिह्वे! श्रीराममन्त्रं जप जप! सततं जन्मसाफल्यमन्त्रम् ।।

Rama Mantra is the most effective weapon in destroying the enemy; which is worshipped by the Upanishadic expressions; which will help one to rise above samsara; *which will enable one to get rid of attachments at the opportune time; which confers every kind of wealth, and which can revive one from the bite of the snake sorrow. O tongue! Repeat always this Sri Rama Mantra which will make life fruitful.*

व्यामोहप्रशमौषधं मुनिमनोवृत्तिप्रवृत्त्यौषधं
दैत्योन्मूलकरौषधं भवभयप्रध्वंसनैकौषधम् ।
भक्तानन्दकरौषधं त्रिभुवने सञ्जीवनैकौषधं
श्रेयः प्राप्तकरौषधं पिब मनः श्रीरामनामौषधम् ।।

Oh mind! Drink the medicine in the form of Sri Rama's name which will remove all infatuations, which

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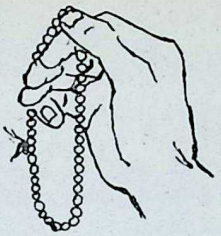

will give one the mental attitudes and beatitudes of great munis; *which will uproot all the demons, which will annihilate the cycle of births and deaths, which gives endless bliss to its devotees and which is an effective life-giving medicine in all the three worlds and which fetches one all the virtues!*

कृत्याकृत्यविवेकहीनमनसां हत्यादिभिर्जीविनां
अत्यन्तं बहुतारकं तनुभृतां अभ्यन्तरं योगिनाम् ।
सत्यानन्दमयं समस्तनिगमस्तुत्यास्पदं सम्पदां
स्थानं श्रीरघुरामनाममखिलं नित्यं स्मरन्मुच्यते ॥

For all embodied beings who are devoid of the discerning faculty, living for the most part by evil deeds like killing, the name of Rama is the most powerful source of liberation. It shines in the heart of yogis *as Truth and Bliss. All the Vedas worship it. It is the seat of all fortunes. By contemplating on Rama-nama unceasingly one gets liberated.*

जगतिविशदमन्त्रं जानकीप्राणमन्त्रं
विबुधविनुतमन्त्रं विश्वविख्यातमन्त्रम् ।
दशरथसुतमन्त्रं दैत्यसंहारमन्त्रं
रघुपतिनिजमन्त्रं रामरामेति मन्त्रम् ॥

The mantra "Ram-Ram" which is the mantra *of Raghupati's own is the clearest of* mantras; *it is the life-breath of Janaki; it is worshipped by all the learned sages; is universally famous; it is the* mantra *of Dasaratha's son; it kills all demons (evils).*

—Ramakarnamrita

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SRI RAMA

ri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa

Rama and Lakshmana in a hermitage (Deogarh

PEOPLE worship God according to their tastes and temperaments.

The Rishis followed the path of nana. Therefore they sought to realize Brahman, the Indivisible Existence—knowledge—Bliss Absolute.

But those who follow the path of evotion seek an incarnation of God enjoy the sweetness of *bhakti*.

Ordinary people do not recognise ne advent of an incarnation of God. le comes in secret; only a few of is intimate disciples can recognise the dvent of an incarnation of God.

That Rama was both Brahman Absolute and a perfect incarnation of od in human form was known only twelve rishis.

Sages like Bharadwaja adored ama and said: "O Rama, You are othing but the indivisible *Satchidananda*. You have appeared before us s a human being, but You appear like a man because You have covered Yourself with Your own Maya." These rishis were great devotees of Rama.

There were other sages too who said: "Rama, we know you only as Dasaratha's son."

Can everyone comprehend Brahman, the Indivisible Existence—Knowledge—Bliss Absolute? He alone has attained perfect love of God who, having reached the absolute, keeps himself in the realm of the relative in order to enjoy the divine *lila*. The darkness of the mind disappears when God is realised.

I realise that wherever I live, I am always in the Ayodhya of Rama. This whole world is Sri Rama's Ayodhya.

In the *Purana* it is said that it was as if a hundred suns were shining when Rama entered the court. Why then, were not the courtiers burnt up? It was because the brilliance of Rama

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RAMACHANDRA

Why was Rama called Ramachandra?

Valmiki and Tulsi merely say that the name Rama fitted him best as he delighted everybody.

There are however other traditions seeking to explain the name of Ramachandra. One of them is this:

As soon as Sri Rama was born, the Moon-god which is the lord of the night, visited him and lodged a complaint before him: "Lord, is it proper to take birth during day-time, because your intention being to destroy evil, you should have taken birth at night as it is during night, that, most of the sins like theft and other culpable acts happen? Further, won't people think you are being partial to Sun-god, your ancestor?"

Rama agreed with that point of view and offered to make amends. But the Moon was not satisfied, whereupon Rama added: "I shall take birth at night in my next *avatar*. I shall make up for that default by adding your name to mine!" and so it happened.

was not like that of a material object. As the lotus blooms when the sun rises, so the lotus of the heart of the people assembled in the court burst into bloom.

Rama, Sita and Lakshmana went to the forest as exiles. Rama walked in front, Sita in the middle, Lakshmana behind her. Lakshmana was very anxious to have always a full view of Rama; but as Sita was in the middle he could not have it. Then he prayed to Sita to move aside a little; and as soon as she did so, Lakshmana's wish was fulfilled, and he saw Rama.

Such is the arrangement of Brahman, Maya and Jiva in the world. So long as the illusion of Maya does not move aside, the creature cannot see the Creator—man cannot see God.

In a certain village there lived a weaver. He was a very pious soul. Everyone trusted him and loved him. He used to sell his goods in the market-place. When a customer asked him the price of a piece of cloth, the weaver would say: "By the will of Rama the price of yarn is one rupee and the labour four annas; by the will of Rama the profit is two annas. The price of the cloth, by the will of Rama, is one rupee and six annas."

Such was the people's faith in the weaver that the customer would at-once pay the price and take the cloth. The weaver was a real devotee of God.

After finishing his supper in the evening, he would spend long hours in the worship hall meditating on

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and chanting His name and ies.

ow, late one night the weaver dn't get to sleep. He was sitting he worship hall, smoking now and , when a band of robbers happen- to pass the way. They wanted a to carry their goods and said to weaver, "Come with us", so say- they led him off by the hand.

fter committing a robbery in a se, the robbers put a load of gs on the weaver's head, com- nding him to carry them.

uddenly the police arrived and the bers ran away. But the weaver, h his load, was arrested.

He was kept in the lock-up for the ht.

Next day he was brought before magistrate for trial. The villagers rnt what had happened and came court. They said to the magistrate: our Honour, this man could never mmit a robbery". Thereupon the gistrate asked the weaver to make statement.

The Weaver said: 'Your Honour, the will of Rama I finished my al at night. Then by the will of ma I was sitting in the worship- l. It was quite late at night by the l of Rama. By the will of Rama had been thinking of God and nting His name and glories, when the will of Rama a band of rob- s passed that way. By the will of ma they dragged me with them; the will of Rama they committed robbery in a house; and by the l of Rama they put on a load on head. Just then, by the will of ma the police arrived, and by the will of Rama I was arrested. Then by the will of Rama the police kept me in the lock-up for the night, and this morning by the will of Rama I have been brought before Your Honour.'

The magistrate realized that the weaver was a pious man and ordered his release. On his way home the weaver said to his friends. 'By the will of Rama. I have been released.'

God has put you in the world. What can you do about it? Resign everything to Him. Surrender yourself at His feet. Then there will be no more confusion. Then you will realise that it is God who does everything. All depends on the "will of Rama".

[*Collated from his works*]

अलं शास्त्राभ्यासैः अलमसकृता-- म्नायपठनैः
अलं तीर्थस्नानैः अलमखिलयाग- व्रतजपैः ।
अलं योगाभ्यासैः अलमपि महापाता- कभिया
यदस्माकं रामस्मरणमहिमा सा विजयते ॥

No more of the laborious exercises in learning shastras. Enough of recitations of the Vedas endlessly. Enough of dips in sacred waters. Enough of all the Yagas, Vratas and other Japa. Enough of Yogic exercises. Victory unto Rama whose contemplation destroys all fears of even the greatest sins.

—Ramakarnamrita

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SITA:

deal of Indian Womanhood

●

Swami Vivekananda

RAMA AND SITA are the ideals of the Indian nation.

All children, especially girls, orship Sita.

The height of a woman's ambition to be like Sita, the pure, the devoted, the all-suffering!

When you study these characters, ou can at once find out how different the ideal in India from that of the Vest.

For the human race, Sita stands as he ideal of suffering.

The West says, "Do! Show your ower by *doing*." India says, "Show our power by *suffering*."

The West has solved the problem f how much a man can have: India as solved the problem of how little a man can have. The two extremes, ou see-

Sita is typical of India—the idealised India. The question is not whether she ever lived; whether the story s history or not, we know that the deal is there.

There is no other *pauranika* story hat has so permeated the whole naon, so entered into its very life, and as so tingled in every drop of blood f the race, as this ideal of Sita.

Sita is the name in India for everyhing that is good, pure and holy; everything that in woman we call womanly.

If a priest has to bless a woman he says, "Be Sita!" If he blesses a child, he says "Be Sita!" They are all children of Sita, and are struggling to be Sita, the patient, the all-suffering, the ever-faithful, the ever-pure wife.

Through all this suffering she experiences, there is not one harsh word against Rama. She takes it as her own duty, and performs her own part in it. Think of the terrible injustice of her being exiled to the forest! But Sita knows no bitterness. That is, again, the Indian ideal.

Says the ancient Buddha: "When a man hurts you, and you turn back to hurt him, that would not cure the first injury; it would only create in the world one more wickedness."

Sita was a true Indian by nature; she never returned injury.

[From his *Collected Works*]

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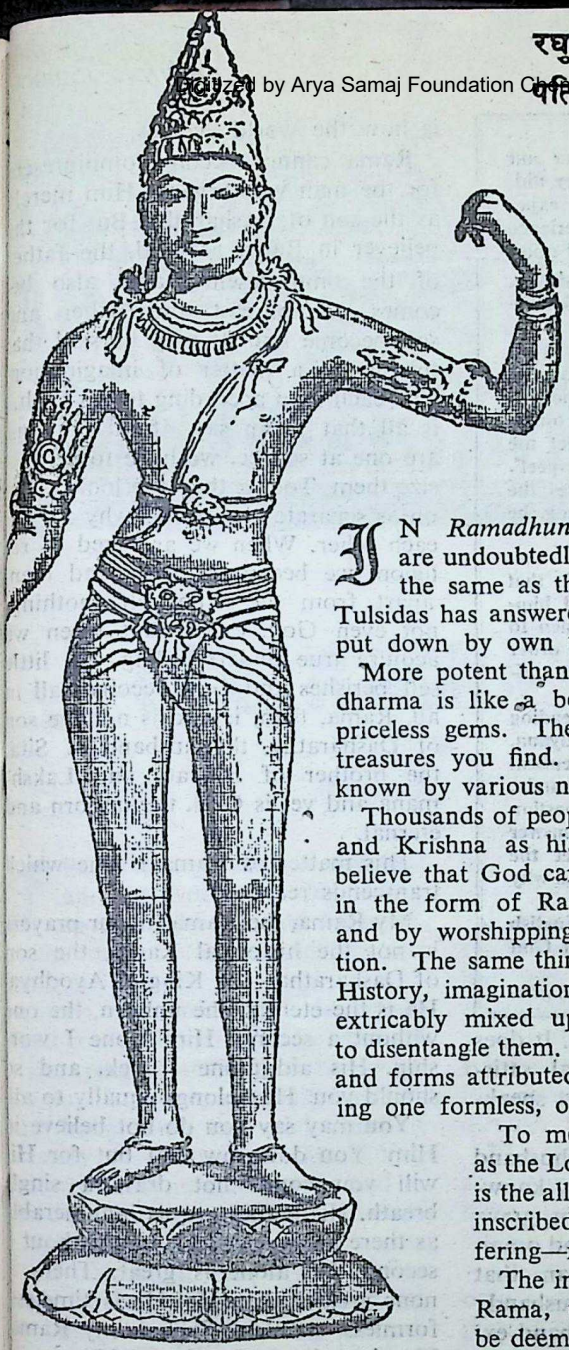
रघुपति राघव राजाराम्
पतित पावन सीताराम् ।



MY RAMA

Mahatma Gandhi

IN *Ramadhun* 'Raja-Rama,' 'Sita-Rama' are undoubtedly repeated. Is not this 'Rama' the same as the son of Dasharatha? Saint Tulsidas has answered this question. But let me put down by own view.

More potent than Rama is the Name. Hindu dharma is like a boundless ocean teeming with priceless gems. The deeper you dive, the more treasures you find. In Hindu religion, God is known by various names.

Thousands of people look doubtless upon Rama and Krishna as historical figures and literally believe that God came down in person on earth in the form of Rama, the son of Dasharatha, and by worshipping Him one can attain salvation. The same thing holds good about Krishna. History, imagination and truth have got so inextricably mixed up. It is next to impossible to disentangle them. I have accepted all the names and forms attributed to God as symbols connoting one formless, omnipresent Rama.

To me, therefore, Rama described as the Lord of Sita, son of Dasharatha, is the all-powerful essence whose name inscribed in the heart removes all suffering—mental, moral and physical.

The important question is as to how Rama, the son of Dasharatha, can be deemed immortal. The answer can-

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—AND MY RAMA

Every single thing they (Rama and Sita) said, every single thing they did, aye, every joy and grief they experienced, they did say and experience in order that it may throw light upon your own life and give you strong, steady, firm and trustworthy guidance in the trials that await you.

If at any time you say 'This is an impossible thing. God may do anything He pleased. He is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent and omnipenetrative. How does it affect me who am so unlike in every respect', if a person says that, he misses the whole story; he reads for nothing, he listens for nothing at all.

Rama was no doubt God. Valmiki says so in so many words that Sri Rama was God but limited himself and came down amongst men to function for certain purposes in order to bring deliverance to a suffering universe.

This is really no modern reading of the purpose of the Ramayana. The keynote is mentioned in identical terms in Sarga I of the Balakanda. The special purpose of the question of Valmiki as Sishya and the answer of Narada as Guru would set the matter beyond all doubts. That is why Rama has come as *Nara* (Man).

Using the language of an English poet it is to "justify the ways of God to men."

—*Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri.*

not in reality be reasoned out. It does not lend itself to intellectual satisfaction. It is a matter of heart speaking to heart.

I worshipped Rama as Sita's husband in the first instance, but as my knowledge and experience of Him grew, my Rama became immortal and omnipresent. This does not mean that Rama ceased to be Sita's husband; but the meaning of Sita's husband expanded with the vision of Rama. This is how the world evolves.

Rama cannot become omnipresent for the man who regards Him merely as the son of Dasharatha. But for the believer in Rama as God, the father of the omnipresent Rama also becomes omnipresent—the father and son become one. It may be said that this is all a matter of imagination. "To each man according to his faith," is all that I can say. If all religions are one at source, we have to synthesize them. Today, they are looked upon as separate and that is why we kill each other. When we are tired of religion, we become atheists and then, apart from the little self, nothing, not even God, exists. But when we acquire true understanding, the little self perishes and God becomes all in all. Rama, then, is and is not the son of Dasharatha, the husband of Sita, the brother of Bharata and Lakshmana and yet is God, the unborn and eternal.

This matter of Rama is one which transcends reason.

My Rama, the Rama of our prayers is not the historical Rama, the son of Dasharatha—the King of Ayodhya. He is the eternal, the unborn, the one without a second. Him alone I worship, His aid alone I seek, and so should you. He belongs equally to all.

You may say you do not believe in Him. You do know that but for His will you could not draw a single breath. His names are as innumerable as there are men. He is one without a second. He alone is great. There is none greater than He. He is timeless, formless, stainless. Such is my Rama. He alone is my Lord and Master.

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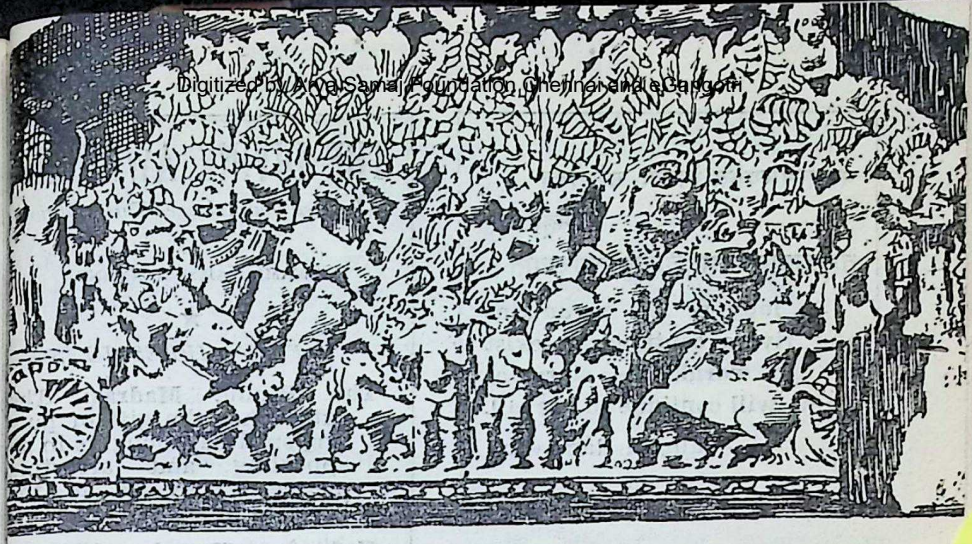

Lintel: Arrival of Rama in Lanka (Cambodia)

The RAMAYANA

Jawaharlal Nehru

FROM the peasant in the field and the worker in the factory to the highbrow and the scholar, the story of Rama and Sita has been a living one.

Among our great festivals, which spread joy and comradeship amongst all our people, there is none which is so popular, more especially in Northern India, than the celebration of the story of Rama and Sita. Valmiki wrote his immortal epic and in later days, Tulsidas, writing in homely language, made this story a part of the texture of the lives of our people. A story and a book which has had this powerful influence on millions of people, during some millennia of our changing history, must have peculiar virtue in it.

Ever since my boyhood, I have been fascinated by this India of ours. It has been a mystery often, revelation sometimes, and the more I have sought to understand her the more I have been impressed by her powerful personality which has endured through the ages.

In a sense, my life has been a quest, an attempt to understand this great motherland of ours with its infinite variety and its basic unity.

No one who sees a part of India only and not the rest can have a full picture of her. No one who sees the present only and has no realisation of

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यावत्स्थास्यन्ति गिरयः सरितश्च
महीतले।
तावद्रामायणकथा लोकेषु प्रचरिष्यति॥

So long as the mountains and rivers continue to exist in the world, the story of Rama will continue to prevail.

—Valmiki Ramayana

the panorama of her past, can understand her, for our roots go deep down into the past of the history of man.

Innumerable weeds have grown up from time to time. But they have never succeeded in uprooting those deep roots which have fashioned our destiny for good or ill.

Out of the distant past, which is history, and the present, which is the burden of today, the future of India is gradually taking shape.

We must have an intellectual understanding of these mighty processes of history.

We must have even more, an emotional awareness of our past and present, in order to try to give a right direction to the future.

I do not think any person can understand India or her people fully without possessing a knowledge of the two magnificent epics that are India's pride and treasure.

[From his Foreword to *Valmiki Ramayana* by N. Chandrasekhara Aiyer in Bhavan's Book University Series]

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Vali Vadha

THE GREATNESS OF TARA

C. Rajagopalachari

LIKE a flowering creeper embracing a forest tree felled down by an axe, Taara lay on the ound clinging to Vaali.

Neela, as gently as he could, drew it the dart from Vaali's chest. Blood ushed out of the wound and spread to a pool. Vaali's life left his body. aara lamented loudly. "For the last me salute your father", she bade ngada in heart-broken accents. "O y husband! your dear son is bowing efore you. Will you not say a word him? Alas! I am a widow and he an orphan."

The sight of all this struck Sugreeva the heart. He said to himself: Moved by desire I closed the enance of the cave and leaving Vaali ere, I seized and enjoyed his wealth. What a sinner I have been!"

It may be that in his penitent mood ugreeva accused himself wrongly, ut it is also true that without our nowledge, desire corrupts our mind nd leads us to wrong actions and ntangles us in sin. Sugreeva felt that esire had unknowingly blinded and etrayed him.

Kaama in Sanskrit stands for lust nd greed and every kind of desire. *Kaama* is man's internal foe which he has to vanquish. This is the lesson taught in the last seven *slokas* of the third chapter of the *Gita*. Sri Krishna concludes his exhortation with these words: *jahi satrum raamaroopam duraasadam*.

If desire corrupted Sugreeva's mind, anger corrupted Vaali's. When Vaali saw that Sugreeva had barred the entrance and left him shut up in the cave he felt that Sugreeva had accompanied him in his pursuit of the *Raakshasa* not as a brother but with a treacherous motive. He concluded that Sugreeva had planned to sacrifice him to the Asura and usurp his place.

He became a prey to his own fury. He disgraced and drove out his blood-brother and nursed his anger. Anger (*krodha*, as it is called in Sanskrit) betrayed Vaali into sin.

Indeed *kaama* and *krodha* are the ultimate cause of all sin. Unless we defend our heart against these foes and keep them out, we cannot escape sin.

Sugreeva lamented: "Though my sin was great, he would not kill me. He drove me out and allowed me to escape with life. That was all. But I conspired to slay him and succeeded. There is no sinner like me in the

[From his *Ramayana* in the Bhavan's Book University Series]

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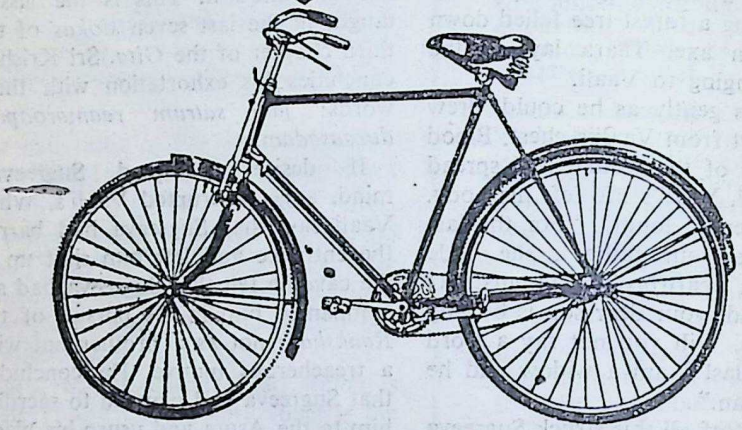

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orld and yet with his last breath he ve me this kingdom to rule and ve, too, the gift of Indra, the neck- ce of power. Indeed he was noble. hy should I still cling to this base e, I, who brought about the death my heroic brother?"

At least once a year, men that follow cient custom utter the prayer *aamokaarsheet manyurakaarsheet.* hat is, 'Desire lured me into sin, ger lured me into sin.' So saying any times with humble penitence, ey seek to cleanse their hearts. This a practice that all should follow, repent and purify the heart and rrender it to the Lord, *Kaamokaar- eet manyurakaarsheet, Naaraayana- a namah.*

With fear and hesitation, Raama ntly approached the weeping Taara. ut there was no sign of anger on her ce. The words she addressed the ayer of her husband were worthy of hero's queen. "With the weapon ith which, O warrior, you killed my sband, kill me too and enable me join him. Even in heaven, he will t be happy without me. Do not ar it would be sin. It will be a meri- rious act to unite husband and wife. is will cleanse your sin, your trea- erous slaying of my husband."

Vaalmeeki says at this stage that ara knew the truth of Raama's in- rnation and saw Vishnu in him. The ditional belief is that like Sumitra, mother Lakshmana, Taara—the fe of Vaali—was a *jnaani*, a knower Reality. Though at first she hated ama for his treachery, yet when saw him face to face she saw his inity, so it is said.

Vali and Sugreeva fighting

Those who read the *Raamaayana* as a mere tale would find all this pointless. But to the followers of *bhakti maarga,* this will not sound improbable. Tulsidaas sings at this point that Siva explains to Parvati: "Look, Uma, how Raama—the Supreme Being—moves all creatures like puppets tied to strings!" *Bhakti* is needed to realise the full meaning of ancient mythology.

Even on a rational basis, Taara comes out as a diplomat, an expert in statesmanship. She had the intelligence to anticipate coming events. What had happened had happened. By his address and good fortune, Sugreeva had secured the alliance of Raama; Vaali was no more; Angada's welfare was all that she should care for hereafter. Could Angada afford to antagonise Sugreeva with Raama and Lakshmana ready to support him bow in hand? Peace, not war, was indicated..

Hence, when she concealed her anger from Raama and put on an appearance of patient submission to events, she was really securing the best interests of Angada and winning for him the compassion and sympathy of all.

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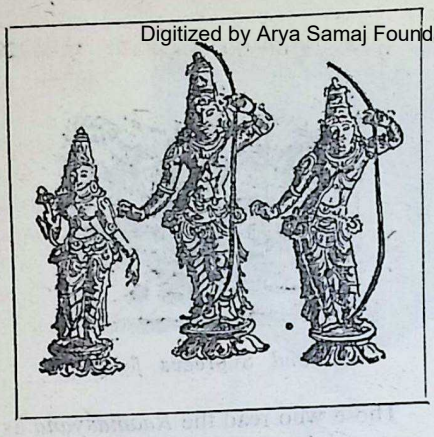

Unsuccessful in his bid to persuade Rama to return, Bharata starts on a fast unto death. At a signal from Rama, Sage Vasishta enlightens Bharata on the real purpose of Sri Rama's exile, killing of the Ravana hordes, whereupon Bharata agrees to take Rama's Sandals and rule as Rama's deputy for duration. At that time Kaikeyi gets enlightenment and addresses Rama.

ADHYATMA RAMAYANA

Kaikeyi's Enlightenment

कृतं मया दुष्टधिया मायामोहितचेतसा ।
क्षमस्व मम दौरात्म्यं क्षमासारा हि साधवः॥

"With my mind covered by Maya, I have with an evil mind done an unkind act unto you. Pray pardon me. Are not noble souls the essence of forbearance?

त्वं साक्षाद्विष्णुरव्यक्तः परमात्मा सनातनः ।
मायामानुषरूपेण मोहयस्यखिलं जगत् ।
त्वयैव प्रेरितो लोकः कुरुते साध्वसाधु वा॥

"You are the physical manifestation of the invisible Vishnu; Paramatman; ever living. You mislead the entire world by your human form. Goaded by you alone the world does good or evil deeds.

त्वधीनमिदं विश्वमस्वतन्त्रं करोति किम् ।
यथा कृत्रिमनर्तक्यो नृत्यन्ति कुहकेच्छया ॥

"Even as the dancing of dolls in a pantomime-show at the direction of the juggler, this unfree universe does one thing or another at your bidding.

त्वदधीना तथा माया नर्तकी बहुरूपिणी
त्वयैव प्रेरिताहं च देवकार्यं करिष्यता

"Maya which is dependent on yo takes many forms and dances man a number. In what I did to you, I wa merely a tool in your hands in th prosecution of a divine act.

पापिष्ठं पापमनसा कर्माचरमरिन्दम
अद्य प्रतीतोऽसि मम देवानामप्यगोचरः

"O, slayer of foes! You, who ar unseen even by gods have been recog nised by me, who sinned with the sin ner's mind.

पाहि विश्वेश्वरानन्त जगन्नाथ नमोऽस्तु ते
छिन्धि स्नेहमयं पाशं पुत्रवित्तादिगोचरम्
त्वज्ज्ञानानलखड्गेन त्वामहं शरणं गता

"Save me, O, omnicient, omnipo tent Lord of the Universe! I bow unt you. I am your refuge and cut o with the fiery knife of your knowledge all my love-bonds with son, wealth etc."

कैकेय्या वचनं श्रुत्वा रामः सस्मितमब्रवीत्
यदाह मां महाभागे नानृतं सत्यमेव तत्

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Smiling indulgently at her words, Rama replied: "O noble lady! Whatever you just said about me are nothing but truth.

मयैव प्रेरिता वाणी तव वक्त्राद्विनिर्गता ॥
देवकार्यार्थसिद्ध्यर्थमत्र दोषः कुतस्तव ।
गच्छ त्वं हृदि मां नित्यं भावयन्ती दिवा-
निशम् ॥

सर्वत्र विगतस्नेहा मद्भक्त्या मोक्ष्यसेऽ-
चिरात् ॥

"For the purpose of fulfilling the divine purpose, those words (which you spoke to Dasaratha) entered your mouth and came out at my instance. Where is your fault? Return home and cherish me in your heart day and night. As a result of your devotion, your bonds will break and you will soon attain Moksha.

अहं सर्वत्र समदृग् द्वेष्यो वा प्रिय एव वा ॥
नास्ति मे कल्पकस्येव भजतोऽनुभजाम्यहम् ।

"Whether one hates me or loves me, I shall look upon all equally; unlike the Kalpaka-vriksha which favours only those who worship it, I love all.

मन्मायामोहितधियो मामम्ब ! मनुजा-
कृतिम् ॥
सुखदुःखाद्यनुगतं जानन्ति न तु तत्त्वतः

"Mother! As a result of my Maya, people consider me as a human being, heir to happiness and sorrow; but my reality they do not know.

दृष्टया मदनुगोचरं ज्ञानमुत्पन्नं ते भवावहम् ॥
स्मरन्ती तिष्ठ भवने लिप्यसे न च कर्मभिः ।

"Luckily the real knowledge about me has dawned on you and that will surely liberate you from birth and death. Live at home thinking about me and you will not be affected by your actions."

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krishnavatara

PART II

17

Gomantak Hill

NOTE

The episode that Krishna and Balaram found their first asylum in Gomantak finds a place in *Harivamsa*, but not in *Vishnu Purana* or *Bhagavata*. If the *Harivamsa* tradition is correct, Gomantak may be modern Goa or possibly some other place on the western sea coast near Mahendra Mountains, a peak of the Sahya Mountains.

This episode is important for several reasons. It is during his stay at Gomantak that Sri Krishna came in contact with Garuda. In the Puranas at some places Garuda is a divine bird and at others a human being who is like an eagle *(Harivamsa* II, Adhy. 40, 41). It is also in Gomantak that Sri Krishna and Balaram receive weapons associated with them, each one of which is known in tradition by a specific name *(Harivamsa* II, Adhya. 43—9 & 10*)*.

In the Gomantak episode Balaram for the first time develops some habits which in the Puranas he is attributed with. Every Purana attributes to him fondess for liquor but *Harivamsa* describes how in Gomantak he was drawn to a sweet-smelling Kadamba tree and first drank the nectar flowing from it. That is why wine is called 'Kadambari' *(Harivamsa* II, Adhy. 41-43*)*. I am not quite sure whether at any period of time with which we associate Sri Krishna and Balaram the Kadamba tree grew on the western sea coast.

It is also during his stay in Gomantak that Balaram enjoyed the company of three celestial nymphs with the names which in my narrative I have given to three girls of the Garuda clan *(Harivamsa* II, Adhy. 41-35*)*.

The Gomantak episode is important, for it narrates how the brothers inflicted the disastrous defeat on Jarasandha and his friends which earned for them the aura of invincibility, with which they are found invested in the later episodes.

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AFTER Parashurama left Gomantak, Balaram, for the first time in his life, felt a different person. By nature he was frank, easy-going, good-hearted and fond of enjoying life. Left to himself, he would have loved just to enjoy himself while the worries of the world passed him by.

However, from infancy he had been a prisoner of the halo of worshipful admiration which his younger brother had created around them both. He loved his younger brother dearly and well knew how deeply he was loved in return. He had complete confidence in Krishna's wisdom, courage and resourcefulness, and admired the wonderful way in which he could bring about results. Both of them had been inseparables and he had always loved to bask in the universal affection and admiration for them both, which Krishna evoked. However, he hated being considered divine, for this homage forced him to make an unceasing effort to prove worthy of it. His expansive and easy-going nature, therefore, often felt cribbed.

When they went to Mathura, things became, if at all, worse. They were looked upon as gods; their exploits were spoken of with awe. Father, Mother, Guru Sandipani, and in fact all the Yadavas of Mathura, expected them to live in a superhuman way. Krishna fulfilled their expectations, for he was, by nature, made not merely to fulfill extravagant expectations, but to set a standard to the expectations themselves. And he had to strive ceaselessly not to belie them.

On this Hill, Balaram felt that he was his own self. The Garuds were a happy-go-lucky people. They ate, drank and danced without restraint, laughing all the time. They—both men and women—wore bark loin clothes, used flowers as ornaments, and generally led a life free of restraints, which the sophisticated Aryans in Mathura imposed upon themselves. They were also a very lively race. Men and women were fleet-footed and terrifically agile. They could climb up and down the hill, running on dangerous paths and jumping over deep ravines with the swift grace of mountain goats. Women did not walk; they danced.

The Garuds as a people had habits which also struck Balaram's fancy. They claimed descent from the Divine Eagle, Suparna of the golden wings and in their festivities, they wore eagle masks, jumped about as if flying and screeched as if they were born the lords of the air.

The Garuds worked little. The coconut was their wishing tree; it gave them food, clothing, drink, pillars and roofs for their homes, mats for sleeping and fuel for fire. They ate bananas and tapioca, which grew in plenty on the hill. They had tiny bows and flint-tipped arrows wherewith to shoot the birds, a delicacy which they thoroughly enjoyed.

Balaram fell in love with these people and entered into the spirit of their lives. They gave him flowers and he wore them. When they danced—men in one row, women on the other—he went into ecstasy. He slept during the day when the sun was high, and laughed at Krishna when the latter asked him to join him in exploring the hill.

'Some day we shall have to defend

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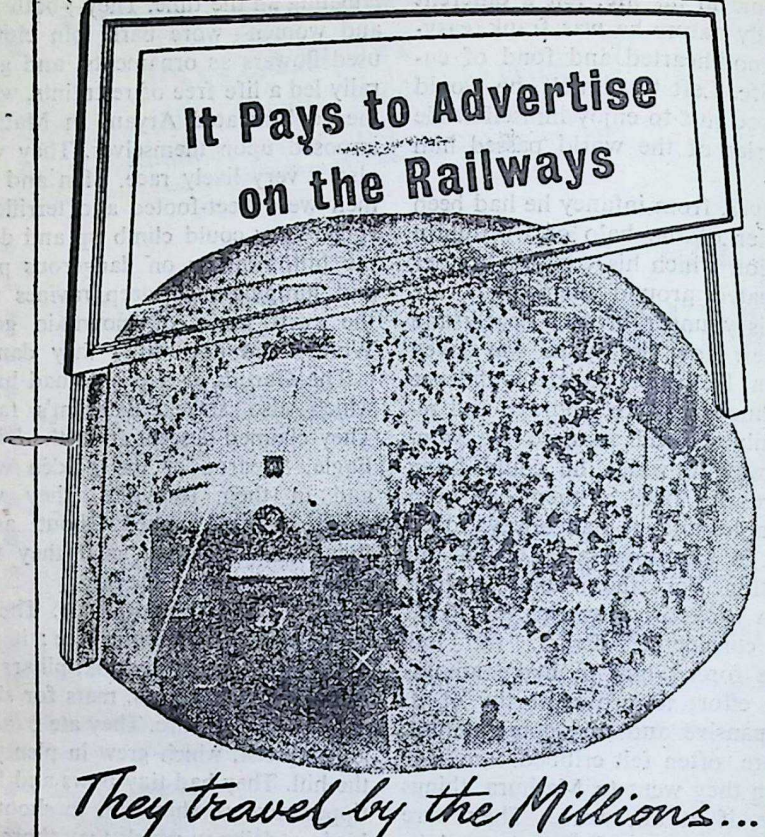

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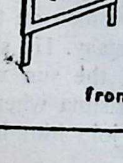

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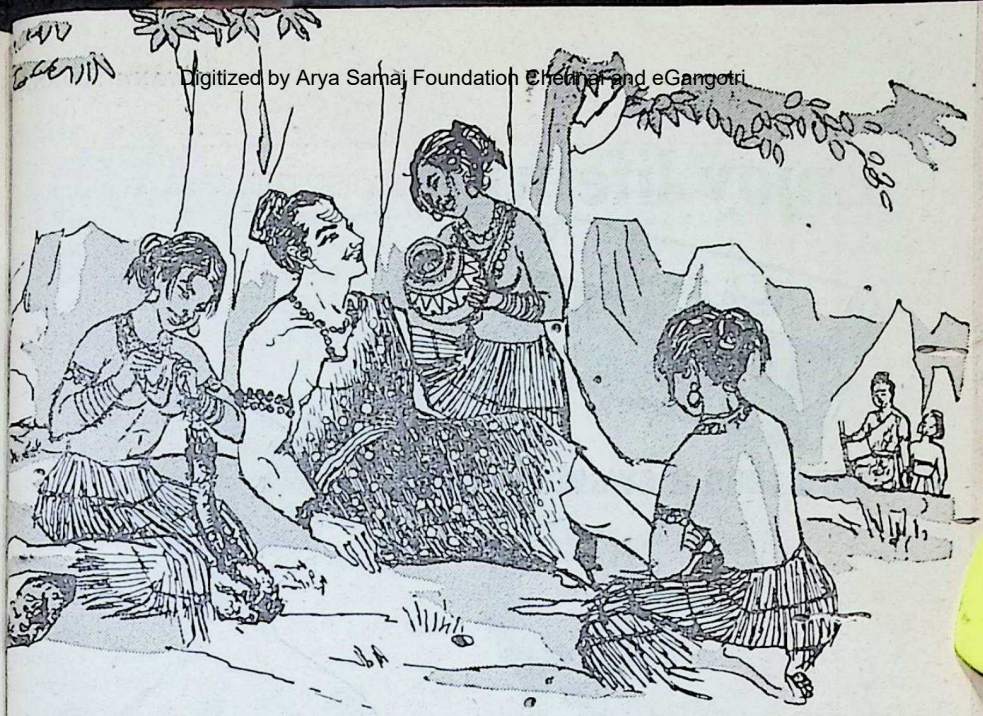

Balaram and the three maidens

omantak against Jarasandha. We ust get ready', said Krishna.

'O Krishna, you never can enjoy fe. Jarasandha will never come so r. If he comes, we will throw him own the hill. We must relish life, the great Bhargava hath said', replied Balaram, quoting high authority.

'Relish life by all means—not by asting it, but by fully living it to urpose', reminded Krishna with an ndulgent smile.

'I have decided to live it fully', said alaram, stretching himself under a ee.

●●●

Krishna left Balaram to his devices ut never failed to associate himself ith the life of the Garuds. Vainaya, the young Garud prince, who ad now recovered the use of his legs, llowed Krishna like his shadow placing himself at his disposal with worshipful loyalty. And the whole tribe of Garuds, led by his father, the grateful Chief, came to look upon Krishna with awe and devotion as upon a guardian god for lifting the curse which had been laid upon their future chief.

Aided by the young Garuda, Krishna went all over the Gomantak Hill. He traced every path; he eyed the unscalable slopes for possible ways of climbing them. He scrutinised every rock which could possibly afford an obstacle to the invader when he came. He also discovered how rich the hill was in food and water—and above all, in minerals from which weapons could be made.

In leisure moments Krishna also thought of men and things; how men could be won over to *Dharma;* how life could be lived with relish but

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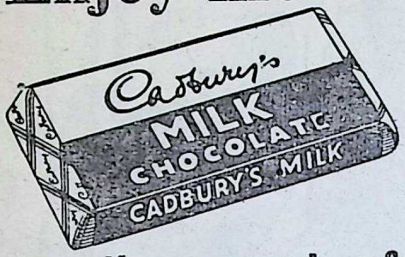

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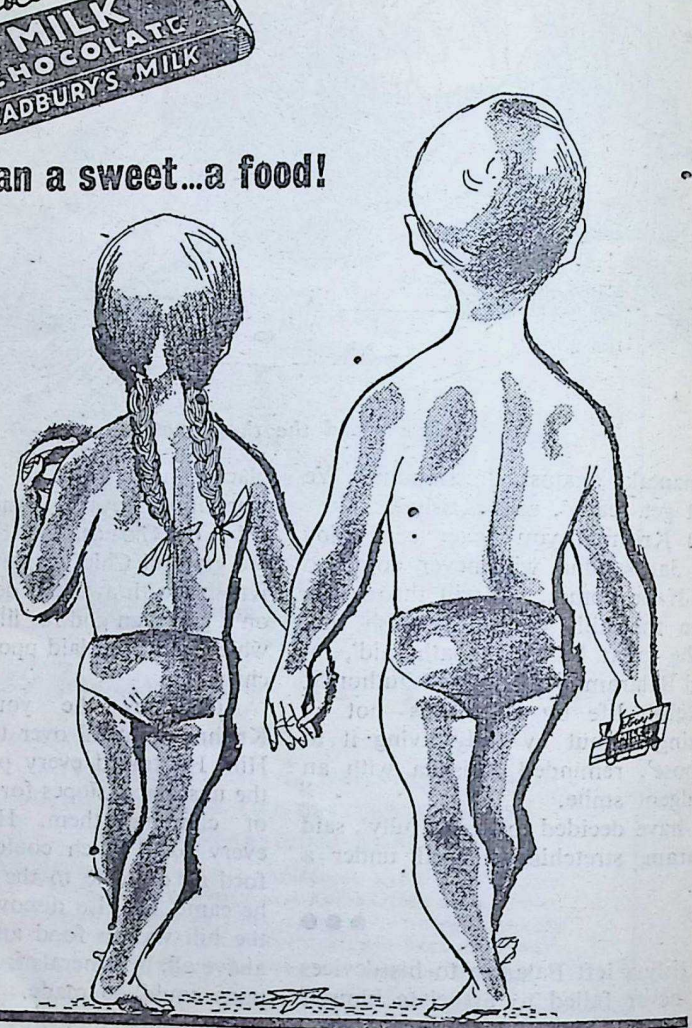

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without being emasculated by fear, anger or satiety.

Sometimes he thought of Nanda and Yashoda, of Radha and her companions, of Vasudeva and Devaki, of the Five Brothers; of how all of them were woven with his life and how their sweet association had enriched his life. Sometimes he thought of Asika and of the fate she would have met at the hands of the Divine Mother. His mind now and then conjured up the beautiful princess of Vidarbha, who had so nobly befriended him. Often his mind went back to the problem of Jarasandha, that ambitious monarch, who, by force and fraud, had overshadowed the fate of kings and peoples. And he felt how, step by step, he was being led to meet the challenge of this king.

Constantly his heart went out to Uddhava, that inestimable friend, who rarely spoke but invariably carried out his slightest wish; who, in fact, lived so that he, Krishna, might fulfil himself. Often he wondered what he would be doing, attempting as he must have been, to break through the net which the Emperor of Magadha was spreading around him.

In spite of all these preoccupations, Krishna never failed to join the Garuds in their dances and festivities with abandon. He taught the young men how to play the flute, and the maidens how to dance the *rasa*. And he was at hand whenever there was a quarrel to make up or a difficulty to be solved. And in return he was adored by the simple-hearted folks of Gomantak.

Krishna's great concern was to arm himself with weapons. The wars of the day were mostly decided by individual combats between expert warriors, each armed with his favourite weapons, prepared by each one for himself. The art of making special weapons was, therefore, part of a laborious training which Krishna had already acquired in Sandipani's *ashram*. So he bent himself to prepare a mighty bow, a mace of unequalled efficacy, and if possible his favourite weapon, *chakra*, discus, which would make him invincible.

The Garud chief, who bore the name of Arteya, derived from the name of his mother Arta, was looked upon by his tribe as possessing miraculous powers. He was the favourite of the Fire God, his guardian deity, and it was said that whenever he worshipped the sacred fire by appropriate incantations, the god would convert stones into streams of dark red metal. This metal was used by him for making arrow-heads for himself and members of his family. The other Garuds used only flint-tipped arrows and flint-hatchets in tribal warfare.

Krishna soon established himself on terms of intimacy with the Chief because he also knew the magic by which the fiery molten metal could be liberated by the Fire God from the stones sacred to him. With the Chief's permission, he also began to teach the youngsters of the tribe how to make better bows and arrows with flint heads and how to sling at high flying birds. Soon these youngsters under the leadership of Vainateya, became an organised group of devoted followers, trying to excel each other

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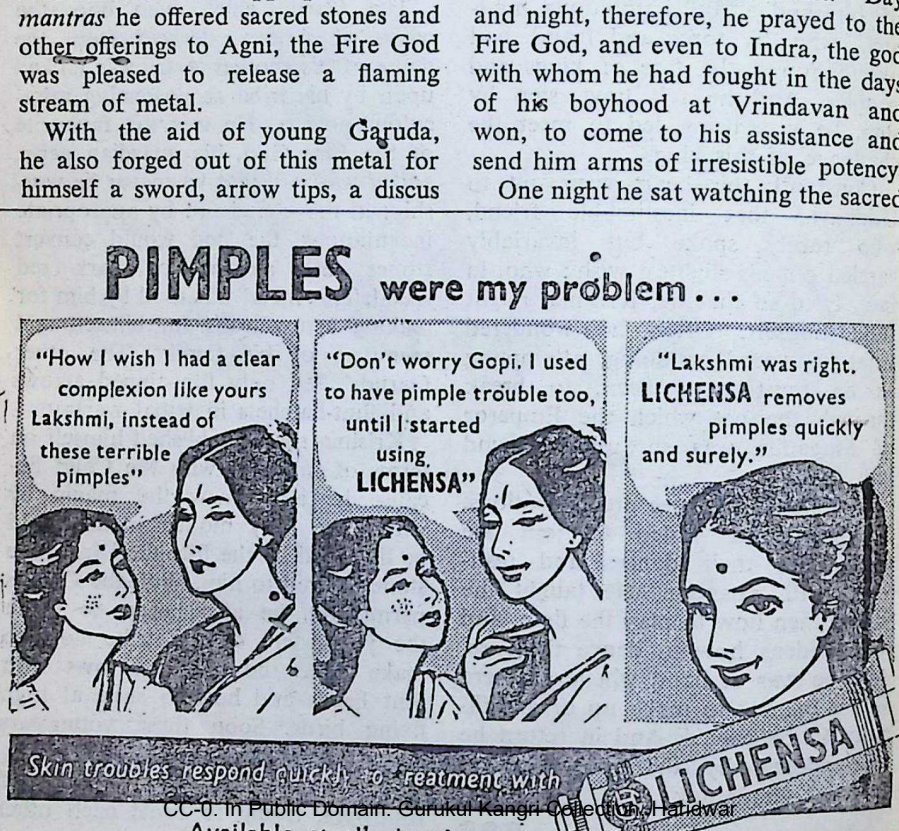
in jumping, climbing and running. And now, at the request of Krishna, the Chief who considered him a great favourite of the Fire God, agreed that he should teach the art of extracting copper to Vainateya and his companions.

Krishna was not satisfied with the kind of weapons which he and the Chief were making through the favour of the Fire God. He, therefore, selected a sequestered spot and, with the help of young Garud, set up a big sacrificial altar for his own worship. And whenever with appropriate Vedic *mantras* he offered sacred stones and other offerings to Agni, the Fire God was pleased to release a flaming stream of metal.

With the aid of young Garuda, he also forged out of this metal for himself a sword, arrow tips, a discus and sharp-edged crest and handle of the mace. But try as he would, he could not make these weapons more powerful than what he had been taught to forge in the *ashram* of Guru Sandipani.

Krishna pondered over the problem long and ceaselessly. If the mission of his life was to establish *dharma*, he had to fight against *adharma* which never set any limit to violence. This he could only do if he achieved the impossible—the power to control violence by love wherever he could, by force wherever he must. Day and night, therefore, he prayed to the Fire God, and even to Indra, the god with whom he had fought in the days of his boyhood at Vrindavan and won, to come to his assistance and send him arms of irresistible potency.

One night he sat watching the sacred



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ire burning and crackling in the ltar, when he saw as usual, a fiery tream of copper being released by he god. As he diverted it into a narow gully which young Garuda ept filled with water, he felt highly lissatisfied.

For long he continued to invoke the gods to send him superuman arms, offering fresh fuel and oconut oil at the altar. Suddenly, his ye caught something miraculous. One of the rocks, which had not meled with the others, began to glow like he sun, fiery as at midday, golden ed as at dawn. It was a strange sight. It was a sign from the gods, thought Krishna. The other rocks had already melted freely, but not this glowing, iery ball of light and heat.

He continued to invoke the gods and to pour the offerings in the fire. The flames leapt up from the altar. A stream trickled out of the glowing ball. When diverted to the gully, it sizzled frightfully, fiery steam issuing from it.

When the molten liquid became cool, Krishna picked it up and was delighted that the gods had answered his invocations. He flung it at the copper blade of the sword; the blade broke into two. He flung copper arrow-tips against it; their edges were blunted. At last Indra had sent him a piece of his thunderbolt, heavy and unbreakable!

Krishna then discovered that the red little rocks, so rare on the hill, which the Chief Arteya threw away as useless, were the favoured offerings of the Fire God, for when they were offered the fiery liquid which came out of the altar became pieces of thunderbolt.

Krishna and Garud made a search for such rocks in the hill. When they were found in sufficient quantities, they were offered to the sacrificial fire. Though the Fire God was difficult to please, Krishna satisfied him with copious offerings of coconut oil and sandalwood. Then the fire blazed high. The flames leapt up. The red rocks glowed red. A stream of molten liquid flowed out. Cooled and tempered, hammered and sharpened, the thunderbolt emerged as a shining weapon—a weapon which could easily break copper and flint-weapons. It was the gift of the gods.

●●●

Balaram opened his eyes, now that he had his afternoon sleep, as a fragrance came floating in the air. He sniffed. It was sweet and pungent and exciting. He sat up. He filled his lungs with the fragrant air and sighed. He felt happy as never before.

The fragrance was overpowering. He had never smelt it before. He got up and began to walk towards the spot from where the smell came. He saw a wondrous thing. A kind of milk was oozing out of the trunk of a tree, emitting fragrance. He was surprised how a tree could discharge such a fragrant drink.

He went near the tree, joined his palms, collected the milk in them and tasted it. It was delicious, unlike anything he had tasted before. He took some more of it and yet some more. And soon his doubts became clear. A lightness descended upon him. He looked at the sky; it was beautiful. He looked at the trees and creepers and found them lovelier than he had ever found them. He felt like dancing, not on the ground, but in the air.

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Then he took some more of the drink and still some more, till he was full. And he found the earth dancing under him. His eyes also began to roam over the earth and the sky. He felt like embracing everybody, even the Garuda girls. He suddenly liked their dark, dainty forms, most of them exposed to gaze.

He went towards the hut where Krishna was fabricating a mace for himself. 'Poor boy!' thought Balaram. 'He is working hard. It is a very bad habit of his. He did not enjoy life as it should be. He needs that nectar-like milk to buck him up. I would bring some for him tomorrow.'

'Krishna, wh-wh-what are you wasting your time for?' asked Balaram in broken accents.

'And, Brother, what have you been doing with yourself?' asked Krishna in surprise.

'I .....Oh! I have discovered 'nectar'. It comes out of trees in Gomantak. Come, have a drink,' said Balaram, rolling his eyes.

Krishna understood the state in which Balaram was, but was slow to wound his *amour-propre*.

'I am perfecting my mace. When are you starting with yours?' asked Krishna.

'Mace! What do I want a mace for?' asked Balaram.

'How will you fight Jarasandha?' asked Krishna.

'How?' asked Balaram, shocked that his brother was so ignorant of such an obvious thing. 'I don't need one'.

Then he looked round and saw a

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ield being ploughed. With unsteady teps, he walked up to the spot, and o the surprise of the Garud driving he bullocks, unyoked them. He took he plough which four men would ave found it difficult to lift and carried it on his shoulder like a mace.

'Krishna, I don't need to make a mace. I will fight Jarasandha with this. Let him face me if he dares!' said the young giant, throwing down the plough when he laughed uproariously as his legs collapsed under him and he laid himself down to sleep.

●●●

Once Krishna, led by young Garuda, climbed down the Hill on the side where it was washed by the sea. There he discovered something which opened for him the prospect of making Gomantak still more invulnerable if the occasion arose.

Ages ago, evidently, Gomantak had been a sea-girt hill. Then some ingenious ancestors of the Garuds had found difficulty in crossing over to the mainland at high tide. They had, therefore, built dams of unhewn stones to keep back the sea on both sides. The hill, in consequence, had become a part of the mainland. Krishna could still see the depression which surrounded the foot of the hill, which, when it was filled with sea water, once made an island of Gomantak.

When Krishna and Garuda came back to the top, they came across Balaram enjoying himself in a groove, surrounded by three maidens. The young giant had stretched himself on the ground, his back against a tree. One young woman was holding a pot of 'nectar' for him to drink, the other was weaving a garland for him, and the third was rubbing the sole of his feet.

Balaram saw Krishna and Garuda, and called them. 'Krishna, I have three *apsaras*—divine dancers—to look after me. One I have named Varuni; she gives me nectar. The other is Kanti, who looks after the way I adorn myself. The third is Shri, who looks after my comforts. Brother, you are just wasting your time here, getting ready for a fight. Jarasandha is not going to come.'

Krishna laughed. 'I wish Jarasandha will come soon. If you live like this, you will soon become incapable of fighting him'.

'Whenever he comes, I will be ready for him', said Balaram and turned to his fair companions. And the young women giggled.

●●●

Young Garuda, the chief's son, often used to go to Karvirpur. Fleet-footed, he, with his eagle mask, would run there and back in two days' time. Once he returned from Karvirpur and came straight to Krishna.

'Lord, I have great news for you', he said.

'What is it, Garuda?' asked Krishna. Now he could talk to young Garuda in his own language, who also could speak the Language of the Gods.

'Shrigal, the King of Karvirpur, is going to receive a guest, some great king, in a few days. Preparations of all kinds are being made', said Garuda.

'What is the name of the great King?' asked Krishna.

'Something, I forgot', replied Garuda.

'Is it Jarasandha, by any chance?' asked Krishna.

'Yes, that is it. He is coming with

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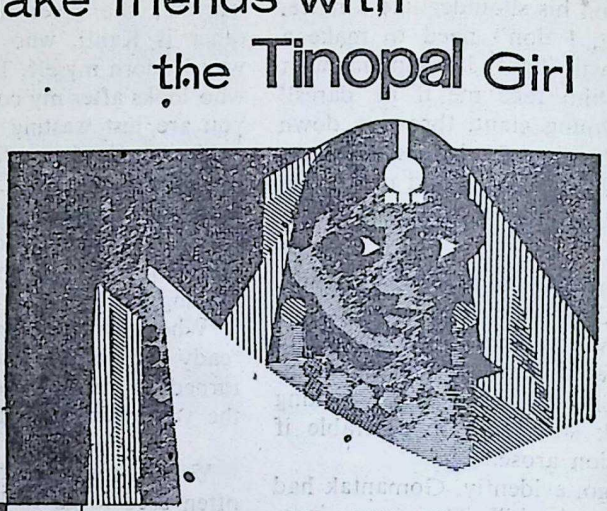

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other kings. Shrigal has invited them,' said Garuda.

'Well, then we must be ready,' said Krishna.

When Balaram got the news, full of 'nectar' though he was, he shook off his companions and strode into the hut.

'Krishna, where are the arms you have made? Jarasandha is coming', said Balaram.

Krishna took him to a separate hut and showed him the bow and arrows and the mace which had been fashioned by him for himself.

'We must worship them and name them', said Balaram.

'I am quite ready. But where are yours?' asked Krishna.

'They will be ready by the time we worship day after tomorrow', Balaram said and rolled his eyes which were almost blood-shot with 'nectar' bibbing.

Balaram went to where the young women were waiting for him, drove them away with a roar, took an axe and began felling a large tree. Then he fashioned a mace for himself out of its trunk, working the whole of two days, replenishing his strength now and again with the 'nectar'.

Then the ceremony was performed when the whole tribe of Garuds was invited.

'Now begin worshipping your weapons, Krishna', Balaram said.

'But where are your arms, Brother?' asked Krishna.

'I will bring them no sooner you begin the worship', replied Balaram.

And in a few minutes, Balaram returned, a big plough on one shoulder, a five-foot high pestle on the other.

'You wanted weapons. Here are my weapons. I don't need to slave for them for days like you. Now start the worship', said Balaram.

Krishna smiled. 'They are mighty weapons indeed. I would like you to see the third one which I have made', he said and lifted a heap of fresh leaves to disclose a *chakra*— discus—shining like midday sun with a hundred tiny, razor-sharp spikes at the rim.

Krishna also lifted dried palm leaves to disclose the helmets, breastplates, greaves and other equipment which the Garuds, under his directions, had prepared for them. Among them was a golden crown scintillating with gems.

'I prepared this for the lord', said the young Garuda proudly.

Balaram opened his eyes in surprise. 'It is wonderful. Now let us name the weapons', he said.

And so Balaram's plough was named *Samvartak,* and the pestle *Saunand*. Krishna's bow was named *Sharng,* the mace *Kaumudiki,* and the *chakra* (discus) *Sudarshana*—names destined to resound through time.

And they worshipped them and invoked in them the strength of gods.

'And Garuda, my friend, shall be the guardian of my arms. He shall always bear my standard, and whenever he is not present, my standard shall bear his image', said Krishna. 'For he helped me to make these weapons.'

'Now, let Jarasandha come', spoke Balaram.

And the Eagle-faces danced with joy round the brothers. Then they showered flowers on them, and in a spirit of defiance to all enemies, played on their war drums.

[To be continued]

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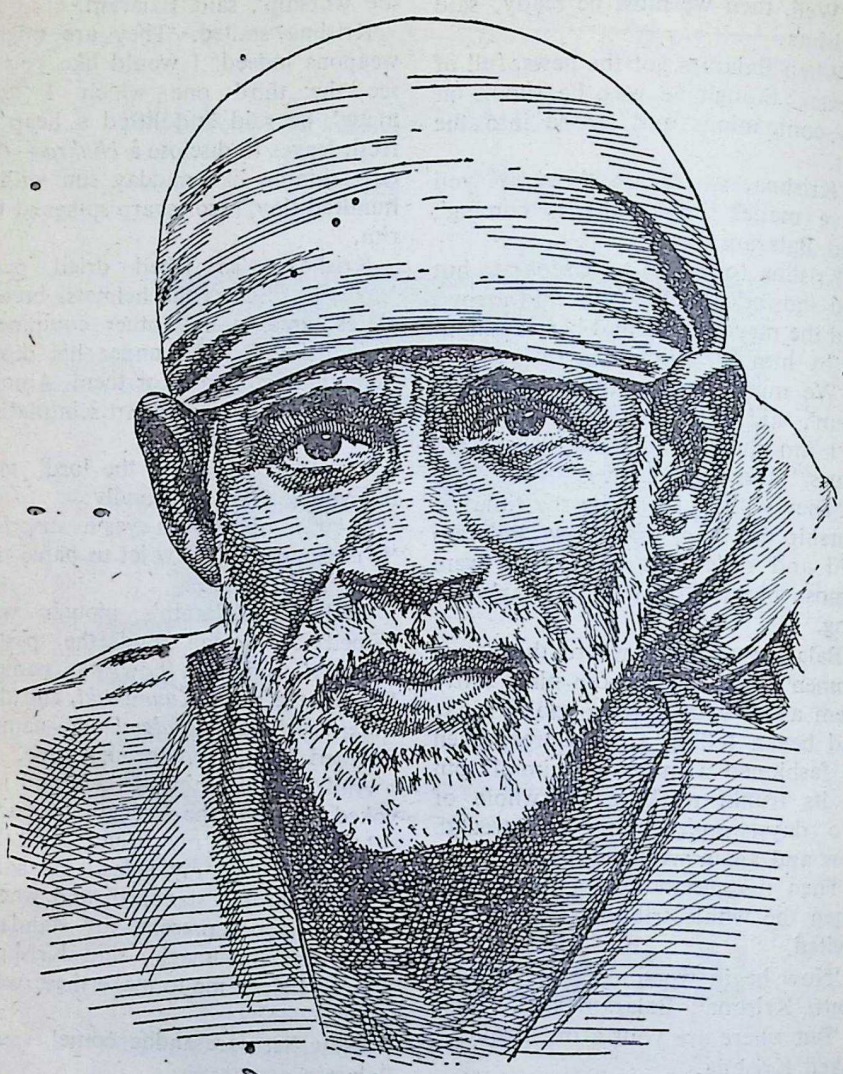

[Sri Sai Baba Jayanti——25-3-1961]

They call Me Sai Baba. My Father's name is also Sai Baba. My Guru is Venkusa. My religion is Kabir. My caste is Parvardhigar. My age is lakhs of years.

—Sai Baba

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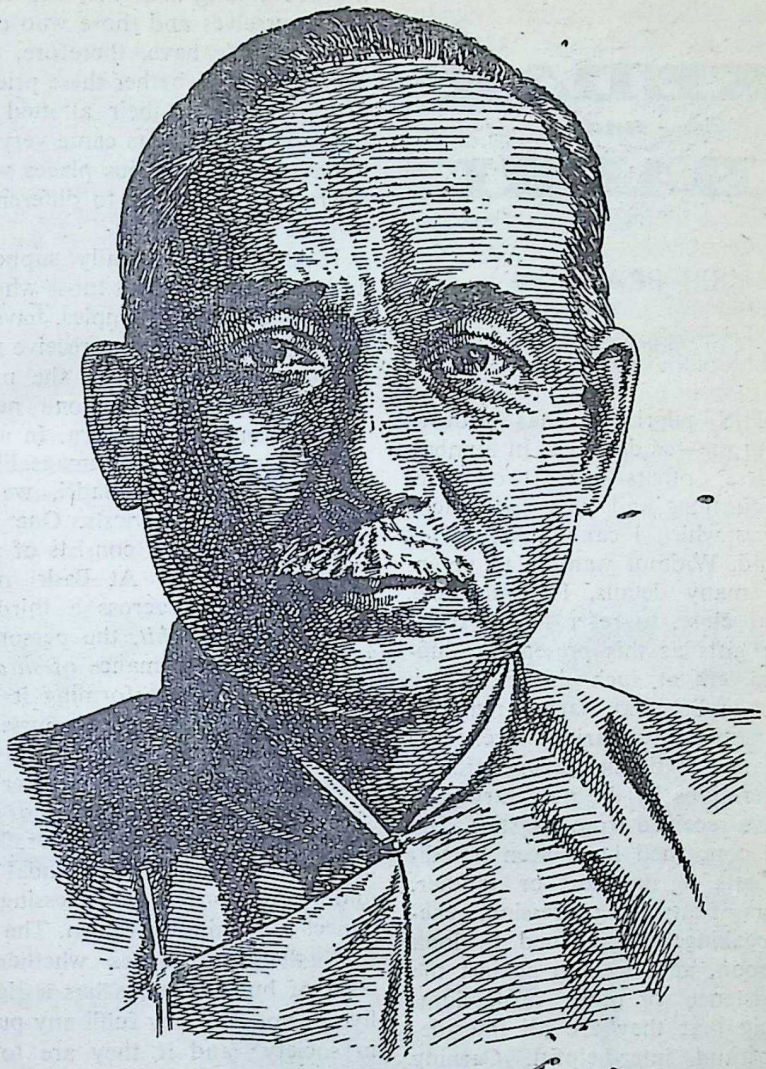

[Dr. Sun Yat-sen, b. November 12, 1866; d. March 12, 1925]

The gigantic nature of Dr. Sun's task may be gathered from the fact that, until he invented it, no word for democracy existed in the Chinese language.

—John Gunther

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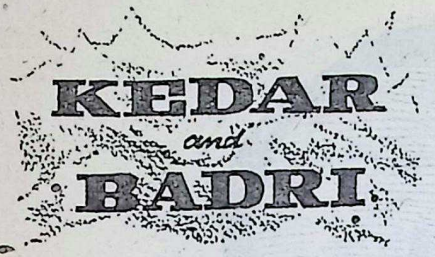

SRI PRAKASA

[*Concluding instalment*]

THIS pilgrimage has aroused in me—as doubtless in numberless others—many emotions and aspirations and even vivid racial memories which I cannot put out of my mind. Without wanting to go into too many details, I should like, before I close, to refer to the question of gifts as this presents a difficult problem at such shrines. There is no doubt that large numbers of persons at various religious centres have made their living through the generations by the monetary gifts they have received from pilgrims. The persons concerned have been hereditary priests of one sort or another. Members of any one profession, generally speaking, are inclined to look down upon, and declaim against the very existence of other professions, forgetting that they are all inter-dependent and inter-helpful. Carping criticism of professions is not right for we have all to live; but our right to live depends upon our fulfilling definite functions in society, and being able to prove that the work we do is for the well-being of our fellowmen even though it, of course, enables us, at the same time, to keep the pot boiling at home, and to look after ourselves and those who depend upon us. We have, therefore, to see very carefully whether these priests do or do not fulfil their allotted functions. These thoughts came very often to my mind at various places when I offered my own gifts to different persons in different ways.

It has been generally supposed—and not unjustly—that those who have been in charge of temples, have only insisted on their right to receive money in large quantities from the pilgrim, but have themselves done next to nothing for him in return. In a comparatively difficult pilgrimage like the one to Kedar and Badri, we meet various types of priests. One is the *panda,* and another consists of priests inside the temple. At Badri proper, one also comes across a third type namely, the *purohit,* the person who helps in the performance of *shraddha,* if one feels like performing it which many do. There are, of course, also the stray folk who are found from place to place, who bring water from the *sangams*—the confluence of rivers—or do other little acts, offer flowers and *chandan* and *roli* (sandal paste and vermillion), utter blessings and expect something in return. The question, therefore, arises whether this class of human beings has a right to live or not. Do they fulfil any purpose in society; and if they are to continue, how are they going to be fed? This is the problem that has troubled many thoughtful persons through the last century or so, and has given rise to many reforming sects, and has also effected a change in outlook and be-

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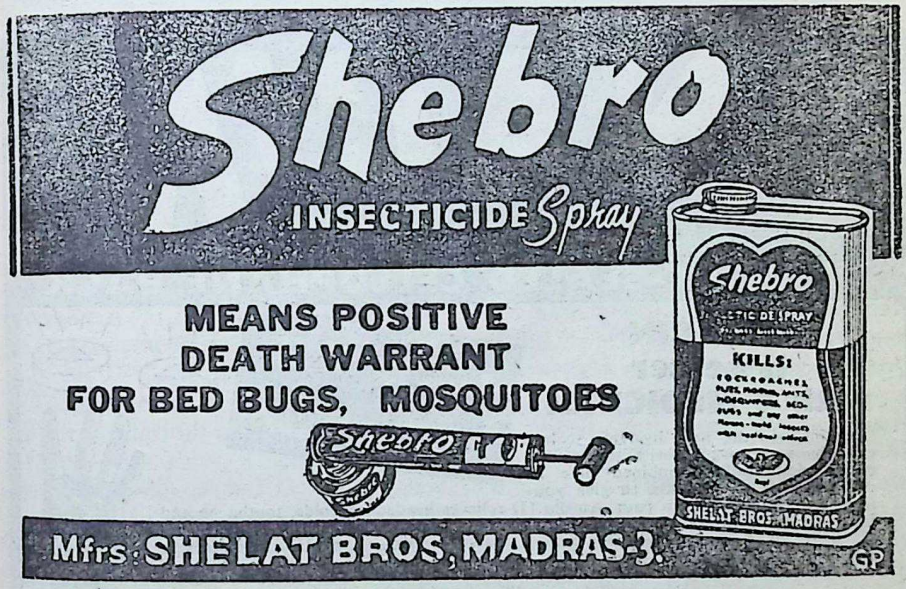
> **As cows, after eating their fill, lie down quietly at a place and chew the cud, so after visiting a sacred spot or a place of pilgrimage, you must take hold of the holy thoughts that rose in the mind while there, sit down in a solitary corner and think of them till you are immersed in them. You must not devote yourself to the pursuit of the senses and drive away such higher ideas from your mind immediately after you leave those places.**
>
> —*Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa*

haviour in many men. There is no doubt that at one time these folk were all very useful. They were the custodians of our rather complicated Hindu faith with its high philosophies and extensive ritual. While the ordinary householder busy with his own absorbing pursuits of the home and profession, could not possibly have the time or even the inclination to study first-hand his own religion, these Brahmana priests, as a class, helped to keep it alive by their own studies both in its *jnana kanda*—section of knowledge—and *karma kanda*—section of outward observances. The clear and necessary duty of the members of this class was to help householders to understand their faith and perform their duties by it properly and well.

The *panda* proper was also helpful to pilgrims who coming from distant places, did not know where to stay and find their creature needs in un-



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familiar places. The *panda* who was very often hereditary, would find out the pilgrims whose ancestors had come to his own ancestors before, and would conduct them to proper places, and help them to find their way about. They were in every sense real friends, philosophers and guides to the stranger. With the varied improvements in modes of travel and accommodation, and change of habits of life in the matter of food, etc., they may not appear necessary. They are also not required to attend to—and actually even when required, do not fulfil—the duties that they were required to do in the past. Their demand for generous gifts continues as before, and attempts to force these out of the pilgrim under spiritual or even physical threats, are not unknown. All the same, it seems to me that they can be really useful if they and the visiting pilgrims all realise their duties by one another. Strangers will always need guides; and the Government themselves are anxious to provide these at various places of interest in the country. Formerly the only such places were centres of religious pilgrimage; and the *pandas* did the work that Government-sponsored guides are expected to do today. The *pandas,* however, do no more know exactly their own duties. They are only wanting more and more money from the pilgrims for themselves, and do not help them in any way. That

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may be due both to their own heedlessness, and also to the changes that have come by the introduction of modern ways and amenities.

I found at Kedar and Badri, as elsewhere, that many *pandas* themselves are now sending their sons to the ordinary schools and colleges; and these when they grow up, are not likely to take to their hereditary calling towards which they would have as much aversion as many other so-called educated persons have. I fear the class will disappear unless it is taken care of and properly trained, and also encouraged to train itself, in its duties and responsibilities. They can still act as useful guides. Their books (*bahis*) which contain signatures of visiting pilgrims, sometimes over a century old, can be valuable material for purposes of research in family histories, and social life and conditions generally, of the past. These should certainly be preserved. The *pandas* themselves are losing the old books—some that I had myself seen and signed in at Hardwar over half a century back, were no more available despite vigorous and anxious search—and it is time that those the *pandas* themselves are weeding out, should be taken charge of by Government archives.

Then there are the temple priests. So long pilgrims used to place their gifts at the shrines, which were taken by priests who served in the temples in turn. Now arrangements are made at most places including Kedar and Badri, for gifts to be put not outside before the deity, but inside a box kept there for the purpose. Committees have been formed that are expected to look after the temples; and the moneys offered there are given to them for proper care and disposal. Still pilgrims continue to give and priests to take gifts away from the box; and I do not think we can stop that process as the visitor is not satisfied till he has actually made a gift to the God—thrusting some money in the slot of a box appears to be such a lifeless process—and there are also persons acting as priests who are anxious to augment their slender resources by receiving gifts directly from the pilgrim instead of being merely paid by the Committee of Management. I personally cannot say in what proportion, as a fact, money is put in the box, and is taken by the priests themselves. Just as despite all pious injunctions, tips continue to be given to various persons at various places, so gifts also are being given and taken. The pilgrim, therefore, may have thus to pay a double tax so to say—both to the box and to the priest. There is no doubt that these gifts were not only meant for the temple priest, but were also given so that he may maintain the temple. The priests undoubtedly have grossly neglected their duty in this behalf. It may also perhaps be said that the maintenance of large temples was beyond the capacity of the priests, and required much more than what the pilgrims gave. Still temples have also their endowments, large or small, and priests in charge of these misuse the funds inasmuch as they have not spent what they should have done, on the temple, but have actually thought that all that was their own private gain and pro-

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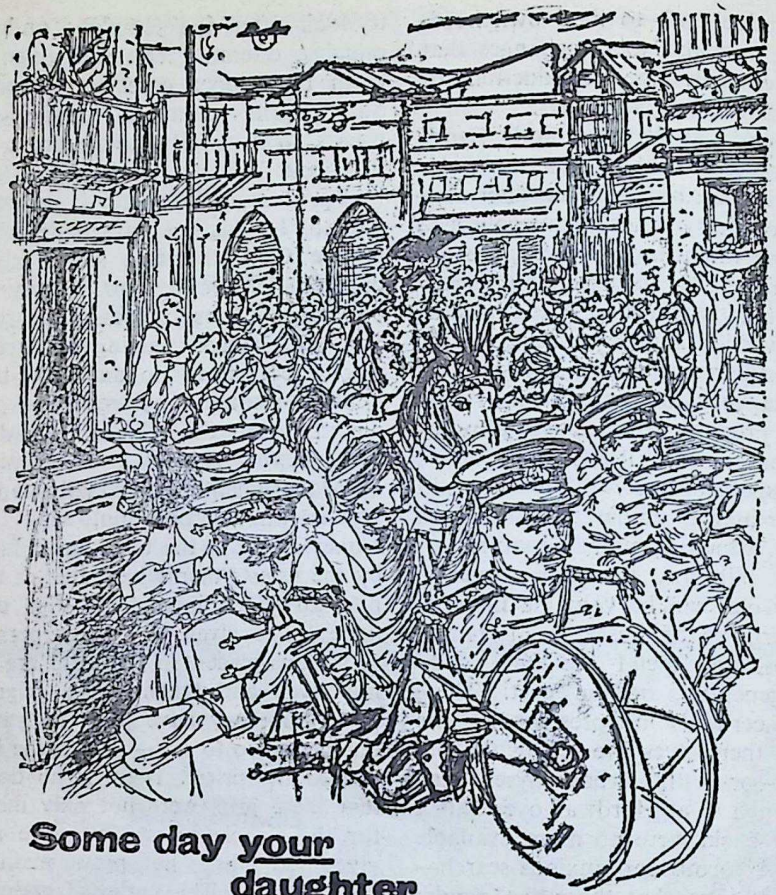

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perty. There has been much litigation also at various places. This has brought on trouble, and all this is as clear at Kedar and Badri as anywhere else. I should therefore suggest some sort of proper arrangement so that the pilgrim should not theoretically be prohibited from making a gift to the priests directly, but should be encouraged to put in the box, on the one hand, and before the deity in the temple, on the other, money in some equitable proportion.

I should also like to add here that priests should have an appreciation of beauty, both natural and architectural, which they do not have. They should draw the attention of pilgrims to this, and encourage them to understand the same. The pilgrim should not go through the magnificent temples of the South, and the glories of the Himalayas in he North, with unseeing eyes. The priests should give true sight to him if he has not got it himself. Training is necessary, and the priests should be trained as anyone else. The third type of priests, namely, those who help in the performance of *shraddha*, etc., whether at Badrinath or elsewhere—and such folk at Gaya are perhaps the most notorious—have certainly to be brought under discipline, but not entirely condemned as long as Hindu India continues to believe that the offering of oblations is good for the souls of dead ancestors, and that the living owe a debt (*pitri-rina*) to those who have gone before, which is to be paid back in this particular manner. I need not refer to the casual priests on river banks and at wayside temples. They ply their humble trade and are worthy of sympathy. They also in their own way, fulfil a definite purpose in at least giving a few moments of rest and respite to the tired pilgrim as he wends his way along. Curiously enough, now-a-days, we have come to believe too much in legislation. We do not keep sufficiently in view the psychology of a people bred through endless generations in traditional thought and action, and therefore so many of our laws remain on paper and the very persons who make them, disobey or are compelled to disobey them because they find that these cannot be implemented in the actual conditions of their existence. I can understand the embarrassments of those in charge of a Secular State to probe too deeply in such matters lest they rouse suspicions against themselves that they are being partial towards particular religious organisations or unnecessarily interfering in their affairs. Still something has got to be done, and we cannot afford to allow ancient institutions to die of neglect or be corrupted by efflux of time and the selfish instincts of man.

[*Concluded*]

RA-MA

राशब्दोच्चारणादेव मुखान्निर्यान्ति पातकाः।
पुनः प्रवेशभीत्या च मकारस्तु कवाटवत्॥

By the utterance of the sound 'Ra' all one's sins escape via the mouth. Lest it should try to re-enter, the following sound 'Ma' closes the mouth like a door!

—Ramakarnamrita

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BHAKTA RAMDAS

NISHKINCHIN

GOPANNA was the son of Linganna belonging to a village of Andhra. Even from early childhood, he evinced great interest in listening to *pravachans* that used to be held in the village. He sat in the very first row. As he grew up, the story of Sri Rama became part of him.

In course of time Gopanna's parents died and he became lone with very little means. But what Gopanna considered great was the legacy of the idols of Sri Rama, Sita, Lakshmana and Hanuman which his ancestors had been worshipping for generations. Along with his new responsibilities his faith in Sri Rama too grew steadily.

One day an old man came to Gopanna's house. Hearing of his Ramabhakti, the visitor wanted to test him. He threw the chest of idols of Gopanna into a well! When Gopanna found to his consternation his precious idols gone he writhed in agony. Taking pity on him the visitor offered to give him a duplicate set of Rama idols. But Gopanna would not listen and insisted that he be returned the same idols. Admiring his child-like simplicity and steadfastness, the visitor recited Ramanama, and called back the box and gave it to Gopanna. Revealing himself as Kabirdas, the visitor blessed him. He further promised to help Gopanna whenever there was need.

Gopanna married, and his faith in Rama kept growing with every passing year until at last it became a passion with him and he wanted to see Rama face to face. Recalling the pro-

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nise of his Guru Kabirdas, one day Gopanna contemplated on him. Kabirdas presented himself before him and Gopanna said, "Gurudeva, bless me that I may have immediate *darshan* of Lord Rama."

Kabir replied, "My son, it all depends on the will of Rama. You will get his *darshan* in due time. Sages who have been performing *tapas* for years together are unable to get this *darshan*. How do you expect the Lord to appear overnight?"

Gopanna replied, "My Lord, I have passed the limit of endurance. I do not think I can survive long without seeing Sri Rama."

Realising the intensity of Gopanna's desire, Kabirdas said, "My son, Sri Rama will give you *darshan* at noon tomorrow," and went away.

The entire village was agog expecting the arrival of the Lord at Gopanna's place. In his eagerness to receive the Lord, Gopanna had thrown a festival at his house. The room was decorated with flags and buntnigs, choice dishes were kept ready for the Lord and fully decorated chairs awaited Sri Rama and Sita.

Having the onus of producing Sri Rama before his disciple, Kabirdas pleaded with Sri Rama: "My Lord! In Your name I have made a promise to my *chela* that You would be pleased to give him *darshan*. I beg of you to fulfil the word of your slave."

Sri Rama replied: "My child, Gopanna is not yet ripe for it."

Kabir: "My Lord, that may be, but I have given word and that word should not go wrong. I leave it to you."

The zero hour was approaching.

CHILD RAMA

मातुः पार्श्वे चरन्तं मणिमयशयने
मञ्जुभूषांचिताङ्गं
मन्दं मदं पिबन्तं मुकुलितनयनं स्तन्य-
मन्यस्तनाग्रम्।
अङ्गुल्यग्रैः स्पृशन्तं सुखपरवशया
सुस्मितालिङ्गिताङ्गं
गाढं गाढं जनन्या कलयतु हृदयं मामकं
रामबालम्॥

Child Rama, in his lovely dress, moves near his mother relaxing on a richly caparisoned couch. Now he suckles his mother leisuredly, closing his eyes. At the same time his finger-nails playfully touch his mother's other teat. Exhilarated Kausalya smiles ineffably and embraces the child repeatedly. May that child Rama eternally reside in my heart.

—*Ramakarnamrita*

People were peering at the entrance to the street. There was still no sign of the Lord coming. While people were thus engaged in watching the street, a dirty-looking bull had entered the house and started eating the fruits which were so devotedly kept by Gopanna for the Lord. When, however, somebody noticed it, it had to be flogged and driven out before the Lord arrived. But there was no sign of Sri Rama.

●●●

Sri Rama stood before the waiting Kabirdas and said, "My son, look! This is what happened to me" and showed His back, which bore marks

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of severe flogging. "You did not believe me when I said that Gopanna was not yet ripe. When I went to his place at the appointed time in the form of a bull, he was unable to recognize me. What can I do?"

Kabirdas became angry on hearing it and said, "Lord! Pardon me; I cannot approve of the way in which You were pleased to present Yourself before my disciple. How should he know that you would come in the shape of a bull? I think he has been wronged.

Sri Rama smiled and replied: "I know, I know. I will give *darshan* at the proper time. Don't you worry" and disappeared.

●●●

Gopanna was now the Tehsildar of Bhadrachala. His worship of Sri Rama continued unabated.

The local Rama temple needed renovation. When it was brought to his notice, Gopanna asked himself why he should not undertake the work of renovating his beloved Rama's temple. The Ruler of Hyderabad State of which he was a servant, he thought, would be earning great *punya* if he could enable him to serve the Lord by spending for it from out of the State Exchequer. With this thought he called the Accountant and asked him, "How much do we need for renovating Sri Rama's temple?"

"Six lakhs of sovereigns, Sir," replied the Accountant.

"And how much do we have in the treasury at the moment?"

"Six lakhs of sovereigns, Sir."

"What a coincidence!" exclaimed Gopanna. He felt that Rama's hand was on the project and so spent the whole amount from the treasury on renovating the temple, which soon started humming with devotees thronging to offer prayer to the Lord of his heart.

When the revenues were not received by the Government Exchequer at Hyderabad, the authorities sat up and made enquiries. Gopanna explained to them how he spent the money. At this the authorities shrugged their shoulders and reported the matter to Shainshah.

"What?" shouted the Ruler. "Produce the Tehsildar before me."

Gopanna was brought before the Ruler. He, however, failed to convince the Ruler that the revenues of the Bhadrachalam Tehsil were spent for a good cause. The Shainshah or-

KALYANA-RAMA

मैथिल्यानगरे विवाहसमये कल्याण-
वेद्यन्तरे
सामन्ते विमलेन्दुरत्नखचिते पीठे
वसन्तौ शुभे ।
श्रृण्वन्तौ निगमार्थवेदिविदुषा माशी-
र्गिरौ राजितौ
पायास्तां सुवधवरौ रघुपति श्री
जानकीराघवौ ॥

May the Janaki-Raghava pair protect us who, at Mithila, at the time of their marriage, seated before the marriage-fire, on the auspicious seat studded with resplendent gems, listening to the blessings of those well-versed in the Vedas and their meanings, are shining gloriously.

—Ramakarnamrita

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RASA-RAMA

श्रृंगारं क्षितिनन्दनी विहरणे वीरं
धनुर्भञ्जने
कारुण्यं बलभित्सुतेऽद्भुतरसं सिन्धौ
गरिस्थापने ।
हास्यं शूर्पणखामुखे भयवहे बीभत्सम-
स्यामुखे
रौद्रं रावणमर्दने मुनिजने शान्तं वपुः
पातु नः ॥

May that person of Rama protect us which, in the love-play with Sita, showed Sringara; Vira (prowess) in the breaking of Shiva's bow; compassion in the case of Indra's son; the miraculous power in building a bridge across the ocean; mirth at the face of Surpanakha; the fearful in her fate; anger in the killing of Ravana and gentleness in dealing with sages.

—Ramakarnamrita

dered Gopanna's arrest and imprisonment. In an effort to make him shell out the money, they put him to innumerable inconveniences like flogging openly and making him carry the proverbial stone-mill round his neck. When finally nothing proved of avail he was thrown into a dark cell to rue his own fate.

Left alone, Gopanna bewailed: "Rama! I think I made a mistake in believing You as the protector of Your devotees. Don't You know that I am put to all these indignities and physical pains for no fault of mine? Did I take a pie of the State Exchequer on my own account? Was not all the money spent on Your account, for beautifying Your own temple? Having known all that, does it become You to keep quiet and not come to my rescue?"

After a pause he addressed himself to Sita: "Mother, being a woman and a mother, don't you realize the hardship to which I am put to for no fault of mine? Couldn't you have put in a word to Your Husband on my behalf? No, I should have known Rama better. Did He not make You enter the fire? Did He not send You into exile when You were far advanced in pregnancy? I should have known even at that time that Rama was heartless. No, I should not look for any help from Him. My fate is in my own hands."

Saying so, he prepared a cup of poison and holding it in his hand said: "Mother Sita, as a last resort I appeal to You to speak to Your Husband about me."

Saying this he fell into a swoon.

At Vaikunta, Sita's heart melted. She addressed Her Husband: "Lord! When your devotee Gopanna suffers in the frying pan does it become you to enjoy yourself here with no thought of him?"

Rama: "My Love, I know that. I have a purpose in keeping quiet. In his last birth, Gopanna was a great devotee of mine but he had caged a parrot in his house for twelve years and his present imprisonment is an expiation of that sin. His incarceration will end tonight. Tomorrow you, Lakshmana and myself will meet the Shainshah and discharge our man from his debt."

Wondering, Sita asked, "It is

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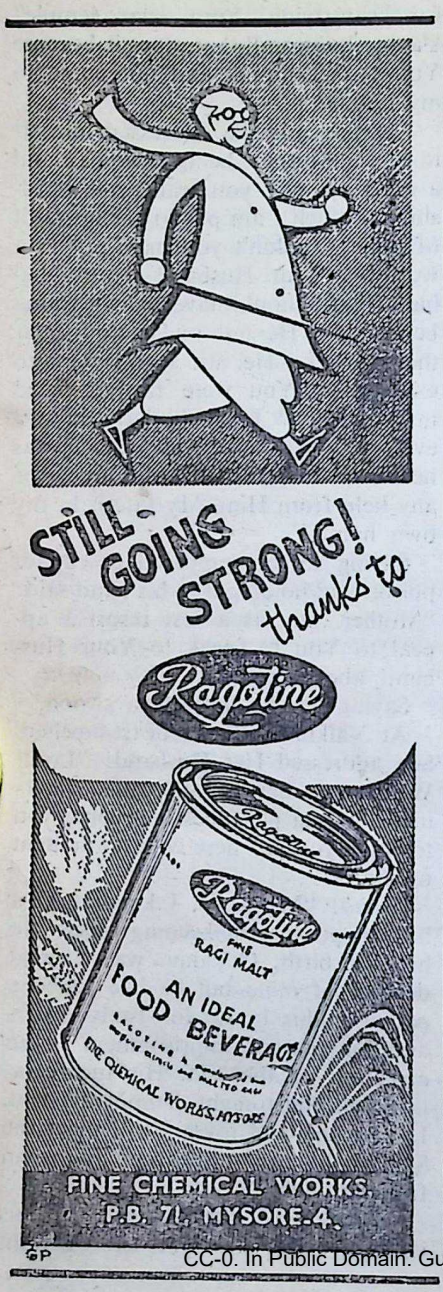

to go and see the Shainshah in preference to your devotee who has been worshipping your feet for twelve years now and crying out his heart!"

Rama: *"Priye!* Do not think so cheaply about the Shainshah. Know that his one mistake had been to punish Gopanna. Otherwise he rules well, looks after his subjects like his own children. In his previous birth he was a great devotee of Siva and wanted to worship Him with a thousand pots of holy Ganga water. When, however, he had poured 999 pots, finding his expectations not realized, he broke the thousandth pot on the deity, with the result he is born what he is today. In spite of it, Siva has promised my *darshan* to him. That accounts for my hurrying to him presently."

●●●

The Shainshah woke up from a pleasant dream to find two glorious-looking youngsters standing before him.

"Who are you?" asked the Ruler.

"We come from Bhadrachala. We are the servants of Gopanna. My name is Ramji and his name is Lakshmanji. We have come here with the money Gopanna owes you" said the elder.

Ruler: How long since you serve him? How much does he pay?

They: Oh, we serve him for generations. We do not receive any salary. We just eat the food he gives us."

As they said so they emptied the bags they carried, from which sovereigns rolled out in thousands.

"Now, Sir, give us a receipt," demanded they.

The Shainshah gave them one but

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before he could think of entertaining them—the thought was irresistible—they had gone out.

The Ruler was left in a daze.

❁❁❁

When the two youngsters reached the cell where Gopanna was lying apparently asleep, his emaciated frame and dishevelled hair caused tears trickle down from the eyes of the youngsters.

The younger one addressed the elder: "Brother, I think you have been heartless. This is what your intransigence has done to one who has worshipped you for years! Could you not have shown this grace earlier?"

The elder replied: "Lakshmana! Still you do not realize that this man is only working his own fate out. He finds himself in prison because he had imprisoned a parrot in his former life!"

The elder continued: "Lakshmana! Look, there is a cup of poison which he will drink if he wakes up. Now, be good enough to enter the cell and topple it before it is too late."

The younger one took the form of a snake and creeping through the bars capsized the cup. Soon the two of them entered the cell, stood smiling over the limp figure of Gopanna and leaving the receipt of discharge signed by the Shainshah, vanished.

❁❁❁

As soon as the Shainshah recovered from the daze of meeting those imperious youngsters, he counted the sovereigns which were all pure gold and stamped with the name of 'Rama'. The illusion which had warped the Ruler vanished and he imme-

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अलं विवादेन मानुषोऽयं
रामात्मना राक्षसमर्दनाय ।
भुजङ्गशय्यां परिमुच्य साक्षात्
नारायणो भूतलमाजगाम ॥

Enough of this argument that Rama was a human. He is none other than the great Narayana, who leaving his serpentine bed, come into the world in person to kill the demons.

—Ramakarnamrita

diately recognized the two visitors as no other than Sri Rama and his brother Lakshmana.

Cried he "O Ramji! O Lakshmanji! How foolish of me not to recognize you! How obliging of You to have hurried to discharge the debt of a devotee of Yours! Oh! Gopanna! What fortune is yours to have won the grace of the Lord so well! Please, Lord! Forgive me for having ill-treated your devotee."

●●●

When Gopanna woke up from his sleep he felt greatly disappointed to find the cup of poison lying capsized and was surprised at seeing the receipt of discharge for his debt signed by the Shainshah! While he was wondering how all this could happen, the chains that bound the doors of his cell clang and fell apart when the Ruler himself entered the cell.

Catching hold of Gopanna, the Ruler cried: "Forgive me, Gopanna, forgive me for the ills I have done you. With your grace I was able to see the Lord."

Gopanna: "What! The Lord appeared before you! How and for what?"

The Ruler explained it all, amidst tears of joy.

Now it was the turn of Gopanna to feel the infallible grace of the Lord in coming to his rescue at the nick of the moment. He praised Rama long and loud.

Ruler: "Gopanna, I have done the greatest sin against you. You are the greatest devotee of Rama. Won't you say you have forgiven me? You are no longer Gopanna, you are Ramadas."

For long did Ramadas live thereafter worshipping Sri Rama until at last Sri Rama took him to his own *dhama* in a specially chartered chariot from heaven.

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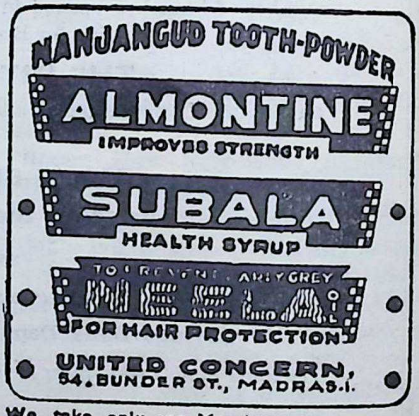

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tapasvini

or THE LURE OF POWER

Translated from Gujarati by Sri H. M. Patel, I.C.S. *(Retd.)*

PART II

43. RAJBA

AS the train moved out of Matheran Railway Station, Sheela found it difficult to keep back the tears which flooded her eyes. It was an effort to leave Uday when he was seriously ill. It was also a mental torture to have to return to her husband's house after having decided to leave it for ever. She felt humiliated, mortified, bewildered.

At Neral Junction she had to change from the Matheran Railway into the Bombay train. As she was going to the first class compartment she heard a familiar voice addressing her: "Sheelaben, how very delightful! Do come here." She turned round to find that His Highness Sir Samar Sinh was looking out from the window of his saloon. Immediately the door of the saloon opened and a tall, handsome woman came out followed by His Highness himself.

"Do come into the saloon, Sheelaben. Raojibhai, please see to Sheelaben's luggage", said His Highness addressing a middle aged gentleman who had come out of a neighbouring compartment. His Highness then introduced to Sheela the beautiful young lady who stood there with complete self-composure. "You know Rajba Saheb, she is Uday Solanki's sister."

Sheela could not believe her eyes: "Oh! Rajba. Forgive me, I have not met you for years."

In the meantime her mother Majiba also came and stood in the trap of the saloon and asked Sheela if she recognised her.

"Of course", Sheela replied with a happy smile.

"How is Uday?" enquired Majiba anxiously. "This Raj of mine persists in telling me since yesterday that Uday wants her very badly."

Suddenly Sheela was reminded of Uday calling for Rajba in delirium after midnight. "Majiba, Uday is very ill", she said. Then she turned to Rajba: "He is anxiously awaiting you."

"I know", remarked Rajba with a self-assured smile; her smile was soft and attractive, but curiously enough it did not encourage intimacy.

"Are you going to Matheran?"

"Yes, I am".

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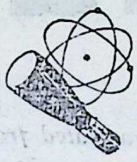

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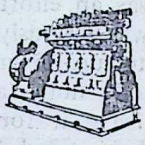

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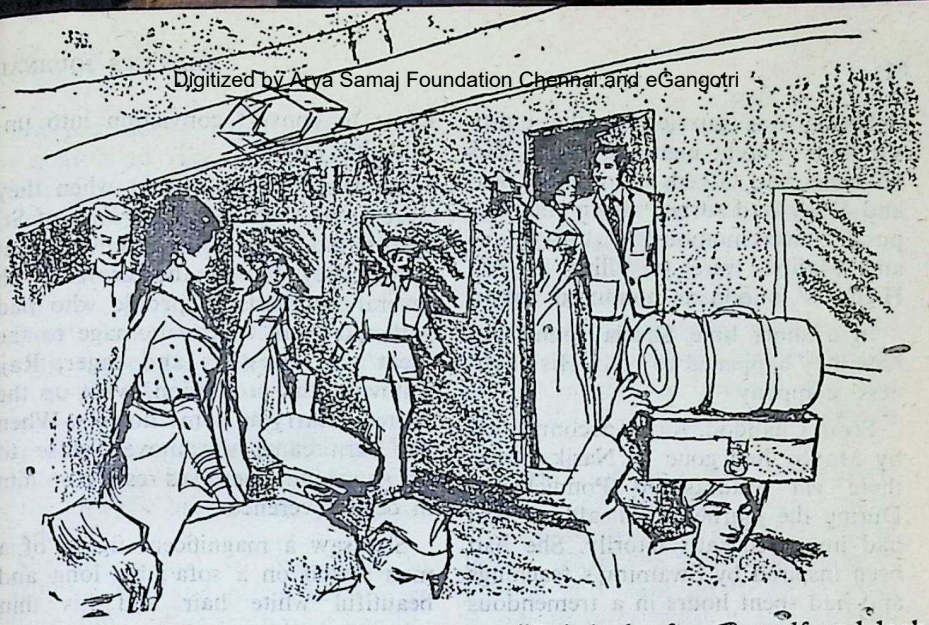

The Bombay train was about to leave Neral, and the guard requested His Highness to get into the saloon. His Highness requested the guard to hold up the train for a minute, turned to Raojibhai and asked him to accompany Rajba to Matheran. Raojibhai, the business agent of the Maharaja in Bombay, though of heavy build, could move rapidly, and soon returned with the station master. His Highness turned to him.

"Please inform Uday Solanki over the telephone that his sister Rajba Saheb is on her way to Matheran. Is the rail motor ready? If not, make it ready at once before the regular train leaves and see that Rajba Saheb reaches Matheran without delay. Raojibhai, give the station master a couple of hundred rupees to cover additional charges. He can give his account later. And Mr. Station Master, you need not worry. I shall set matters right with the Traffic Inspector as soon as I get to Bombay."

"Raj, look after yourself and look after Uday," said Majiba.

His Highness assisted Sheela to get into the saloon and climbed the steps himself, bidding good-bye to Rajba from the open door of the saloon.

Sheela could not help admiring Rajba as she stood on the platform with her poise and aloofness. She had seen her as a little girl seven years ago. She had a very faint memory of how she had looked at that time. But now she saw her as a tall and magnificent young woman whom she would never forget again. The serious expression of her face was impressive and unforgettable. There was close similarity between the brother and sister, except for one notable difference: it was impossible to become friendly with Rajba as easily as with Uday.

For quite some time both Majiba and His Highness kept looking out of the window at Raj, who remained standing almost like a statue.

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Sheela was puzzled at the entire situation. Barely eight days ago His Highness had talked of marrying Raj and Uday had turned down the proposal unceremoniously; today she and Majiba were travelling in His Highness' saloon as honoured guests.

In a short time Sheela found out how they happened to be in His Highness' company

From Chandod, Rajba accompanied by Majiba had gone to Nasik; from there *via* Madras, to Pondicherry. During the journey the health of Raj had improved satisfactorily. She had been inspired by Swamiraj's teachings and had spent hours in a tremendous effort to convert conviction into unshakable faith.

On the 15th of August when they were going to have the *darshan* of Sri Aurobindo, Rajba felt somewhat uneasy. They joined the crowd with several hundreds of people who had gathered there to pay homage to the great yogi. Restless and eager, Raj, following the procession, went up the staircase carrying some flowers. When her turn came she moved close to Sri Aurobindo, her eyes resting on him in deep reverence.

She saw a magnificent figure of a man seated on a sofa; his long and beautiful white hair and his thin

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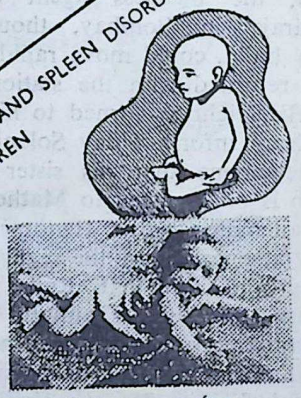

JAMMI VENKATARAMANAYYA & SONS

JV-3

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beard provided a superb setting for his gold-tinted face. There was deep affection in his bright eyes. Rajba found it difficult to take away her eyes from that inspiring face which seemed to her to recede further away from her, growing more and more brilliant. It radiated calmness manifesting supremely deep peacefulness, the result of self-realisation which was the very essence of joy. Suddenly Rajba felt that chains that bound her fell away and her spirit soaring high in the air; she began to live in a new freedom.

She approached Sri Aurobindo to touch his feet and place the flowers before him, but as she bowed low before him she fell down unconscious. Sri Aurobindo bent down and placed his hand on her forehead.

When she regained consciousness, Majiba asked "Raj, my child, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing at all, Majiba", replied Raj with a smile.

Majiba found at once that Raj had discovered something which had eluded her so far. It seemed she had gained the peace which she never had before.

After a month in Pondicherry, mother and daughter, after visiting holy places in South India, arrived in Poona. They left their belongings in a hotel and went up to the Parvati temple to offer worship. On their return they went to bed. Soon after

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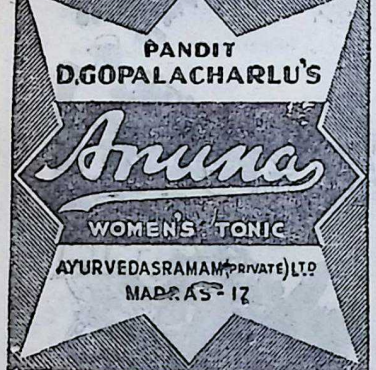

midnight Rajba woke up, shook Majiba out of her sleep and told her that Uday lying seriously ill was calling her. "I must go to Matheran by the morning train."

"What are you talking?" asked Majiba. She was much perturbed as she could not comprehend what Raj was saying.

"He has lost consciousness and I see some woman is sitting by his side. I must go to him, immediately by the first train."

Majiba had learnt from experience that whenever Raj spoke in this way the best thing to do was to act according to her wishes. She knew that Raj had this peculiar gift of knowing things that are unknown to others. And she was always right.

Accordingly they decided to take the morning train to Bombay. When they arrived at the station they found that His Highness had arrived there at the same time. Maharaja Samar Sinh, with his sure eye for good-looking women immediately spotted the tall and attractive young woman alighting from the car standing just in front of his. Garbed in a white sari, with a necklace of 'rudraksh' beads, she appeared to him as a denizen from another world.

Then His Highness turned to the old lady who was paying the taxi driver and recognised her. He rushed forward to Majiba and said: "Majiba Saheb, Jai Mahadev, Jai Mahadev; I hope you recognise me!"

"Jai Mahadev", replied Majiba tartly.

"And this lady!" enquired His Highness directing his glance towards Rajba.

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Majiba, after the bitter experience that she had of Captain Samar Sinh in the old days, did not like to introduce Raj to him, but she had no alternative.

"Oh! Your Highness has not been able to recognise her! She is Raj. Raj! This is His Highness Samar Sinh, Maharaja Saheb of Premkot.

Raj's fearless eyes turned towards the smiling Maharaja who felt the soft, quiet and steady gaze penetrating right through him. What a beautiful woman! he thought. What wonderful eyes, what splendid feature and what a remarkable figure! The two greeted each other with 'Jai Mahadev'.

"Majiba, please go ahead with the luggage. I shall buy the tickets," said Raj.

His Highness found her voice more like a boy's, sweet and attractive.

"Where are you going? To Bombay? Then why should you buy tickets? My saloon is at your disposal. Majiba please come."

Majiba was a practical person and had been brought up in the etiquette of a royal house. She disliked His Highness but she thought it improper to reject his invitation. Raj, she found, did not seem to attach any importance to the matter.

"I have to go to Matheran where my elder brother is laid up with serious illness," said Raj.

"Is that so serious? If you like I would just arrange for your stay at Pestonjee's bungalow.

"Maharaja Saheb!" replied Raj firmly. "I shall stay with Uday at the Parvatashram Hotel."

They all moved into the saloon. His Highness' eyes turned repeatedly

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toward Raj. Some ten days earlier he had conveyed to Uday his desire to marry Raj out of sheer self-interest; at the time before his mind's eye there was the picture of a sixteen-year old girl, who sang devotional songs and moved as if in a trance. Now this connoisseur of beauty in three continents had become a willing slave to this astonishingly beautiful and poised woman. His imagination ran amuck. He imagined Raj, not as she was now dressed in a white sari but in a heavily embroidered green sari, wearing a necklace, not of 'rudraksh' beads but of the costly emeralds with bangles to match which were the heirloom of the royal house of Premkot.

There was none to excel His Highness in social charm once he decided to turn it on a person. He now suggested that Uday should be moved to Pestonji's bungalow. Rajba replied that Uday would be happier where he was. "I won't feel happy nursing my brother in rich surroundings," said Rajba.

"But you will have every facility in the bungalow. If you like I shall send my doctor to Matheran," said His Highness.

"No, thank you. Please do not put yourself to so much trouble".

"Her mind has been made up. Uday will be alright in a day or two", interjected Majiba.

"Majiba! I am afraid his illness will be long," said Raj sadly.

"Surely not. Why do you say that?" exclaimed Majiba anxiously.

"In that case let me make proper arrangements", intervened His Highness. "Majiba Saheb can also come there."

"I would like to go there but Raj

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is quite firm. She says I cannot stay away."

"Majiba will be all the time thinking about Karan," said Raj softly.

"I can bring Karan to Matheran by tomorrow's train," assured His Highness.

"No", replied Rajba. Her voice was firm. "Uday is awaiting *me*".

"How do you know that, Rajba Saheb?" asked His Highness, who was greatly intrigued at the somewhat strange conversation that had taken place beween the anxious mother and rather dominating daughter.

A gentle smile flitted across Rajba's face. His Highness saw the transformation in her appearance, drew in his breath in sheer amazement.

"Sometimes I see things very clearly" said Rajba, somewhat humbly.

"Then do please let me have the pleasure of making all necessary arrangements", reiterated His Highness.

"What is the point in spending more money than is necessary?" asked Rajba in a very apologetic tone, but not wanting in firmness. "We would prefer to live in the manner we are accustomed to."

His Highness felt that there was a sting in the last words of Rajba but her face and expression were so transparently innocent doubtless she was only making a statement of fact without any intention to hurt.

"This is really a wonderful woman. I must make her mine," said His Highness to himself.

It was by this time that the train arrived at Neral Junction where the Matheran Railway joined the G.I.P., and where they all met Sheela.

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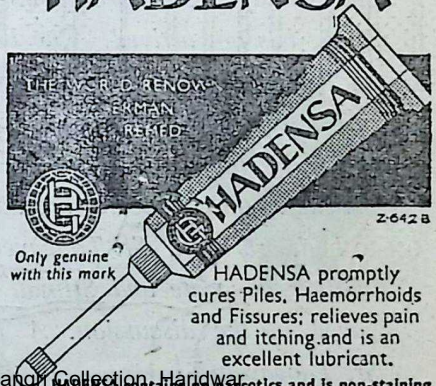

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THE AC

KAIWA JA

TIME: In the year 1960

PLACE: Capital city of a State

DURATION: Forty-five minutes.

[When the curtain rises we see a Court hall. There is a dais for the Judge, witness box, prisoners' dock, table and chair for the Bench clerk, 'L' shaped table in the centre for the advocates, with chairs and a few more chairs and benches for the public. The Judge has not arrived. The Bench clerk is at his desk with files and papers before him. There are many advocates in their seats, one or two of them being lady advocates. At the farther end of the hall some people—both men and women—are seated on the benches. The advocates are discussing about a case which is due to be heard soon. Sri Tangavelu, the Public Prosecutor, Sri Raju, another advocate and Srimati Shobha, a lady advocate, are engaged in the discussion. A police Constable is standing near Sri Tangavelu.]

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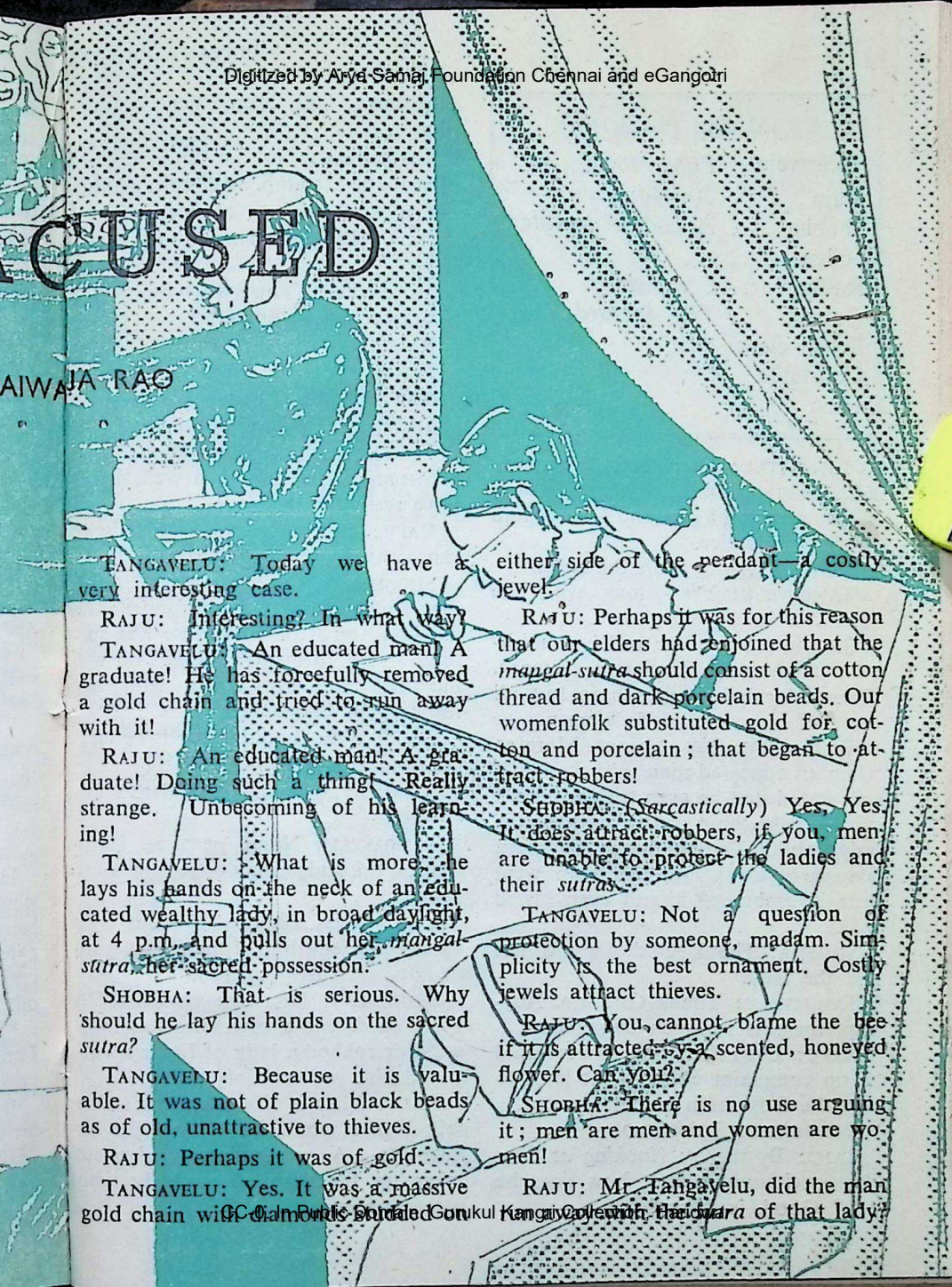
CUSED

AIWA JA RAO



TANGAVELU: Today we have a very interesting case.

RAJU: Interesting? In what way?

TANGAVELU: An educated man! A graduate! He has forcefully removed a gold chain and tried to run away with it!

RAJU: An educated man! A graduate! Doing such a thing! Really strange. Unbecoming of his learning!

TANGAVELU: What is more, he lays his hands on the neck of an educated wealthy lady, in broad daylight, at 4 p.m. and pulls out her *mangal-sutra*, her sacred possession.

SHOBHA: That is serious. Why should he lay his hands on the sacred *sutra*?

TANGAVELU: Because it is valuable. It was not of plain black beads as of old, unattractive to thieves.

RAJU: Perhaps it was of gold.

TANGAVELU: Yes. It was a massive gold chain with diamonds studded on either side of the pendant—a costly jewel.

RAJU: Perhaps it was for this reason that our elders had enjoined that the *mangal-sutra* should consist of a cotton thread and dark porcelain beads. Our womenfolk substituted gold for cotton and porcelain; that began to attract robbers!

SHOBHA: (*Sarcastically*) Yes, Yes. It does attract robbers, if you men are unable to protect the ladies and their *sutras*.

TANGAVELU: Not a question of protection by someone, madam. Simplicity is the best ornament. Costly jewels attract thieves.

RAJU: You cannot blame the bee if it is attracted by a scented, honeyed flower. Can you?

SHOBHA: There is no use arguing it; men are men and women are women!

RAJU: Mr. Tangavelu, did the man run away with the *sutra* of that lady?

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DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Tangavelu	*Public Prosecutor*
Raju ..	*An Advocate*
Shobha ..	*A Lady Advocate*
Judge ..	
Radha ..	*Complainant*
Gopal ..	*The Accused*
Bench clerk	
Constable	
Peon ..	

TANGAVELU: No; the lady screamed. Servants and some pedestrians came and caught him and handed him over to the police.

SHOBHA: Along with the *sutra?*

TANGAVELU: Yes, along with the *sutra.*

SHOBHA: I hope he will be punished and given the maximum sentence. These educated persons have lost all sense of respect towards women.

TANGAVELU: Yes, I agree. More so when an educated man misbehaves. It was stated that he even tried to knock off the gold chain on the neck of the lady's child! The child was playing a few yards away and this man went near it, embraced it and even kissed it....

SHOBHA: Thank God, he did not kiss the lady!

TANGAVELU: Thank God, no. Anyway, there is no such complaint.

RAJU: Even if he had, there would be no complaint about it, at least to save the lady from embarrassment.

TANGAVELU: I think so.

RAJU: By the by (*looking at Shobha good-humouredly*), how does he look? Good, is it not?

SHOBHA: Oh! Stop such insinuations.

TANGAVELU: No, he looks like a mad man, a tramp, with torn clothes and a year's growth of beard!

RAJU: By gosh! That is very repulsive.

TANGAVELU: You will be seeing him in a few minutes.

RAJU: Who is the lady?

TANGAVELU: She is the daughter of Diwan Bahadur Raghavendra.

SHOBHA: Oh! You mean Radha?

TANGAVELU: Yes. You know her?

SHOBHA: Yes. Not too well, but I have seen her, that is all.

RAJU: You mean the woman who ran away from her husband!

SHOBHA: All you men are alike. Don't blame her. If you only hear the troubles and tribulations she has suffered in her husband's home, you will pity her and sympathise with her rather than blame her.

RAJU: You should know it better.

SHOBHA: I have heard.

RAJU: Who is the defendant's advocate?

TANGAVELU: None, perhaps. If he desires, the Judge may offer him some help.

RAJU: Miss Shobha! Would you agree to defend him if the Court were to offer such help to him?

SHOBHA: I! Don't be childish. Do I like to defend a man who has molested or robbed a lady of her *mangalsutra?* No, no, certainly not.

RAJU: That is like a woman. You talk like a woman and not like an advocate. A professional advocate takes up the case of anybody who presents a case.

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TANGAVELU: We may now close our conversation. The Judge is coming.

(*The Judge now arrives. He is a man past forty years and is reported to be very intelligent. All persons in the hall stand up and take their seats after the Judge has taken his seat*).

BENCH CLERK: The case of Srimati Radha and Gopal, Your Honour. Here are the papers. (*Hands over the file and papers to the Judge.*)

JUDGE: (*Studying the papers*) Who appears for the complainant?

TANGAVELU: I, Your Honour. (*Directs the Constable to go and bring the accused. Constable goes.*)

JUDGE: Call the accused.

TANGAVELU: He is coming presently, Your Honour.

(*The accused Gopal is brought to the dock. He is a man of about 32 years with pyjama and a shirt all torn. He has not shaved for a year or so. He looks like a tramp or a lunatic. He is tall, thin and in spite of poverty, has an intelligent look with bright eyes.*)

TANGAVELU: Your Honour! We have a case of a man who tried to snatch the gold rope-chain from the neck of a lady and of her child and was caught red-handed along with the jewel.

JUDGE: (*After studying the accused, his torn clothes, unshaven face, etc.*) Mr. Tangavelu! Did you get this person examined by a medical man?

TANGAVELU: I too got suspicious as Your Honour, first. I then got him examined for any mental disability. The doctor has certified him to be in good mental health. What is more, he is intelligent—above average—has a high percentage of 'I.Q', and is well educated too. He has perhaps taken to the profession of stealing as an easy means of making money.

JUDGE: (*Ignoring the words of the Public Prosecutor*) Have you the doctor's certificate?

TANGAVELU: Yes, Your Honour. Here it is. (*Hands over the certificate to the Judge who studies it.*)

JUDGE: It is alright. Proceed.

TANGAVELU: The lady who was attacked by the accused is the daughter of Diwan Bahadur Raghavendra, a well-known and respected citizen of the town.

JUDGE: I am sorry to hear that.

TANGAVELU: If Your Honour kindly permits, we will have the testimony of the lady first.

JUDGE: I have no objection.

TANGAVELU: (*To the Constable*) Call the lady. (*Constable goes*)

BENCH CLERK: (*Calling 'Srimati Radha,' 'Srimati Radha.'*)

(*Srimati Radha comes and is taken to the witness box. She is a woman of about 27-28 years, tall, fair, well-built, wearing a costly sari and valuable ornaments. She is nervous at first, but recovers soon. She looks ashamed of such public appearance in a Court hall.*)

BENCH CLERK: (*Going to the lady*) In the name of your God, do you swear to speak the truth and nothing but the truth and nothing but the truth?

RADHA: I do. (*The clerk withdraws*)

TANGAVELU: Your name, please!

RADHA: Radha.

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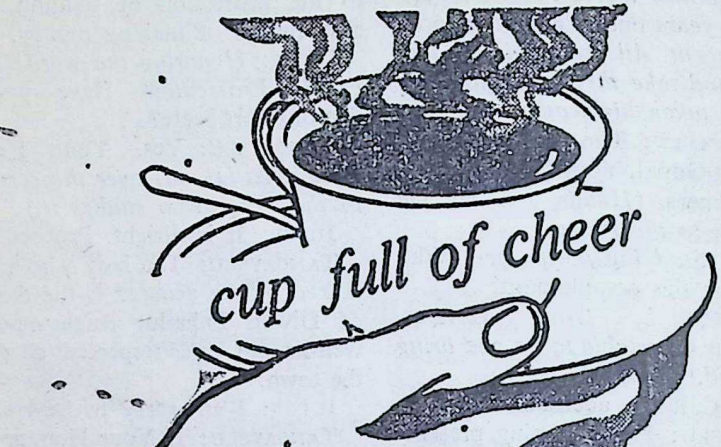

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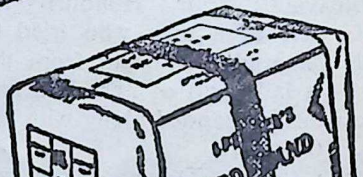

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TANGAVELU: Father's name?

RADHA: Raghavendra.

TANGAVELU: Is it Diwan Bahadur Raghavendra?

RADHA: Yes.

TANGAVELU: Your age?

RADHA: 28 years.

TANGAVELU: You recognise the accused in the dock?

RADHA: Yes.

TANGAVELU: Please tell this Court what happened yesterday evening.

RADHA: Yesterday evening, at about 4 p.m. I was walking with my five-year-old daughter in my garden. That (*pointing to the accused*) man came near my daughter, embraced and kissed her. The child was frightened and screamed. I ran towards her and took her up. She clasped my neck tightly. I scolded the man for frightening the child. I saw he was staring at my face in a queer manner and I was also frightened. Then I saw him suddenly lay his hands at my throat and forcibly tug at my *mangal-sutra*. It fell down, perhaps slipping from his hands. He took it up again and demanded that it should be given to him. I screamed. My peon and two passers-by arrived in time and caught hold of this man.

TANGAVELU: (*Producing the sutra*) Your Honour, this is the *mangal-sutra*. This one, a gold-rope with a suspended gold-pendant in the centre, with diamonds studded on either side of the pendant.

JUDGE: (*After examining and returning it*) Yes. I see it.

TANGAVELU: Proceed, madam.

RADHA: I then went inside the house, phoned up the police and they were kind enough to come and take him away.

TANGAVELU: Did you get hurt in the scuffle?

RADHA: Yes. There is a hook to the gold-rope and while it gave way, it scratched my neck. I did not notice it at first. But when I saw that there were spots of blood on my sari, I detected the scratch. Then I applied an ointment.

TANGAVELU: (*Showing the sutra again to the Judge*) Your Honour! This is the hook that gave way to the pressure of the accused and hurt the lady.

JUDGE: (*Seeing it*) Yes. I can see it.

TANGAVELU: Will you please show the scratch to the Judge, madam? (*She is reluctant*) (*persisting*) Please! (*Radha turns so that the Judge can see the scratch at the back of her neck and resumes her original position.*)

JUDGE: That is alright. I can see it.

TANGAVELU: Madam! Had you known this man before?

RADHA: No.

TANGAVELU: He is a perfect stranger?

RADHA: Yes.

TANGAVELU: That is all, Your Honour. (*To Radha*) You may go to your seat.

RADHA: (*Coming down from the witness box*) May I wait in my car outside?

TANGAVELU: Yes, madam. We will call you, when the need arises.

(*Radha goes out*)

JUDGE: Any other witnesses?

TANGAVELU: No, Your Honour. They only saw the accused with the *sutra* in his hand and took him into

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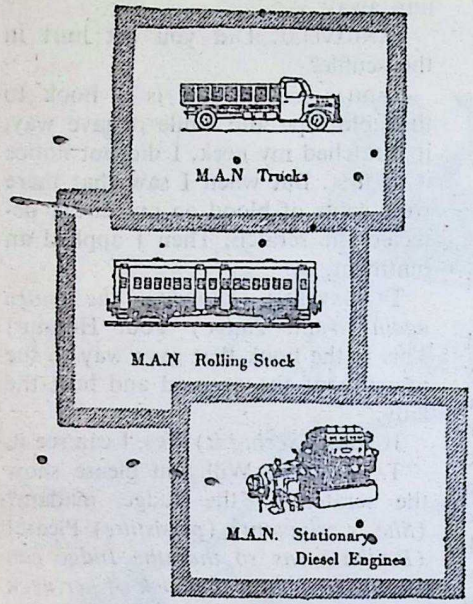

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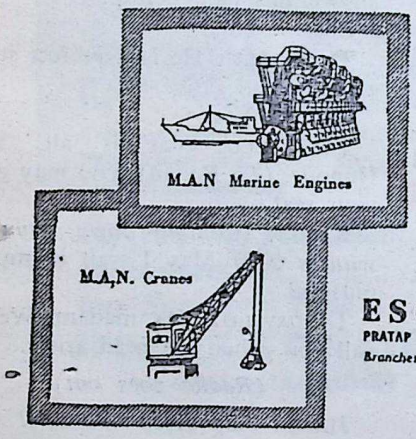

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custody. They did not see the incident as a whole and hence cannot testify.

JUDGE: So, we will have the statements of only two persons: the complainant and the accused?

TANGAVELU: Yes, Your Honour. But I hope Your Honour will have no difficulty in arriving at the correct conclusion as the accused here, I hope, will not lie.

JUDGE: We will see.... Well! Who appears for the accused?

TANGAVELU: None, Your Honour.

JUDGE: (*To the accused*) Do you want any legal assistance?

GOPAL: No, Your Honour. I can neither afford now nor am I in need of it. In fact, I have nothing to defend; I have to state the facts as I know them.

JUDGE: Then Mr. Tangavelu, you may proceed.

TANGAVELU: What is your name?

GOPAL: Gopal.

TANGAVELU: Father's name?

GOPAL: Seshadri.

TANGAVELU: Age?

GOPAL: 32 years.

TANGAVELU: Educational qualifications?

GOPAL: Graduate.

(*Commotion in the Court*)

JUDGE: Graduate!

GOPAL: Yes, Your Honour.

TANGAVELU: Yes, Your Honour. He is a graduate.

JUDGE: Well, young man, don't you feel it disgraceful for a graduate to be arrested for misbehaviour and theft in the public street?

GOPAL: No, Your Honour. If you spare a little time to hear my story, I feel you will agree that it is rather disgraceful for the State to have made me what I am.

TANGAVELU: Your Honour will see that he is not only educated but also clever.

JUDGE: Do you belong to any political party and seek your entrance here for abusing the Government?

GOPAL: No, Your Honour. I belong to no political party.

JUDGE: (*To Tangavelu*) Proceed.

TANGAVELU: (*To Gopal*) What is your profession? (*As Gopal is silent*) ...Thieving, robbery...?

GOPAL: No! No!

TANGAVELU: Then how do you live? How do you earn your living?

GOPAL: I do odd jobs, even labour as a cooly, sometimes beg...

TANGAVELU: You call begging a profession?

GOPAL: I know beggars have a more comfortable living and a bank balance that some of us cannot afford.

JUDGE: And you have not thought it beneath your learning to do it?

GOPAL: No, as I have tried all other means.

TANGAVELU: Now, coming to the point, yesterday at about 4 p.m. you were loitering in front of Diwan Bahadur Raghavendra's house. Is it not?

GOPAL: I was walking there at that time.

TANGAVELU: As soon as you saw Srimati Radha and her child with jewels on both of them, you rushed to the child and tried to remove its gold chain?

GOPAL: No, that is not true.

TANGAVELU: You did try. But when the mother came to its rescue you plucked the gold *mangal-sutra* of

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the woman and tried to run away with it and you were only prevented by the sudden appearance of the peon and other persons, who arrived in response to the cries of the lady and finally arrested...

GOPAL: You are twisting the facts to your convenience. The motives you attribute are false.

TANGAVELU: If you are denying that, I will question you in another way. Answer my questions.

GOPAL: Alright.

TANGAVELU: You went near the child?

GOPAL: Yes.

TANGAVELU: You touched the child, embraced it and kissed it?

GOPAL: Yes.

TANGAVELU: The child screamed at your sight and behaviour?

GOPAL: Yes.

TANGAVELU: You wanted to take away its necklace?

GOPAL: No.

TANGAVELU: Your Honour! A man who pulled at the gold rope-chain of the mother cannot have any intention other than taking away the child's necklace in touching, embracing, kissing a stranger's child as if he were its father. But he was prevented from doing so as the child screamed, its mother came and took it in her arms.

JUDGE: However, he did not take the child's necklace and it is not complained of as such.

TANGAVELU: No, Your Honour. The mother has not made that complaint.

JUDGE: Then, we will leave it at that.

TANGAVELU: (*To Gopal*) Then you plucked the valuable *mangal-*

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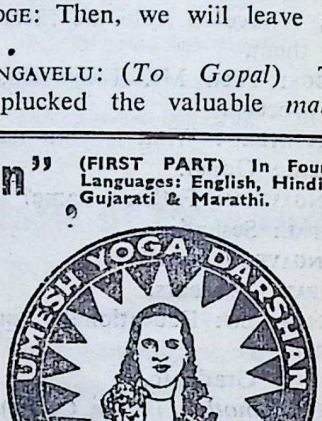

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sutra of the lady and tried to run away!

GOPAL: I did not run.

TANGAVELU: You admit you plucked it. I mean, pulled it forcefully.

GOPAL: Yes.

TANGAVELU: And in the act caused injury to the lady.

GOPAL: Perhaps.

TANGAVELU: What did you do next?

GOPAL: I threw the *sutra* away and asked her not to touch it. As she went near it, I took it again and demanded that it should be handed over to me.

TANGAVELU: That is not true. You cannot have grabbed at it to throw it away. You wanted to take it and run. As the lady said, the *mangal-sutra* must have fallen from your hands. You took it, tried to run away with it when others caught you!

GOPAL: That is not true.

JUDGE: If it is not true, what was your intention in snatching away the *mangal-sutra* of the lady?

GOPAL: For some personal reasons which I cannot disclose here.

JUDGE: If you cannot say it, then, according to the circumstantial evidence of the case, the Court will have to accept the views of the Public Prosecutor.

GOPAL: Though they are not true, you may accept whatever you may deem fit to accept.

JUDGE: Now, now. You are wrong there. Tell us the truth. It may help you.

GOPAL: Thank you, Your Honour. I do not want to be helped. I am prepared to accept what the lady and the Public Prosecutor have said about me and I request you to sentence me for a long period.

JUDGE: If you are obstinate, it shall be so.

TANGAVELU: Your Honour! We interrogated this person since yesterday and found out some facts about his life. They are very interesting and will prove that he has specially chosen this profession of robbing the ornaments of children and others instead of earning a living by honest means. On the plea of sentimentality he has failed to take advantage of the opportunities of honest living that offered themselves to him from time to time.

JUDGE: If the facts connected with them help to prove the character of the person, we will hear them.

TANGAVELU: (*To Gopal*) You said you were a graduate. Did you not try for an employment that would give you an honest living?

GOPAL: God knows how much I tried! But only people with technical qualifications get appointments irrespective of caste or creed. I was an ordinary graduate. Because Government considered me as one belonging to a forward community, I was denied a Government job.

TANGAVELU: Did you not try other places outside Government?

GOPAL: Yes. I got a job in a Municipal High School but lost it the very next month because I did not agree to take half the salary after having signed a receipt for the full salary. This news spread from school to school and that avenue was closed for me.

TANGAVELU: But you could have continued for some time as many others do?

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GOPAL: My nature is different.

TANGAVELU: Where did you work afterwards?

GOPAL: In a business concern.

TANGAVELU: And soon left that also?

GOPAL: Yes.

TANGAVELU: Was it your 'nature' again?

GOPAL: No. The entire business was based on black-marketing. I had to sign fictitious bills of heavy amounts on behalf of the proprietors and prepare two sets of accounts—one real for the owners and the other for the Income-Tax and other authorities. In case they were found out, the proprietors could deny all knowledge and escape, while I could be made a scapegoat. Further, my conscience did not permit me to be a party to such business and I left.

TANGAVELU: So, it was conscience this time. Then, what next?

GOPAL: I then wanted to try my luck in agriculture. I had two acres of land and wanted to cultivate it as the prices of agricultural produce were mounting up. I went to my village. I found I wanted a well.

TANGAVELU: Government used to advance loans for digging wells.

GOPAL: Yes. I applied. I found there was casteism in such grants too. But I got one sanctioned through higher recommendation. The sanctioned amount was one thousand rupees. But actually I got six hundred in my hands! The rest was distributed among the several revenue authorities, high and low. The expenses of digging the well could not be met within six hundred rupees, and

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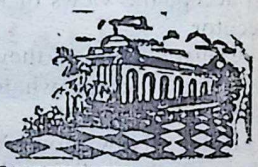

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as a result I became a debtor to Government!

TANGAVELU: So you left the land too?

GOPAL: No. I wanted to grow potatoes. At that time, as ill-luck would have it, Government introduced Co-operative Farming. My ownership of the land was lost but the debt remained. At that time my wife delivered her first child...

TANGAVELU: So you were married?

GOPAL: Yes, when I was employed in the black-market business. She was a very beautiful woman. Her father was indirectly connected with that business. I struggled hard to maintain her status and make her happy, but failed.

TANGAVELU: Did not your father-in-law give you a helping hand?

GOPAL: He would have, for the mere asking. But I would have none of it. I never took even a pice as dowry and would not permit a penny of my wife's people to be used in my family.

TANGAVELU: You are a very proud man.

GOPAL: I am a man of principles and I will not break them whatever happened. By that time, Gramasevakas came into our village.

TANGAVELU: They have been doing a great service.

GOPAL: Whatever service they did otherwise, what I do know of is that they preached to the peaceful womenfolk of the village the rights and privileges of every woman according to the new Hindu Code Bill, but none of their duties to their family and society. The one that came to our village had affairs with two Gramasevikas, spoiled four or five girls of the village and induced my wife to divorce me. By then my debts had eaten away my landed possession. My wife left my house without my knowledge and a few days later I received a notice of divorce.

TANGAVELU: I am very sorry.

GOPAL: I thought I had no right to keep her unhappy. So I sent a letter of consent.

TANGAVELU: Has the divorce been legalised?

GOPAL: It must have. She was expected to remarry that Gramasevaka. Since then I have lost touch with her.

TANGAVELU: And since then?

GOPAL: The divorce was a great help to me. I had no dependants. I was myself for once and could do whatever I liked and go wherever I wanted.

TANGAVELU: Since then you have been following the present profession?

GOPAL: Nonsense. I was not beaten yet. I wanted to open some business—an industry. Government were advancing loans to Small-scale Industries. I too applied, but soon came to know that it was nepotism, party-qualifications and casteism that sanctioned the loans.

TANGAVELU: So you did not get any loan?

GOPAL: They asked for security.

TANGAVELU: That is correct. How could Government risk its money?

GOPAL: If I had security, would I have asked for a loan?

TANGAVELU: So you became desperate?

GOPAL: Not yet. I tried and got another job. This appeared to settle

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TANGAVELU: What was it this time?

GOPAL: I became a Liaison Officer to the local branch of a big Bombay Company. I was started with a good pay.

TANGAVELU: Why did you leave it?

GOPAL: I was a misfit for the post. The boss used to come from Bombay, by plane, every week-end and he had to be supplied with delicious wine and choice women. I was able to purchase wine in the market but could not supply the other. I was consequently found to be unfit for the job and when a girl his driver had brought, knocked off some heavy amount from the boss's pocket while he was drunk, my services were dispensed with, hurling the theft on me. But the boss did not pursue the case as it would only have exposed his drunkenness and loose character. But the rumour spread that I was a thief. It was then that I became desperate and lost all interest in life.

TANGAVELU: And took to the present profession?

GOPAL: I had no wife, no home, no clothes, no employment and no money. I became a street-bird, a pavement-dweller. Some days I laboured as a cooly. But my health was not good. I used to get heart-attacks. One day I was so tired and was resting in the shade of a tree when a passer-by threw a five *naye-paise* coin at me. I really looked, as I do now, a partial lunatic. Some days when I was ill, such charities filled my stomach.

TANGAVELU: You liked such lazy life?

GOPAL: No. I got disgusted with myself. Once or twice the idea of suicide also occurred to me. But my conscience did not permit such a course. I surrendered myself to God. It was at this time that I happened to pass before the house of the lady in question and the incident above described took place.

JUDGE: I am very sorry for you. Anyone who will hear your story will really sympathise with you. But you should not have laid your hands on the neck of an unknown, respectable woman and pulled out her priced possession, her *mangal-sutra*. You have no excuse for it.

GOPAL: Excuse me, Your Honour. It was not her priced possession. It belonged to her divorced husband and when she divorced him, she had no claim over it and she did not deserve to wear it.

JUDGE: You seem to know the life of that lady intimately?

GOPAL: I know her husband.

JUDGE: Anyway it was not your business to wrest her *mangal-sutra*.

GOPAL: Heaven knows if it is not. I acknowledge the mistake and invite the maximum punishment.

JUDGE: Mr. Tangavelu! You may sum up the case and put up your arguments.

[*To be concluded*]

How do you define leadership? I would define it as: the capacity to rally men and women to a common purpose, and the character which inspires confidence. —Field-Marshal Montgomery.

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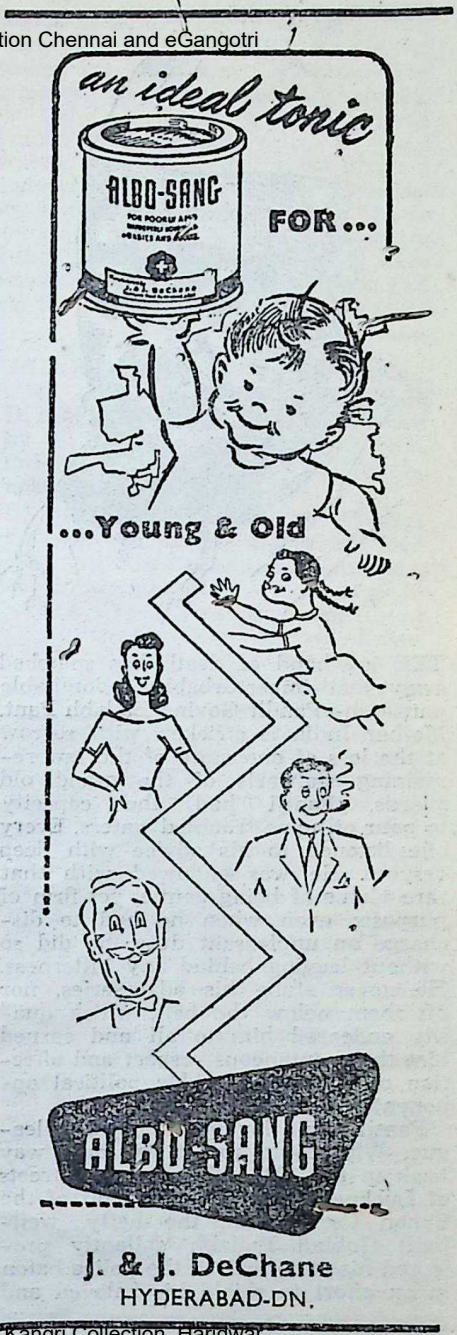
News & Notes

FOOD—A GREAT UNIFYING FACTOR

ADDRESSING the 7th Annual Conference of the All-India Women's Central Food Council at Chandigarh (Feb. 11-13, 1961), Smt. Lilavati Munshi, President of the Council, observed:

"There seems to be a great deal of talk about the change of food habits. May I ask who is going to effect the change in food habits, if not the women of the country? There is so much wastage on foodstuffs everywhere. Who can prevent it, if not the enlightened opinion of the women? Big men all the time talk big, but sometimes it is they who set the pace for extravagance. Look at the wastage in parties arranged by the Government themselves, look at the big wastage in marriage parties, and other parties given in hotels, restaurants, all vying with each other in extravagance. So long as our country is not self-sufficient in food and is depending on foreign countries, is it good encouraging taste for luxurious living? Everywhere we hear that economy should be effected, but who can do it? Unless the leaders themselves begin simplicity and economy, mere pleading cannot achieve the result.

"There is one more thought which I would like to share with you. In this strife-ridden world, the role of the Food Council could be a very effective one, if women who are at the helm in different places can find out a way. Food itself is a very unifying force all over the world. People easily can become friends if they can eat together. There is no enjoyment or any celebration which is complete without partaking of food. If one goes to a foreign country, it is over dinner tables and teas that one comes to know the people of that land better. The Food Council are providing food to thousands of people daily all over the country; can't they devise a way by which they can bring the people together.?"



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THE icy hand of death has snatched away that imperturbable, indomitable patriarch—Pandit Govind Ballabh Pant. Mother India is stricken with sorrow at the loss of one more of the few remaining stalwarts of the grand old guards. Pantji had the capacity to pour oil upon troubled waters. Every one listened to his advice with deep respect. He was endowed with that rare virtue of being gentle, yet firm of purpose; even when he had to discharge an unpleasant duty, he did so without leaving behind any bitterness. He never stung his adversaries, nor hit them below the belt, which quality endeared him to all and earned him the spontaneous respect and affection of all, including his political opponents.

Pantji was a loving and loyal colleague. Who could forget the day, way back in the 1928, when on the streets of Lucknow, during the boycott of the Simon Commission, the hefty, well-built Gobind Ballabh gallantly proferred his own head to the police baton in an effort to shield his beloved and affectionate colleague Jawaharlal Nehru and sustained injuries on his head, resulting in a shaky physical frame for the rest of his life?

A great torch-bearer of freedom movement and one of the wisest of leaders, it can be truly said that Pantji earned his place in the national hierarchy without ever elbowing anyone out. A rare feat!

One of India's ablest parliamentarians, in his debating skill, parliamentary demeanour and manners, he was a model to fellow M.Ps. Calm, self-composed and serene, Pantji exuded and inspired confidence. Endowed with a prodigious memory and a cool, clear and analytical brain, he could quickly grasp the essentials of a problem. He had the gift—which is at the root of all politics as of all professions concerned with the management of men: of distinguishing the practicable from the desirable.

Pantji's whole life was a saga of selfless service and sacrifice. As a Member of the Congress Working Committee, right from 1931, as Chief Minister of U.P. from 1937-39 and 1945-54, he has rendered yeoman service to India, but as Union Home Minister from 1954 onwards—during a period of exceptional turmoil, strain and stress—he did an outstanding job. The higher the tide of trouble rose, the higher rose his courage and tact. Whatever be the difficulties, his well-known reasonableness and amiability never deserted him; his nerves never failed, and the worst of disasters left him unperturbed. It will be conceded by all that as Union Home Minister, he acquitted himself with singular firmness and dexterity under circumstances of unmanageable difficulties and confusion.

A rock of stability, he shares with Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel the honour of being one of India's ablest Home Ministers.

Pantji was a great patron of the Bhavan. We join the nation in mourning the demise of this massive, mighty giant of a man, ardent patriot and paterfamilias.

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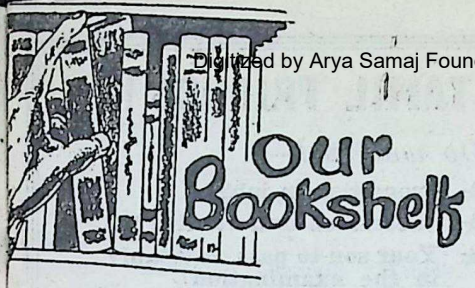

A SHORT HISTORY OF INDIAN CULTURE. By V. N. Hari Rao. Published by Rochouse and Sons Private Ltd., Madras-1. 1960. Price: Rs. 4/-.

THIS text-book for the B.Sc. students of the Madras University mirroring the History of Indian Culture is based on the University syllabus. The author has made full use of Dr. Basham's well-known book. The volume contains several illustrations. The main topics relate to culture, political thought, social organisation, everyday life, religion, art and literature in Ancient India. The remaining three chapters covering about one-fifth of the book deal with the impact of Islam and the West on India and India's contribution to world culture. The treatment of Indian influence on European thought dwindles to about a page at the end of the book. On p. 99 we miss the Indian *sari*. The age of the Buddha is stated to be from 600 B.C. to A.D. 200 and described as an age of intellectual ferment which saw the rise and spread of the heterodox sects of Buddhism and Jainism (p. 115). The age of the Buddha in the sense of the Buddhist period is a misnomer. Was there intellectual ferment during those eight centuries? There are misprints on p. 40, 58, 80, 146, etc.; in the errata p. 72 stands for 79.

—*Prof. R. Sathianathaier*

A CLUE TO THE INDUS-VALLEY SCRIPT AND CIVILIZATION. By R. M. Nath. Nath Publishers, Mimosa-Ridge, Nongthymmai. P.O., Shillong, Assam. Price: Rs. 4/-. Foreign, 8 shillings, U.S.A. 1.50 dollars.

THIS is one of those books, one may call one of a series, which are published on the Indus-Valley Scripts from time to time. It is a harmless pursuit which calls for no determined action to prevent its recurrence in future, but certainly should not be encouraged, nor indulged in by a hard pressed member of the middle class. We shall content ourselves by presenting a single gem from this wonderful repository of even more exquisite ones: "These wandering nomads who were caterers of the Vedas or knowledge-lyrics were known as the Ved-wallas, Vedwas; and now they are called the Beduins." (p.8)

—*Dr. A. K. Majumdar*

OUR FOOD. By M. Swaminathan, D.Sc., F.N.I. and R. K. Bhagavan, M.B.B.S., D.T.M.& H (Eng). With a foreword by V. Subramanyan, D.Sc., F.N.I., Published by Ganesh & Co., Madras. 1960. pp. 93. Price: Rs. 3/-.

'*OUR FOOD*' is a concise 93-page book with 36 useful tables of food values and other relevant information. The earlier chapters are devoted to the principles of dietetics consisting of calories, proteins, fats, carbo-hydrates, vitamins and minerals. The chapters on vegetable, milk, nutritionally balanced malt food, and Indian multi-purpose food are of importance to institutions who have to cater for good nutrition at a low cost. Food items and amount to be taken for different age, sex and occupation are recommended.

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The lower the economic status of a family, proportionately a higher percentage of the budget is spent on food. The money could be best spent if some knowledge about the nutritional requirements is given. This book provides valuable guidance to teachers, home science students, social workers and even a layman to cater for better nutrition at a low cost.

—*Dr. F. P. Antia*

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KANNADA

BOOKS OF GANDHIJI IN KANNADA —Education for Life (*Jivana Shikshana*), Economic Thought (*Artha Vichara*), Satyagraha, and Women. General Editor: M. Yamunacharya. Published by the Gandhi Smarak Nidhi, Karnatak Branch, Mysore. pp. 200 each. Price: Rs. 2.25 nP. each volume.

EVERY volume seeks to classify into neat topics the writings of Gandhiji on the respective subjects. The volume on education gives us a complete and comprehensive idea of *Basic Education* and its revolutionary significance in the modern world. Ten topics are dealt with. The origin, growth and the full development of the concept of *nayi talim* and its practice and application are best described. The syllabus and the language problem are also explained. The style is lucid and limpid, and above all, it brings out faithfully the force of Gandhiji's original writings.

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—*Dr. P. Nagaraja Rao*

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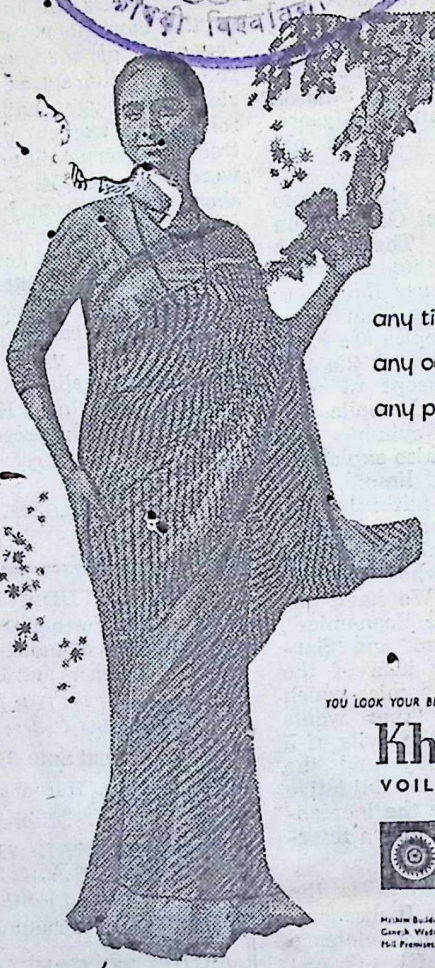

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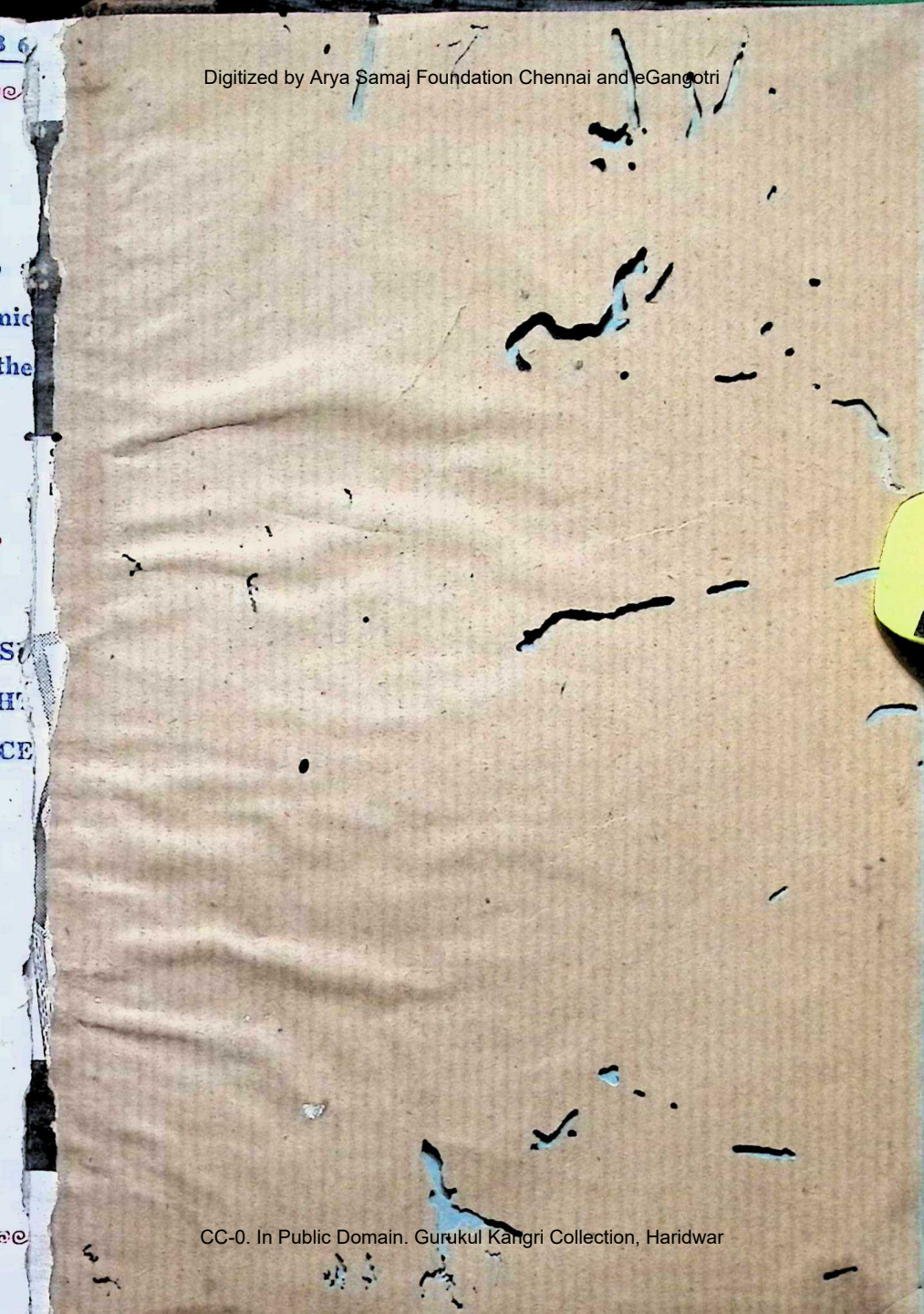

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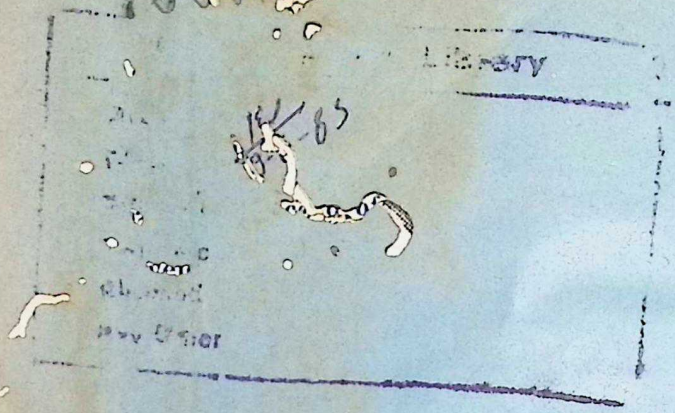

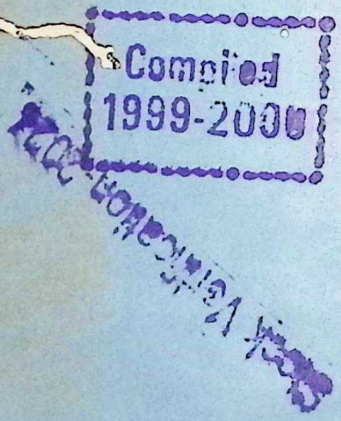

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